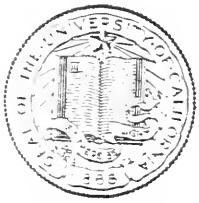
The MELODY OF GOD

DESMOND MOUNTJOY



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AND OTHER PAPERS

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By DESMOND MOUNTJOY

AUTHOR OF "A CREEL OF PEAT"

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PREFACE

Regarding the new papers in this volume very few words are necessary. Like those in its predecessor they were, one and all, inspired by some fervent sympathy or devotion. The personal appreciations of my dead soldier friends have given pleasure to those who loved them, and may, therefore, I venture to hope, if for no other reason, be considered as not unworthy tributes. I have included among them the appreciation of the Empress Eugénie, and, as I think, fittingly. The War of 1914 began in 1870, and she lived till the end of the Great War with the sole ambition of seeing France restored and justified. Moreover, I got to know her during the War (as we got to know all our friends) in a way that we never could have done in peace. The War, as to us all, but to her in a unique and superlative degree, unlocked memories, awoke enthusiasms, and impelled candour and sympathetic communion. Like my mother, and thousands of others no longer young, the war once over, their loved ones lost, their country safe, much wearied they gladly fell at last on restful sleep, as if they would hasten to join

that great high company of the young who had given all for them.

Perhaps it ought to be said that none of the relatives or friends of the Empress have been consulted by me or have seen before publication what I have written. Courtesy might have appeared to demand a different course. But to have asked for advice which I might have had to reject or to involve others in a partial responsibility seemed most undesirable.

There was one further consideration which definitely decided me. All her life the Empress Eugénie loved to meet journalists, authors, and men of letters, and both she and the Emperor ever welcomed them at the Tuileries. Indeed it cannot be forgotten that at no other Court in the world have they ever been given in the same measure the recognition and consideration which is their due. From the days of her girlish friendship with Mérimée in Paris till the day in 1919 when she received Mr. Wickham Steed, the Editor of *The Times*, at Farnborough Hill, Her Majesty was proud to acknowledge her keen sense of the power, dignity, and importance of the profession of the journalist and writer. Therefore, no one would have been more emphatic than the Empress that the writer must always and before all things retain and guard his freedom as a man of letters.

To Mr. James Stephens and to Messrs. Macmillan and Company I am much indebted for their

permission to make a long quotation from *The Crock of Gold*.

It only remains to be said that *The Drab Drama* originally appeared in *The Manchester Playgoer*; *The Sicilian Players in Sicily* in *The Anglo-Italian Review*; and *Pilsudski and Petlura* in *The New Europe*.

There have been many requests during the last ten years for a new edition of *A Creel of Peat*. They will, I think, be met by the reprinting in this volume of *Helen's Tower*, which, apart from any question of treatment, is interesting because of its subject: the paper which gave the volume its title and *The Lake at the End* are included for personal reasons.

I must gratefully repeat here some of the acknowledgements originally made in the Preface to *A Creel of Peat*. First among these is the sense of my great indebtedness to Hariot, Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava, for her permission to make several quotations from *Songs, Poems, and Verses*, by Helen, Lady Dufferin, and from the beautiful Memoir of his mother prefixed to it by her late distinguished husband, Frederick, first Marquess of Dufferin and Ava. In this permission Mr. John Murray courteously concurred.

The late Sir Alfred Lyall most kindly allowed me to make a few short extracts from his *Life of Lord Dufferin*.

D. M.

KNAITH COTTAGE,
March 1922.

CONTENTS

IV. REPRINTED PAPERS

I

THE WINGÈD CHALICE

Thou fill'st from the wingèd chalice of the soul
Thy lamp, O memory . . .

ROSSETTI.

To Arthur's Mother

FOR ONE DEPARTED

ARTHUR HENRY SEARLE
LIEUTENANT THE LONDON REGIMENT
Obiit 18th June 1916, aet. 23

Yet have I seen him live,
And owned my friend, a king :
All that he came to give
He gave : and I who sing
His praise, bring all I have to bring.
LIONEL JOHNSTON.

I

N time of war, face to face with the great realities and walking daily in death's shadow, friendship and love ripen fast where there is any elemental kinship.

Counted as we ordinarily count time, I knew my friend hardly at all, but measured by the big sincerities of the soul, I knew him better and loved him more than any man I have yet known or am like to know. This is one of the compensations of living in days burdened with tragic destiny. Men's minds grow big ; conventions are forgotten or disdained ; shyness and reserve are conquered ; the mutual knowledge (oh how carefully ignored) that each meeting may be the last on earth fosters

trueness and tenderness beyond the little measure of our peace-filled hours.

Attracted from the moment of our first meeting, I deliberately kept him at a distance for a time because my heart was bruised by partings and loss. Deep down in my inmost soul I held the narrow, selfish feeling that I would be a fool to give further hostages to fortune. Yet his innate winsomeness and cheery friendliness conquered. I think he had need of me, and that his unspoken, perhaps entirely subconscious, necessity broke down my artificial reserve. I am glad it did; glad I gave in those short months of my best (for I was always at my best with him) and without measure. I know he was happy, very happy, and that I was a contributor to, as well as a great sharer in, that happiness. As I afterwards wrote to his mother, 'to know him was to love him.' We all did; we could not help it. Emerson said:

> When a man becomes dear to me, I have touched the goal of fortune.

And so it is. The thousands in the war who for the first time perhaps, discovered the delights of true friendship and comradeship have not lived meanly nor yet meanly died.

II

The measure of our riches is the measure of our loss. Without a second's warning, wantonly it would even seem, my comrade has gone; needlessly —uselessly. . . . I cannot comfort myself with, nor offer to others who loved him, trite consolations. As one feels so one is. I must therefore write, if I write at all, truly, regardless of conventional

considerations. I know there are those who would treasure a brief souvenir of those last months of his life; it is for them I write, trying, surely somewhat vainly, to capture in a cage of words some of the warmth, sweetness, beauty and strength of his personality, so that should any of us live to be old we may read it over and warm ourselves in the memory that we, even we, have lived high days and known great friendships, because to have done so is to have lived greatly, aye, even with nobleness. If we have sons we shall pray that they may be like him, and our daughters shall we gladly give to such as he.

The world is filled with death and horror. Uncounted thousands of the mothers of our land carry great burdens of sorrow. In our armies, as in our homes, who is there who has not lost a comrade or a friend? Perhaps this brief record of a personal loss and the thoughts it arouses might somehow comfort them. Each soul thinks its own sorrow unique. At first great sorrows isolate the soul; but later there may come the cleansing, healing thought of sorrow shared. Should it come, it transmutes resentfulness and restless questionings. Never in one nation has the cup of sorrow been so full nor its bread eaten in such plenty. The great paten and the great chalice are set up, and the people kneel around in anguish; nowhere is there any consolation save, maybe, in a realisation of the great community of pain and the final triumph of some great, unguessed-at after good.

III

Inside, the dreary waiting about during the slow progress of the inquest: the brief hateful

visit to the stuffy ugly village schoolroom where it was being held . . . the medical evidence . . . outside, mad glorious June ; inside, darkness, the smell of people closely packed in a small unaired space, depressing chilliness, lowered voices, brief answers, cold official questions, and to the rent hearts of those present who loved the soul so lately dwelling in that splendid young temple of health and energy—now all mangled and bruised . . . blow on blow. But all things end ; even an inquest in England, where it seems on a mad midsummer day money must be passed in presence of the mourners to the doctor for his services to the dead young soldier ! Yes ; passed in the presence of those whose one heart cry is that for any to touch their sacred dead, save with love in reverence, would be near to sacrilege. Yet so it was in England on that fair June day towards the end of the second year of the Great War ; and he for whom the hireling fees changed hands was one of England's own serving sons, who for her had already risked his life in battle and was longing for the opportunity to do so again.

We, who loved him, wearily waiting to lay his body in the decent quiet covering of his green mother earth, waited a little longer while, from a bag, one counted coin on coin into a waiting palm, and as he counted the coins clinked metallically.

At last there was an end, and we stood to attention at the head of his own company while he was borne out of the little thatched village reading-room, where he had slept his last sleep above the green earth, guarded by men of his own platoon, out into the golden glory of the early evening sun. A short mile or so of white dusty road amid green

fields jubilant with life and growth—with measured tread, muffled drums, aching hearts.

Lifted up he looked and high as the gun-carriage jolted along. The old flag limp around him, the banked flowers above him wilting already in the hot sun, and in their death reminding us that beauty never dies. At his feet his stained cap and belt—laid aside for ever, not indeed on the field of battle, but on the home highway near in all unexpected swiftness. . . .

The old simple Saxon church steeply on the hillside resting, and up to it the narrow path, along which they bore him feet foremost ; the sombre military march, fit music for his forth-faring. The service which can mean so little or so much: the still faces of fellow-soldiers and comrades full of reverent grief, for the stout of heart are ever the most tender, and the soldier's grief has often that of the spontaneity of a little child without any of the child's quick forgetfulness. To their own deaths they will go with song (and perhaps nothing in life can be more supremely beautiful than to go to death with song), but at the death of a loved comrade few soldiers will be ashamed to cry with the great soldier-king :

> All my mother came into mine eyes
> And made me weep.

To one at least, listening yet unhearing, singing yet knowing no song, praying, it may even be, yet uttering no prayers, resentful of the apparently wanton wastefulness of that unexpected loss and impatient of the mercy that snatched away that dear heart of warmest comradeship, his requiem was not sung then nor there. . . .

Rather was it sung in that white room set amid sweet flowers uncountable and near which water flows, where, less than forty-eight brief hours before, a happy little company sat with him amongst them listening to a girl's voice, deep and beautiful, while she sang :

Abide with me, fast falls the eventide.

Not on that young bruised face and blood-stained, sun-kissed hair had eventide fallen, still less on that eager young heart. Somewhere, somehow, such glow, warmth and beauty must surely add to and enrich the glow, warmth and beauty of the universe. Giving regally all his brief life as a young king gives wherever he has gone, it is our assurance amid many shaken things that he still brings gifts royal and bountiful.

No; not for him any more shadow, disillusion or the agony of defeated things. His wings at last are his, and with them the freedom of all that uncharted land where there is no sorrow, neither pain nor any fear of death.

It is for us who stay that fast falls the eventide . . . the darkness deepens (for was he not one of our true and constant lights). Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day. . . .

So came the end amidst sun and friends and flowers ; in no warmer atmosphere of love, appreciation and sympathy could the soundless step of death have shadowed him. It hid in cunning silence under the shadows of the copper beech under which we talked and sat ; it lurked in the woods by the lake ; its shadowless wings stole nearer and nearer as the friendly laughter broke. It stood between us as we parted towards eventide,

and we never heard its mirthless laugh as we murmured, 'No need to say good-bye, in an hour we shall meet again'! In its company he left friendly doors, touched warmly friendly hands, and from friends rushed off, with that big heart of his full of happy gratitude for sunny hours, to thank the friend whom he deemed had been the chief means of giving them to him and whom in this life he never beheld again, because ere the hour had sped he had reached his journey's end.

IV

But there is a stir and crunching noises; they are bearing him out again into the sunlight for the last time; a little farther up the little steep hill, and there at the top is the upturned place of his rest. More words are said—beautiful words had they been apt—words fitting and seemly where one goes hence full of years; most fitting, too, when one young had been slain in battle for his King, but how empty when uttered over the useless end of a life of which England had such need.

Then those heart-rending volleys fired in the air . . . the aching lonesomeness and poignancy of *The Last Post*. For a moment it seemed exultingly to cry, 'We shall meet, we shall meet.' But the hope dies the moment it is born and the stubborn resentment all too swiftly returns. Then, standing straight to attention, tense, choking down the heart lest it leap into the eyes and cry aloud its sorrow to the shameless sun, three steps forward, one glance into the narrow resting-place . . . the last salute, because he who sleeps there, our dear

soldier friend, our comrade, was in life royal hearted as a young king.

V

Perhaps of few can truly be said such things as are here said of him, yet there is no exaggeration, no vain imagination of a sorrowing heart ignorant alike of men and of the world. Ask those others who knew him. Ask the Tommies—of whom he was so proud to have been one, amongst whom he had lived—he had only existed before—and amongst whom he died, and for each and all of whom he had done a thousand little acts of kindness. Ask his seniors ; his brother officers. Ask that other comrade of his whom he nursed and tended with a woman's gentleness and all a man's cheery light-heartedness, so normal and swiftly healing when one is sick. Ask his sister, his brother-in-law ; ask the women (more than one) who loved him and who would have been glad and proud to have been loved by him.

Ask the *one* woman, whom indeed he did not win, but whom in giving up he attained unto that beauty, straightness and open, sweet unselfishness of character the like of which we shall not easily see again. Ask her who bore him and whose only son he was, and who, in that first sad, beautiful letter she wrote after he had so swiftly left us, signed herself ' Arthur's Mother.'

VI

I could spread out all his thoughts before you, for, indeed, I knew them all, and you would murmur,

'Can human nature be so sweet and wonderful, so winsome yet so strong!' It is; it has been: and you whisper comfortingly, 'What has been can be again.' It may be even so—but not for us who loved and knew him. Already we are too richly blessed in a world but hard and niggard. Not for us will blossom again such flowers of staunch comradeship, warm sympathy, understanding, gentleness, generosity and loyalty. As one said, 'He is irreplaceable!' When he came we had great need of him; he filled empty hearts bounteously, and the measure of our riches is the measure of our loss.

VII

Now God be thanked who has matched us with his hour,
And caught our youth, and wakened us from sleeping,
With hand made sure, clear eye, and sharpened power,
To turn, as swimmers into cleanness leaping,
Glad from a world grown old and cold and weary,
Leave the sick hearts that honour could not move,
And half-men, and their dirty songs and dreary,
And all the little emptiness of love!

Oh! we, who have known shame, we have found release there,
Where there's no ill, no grief, but sleep has mending,
Naught broken save this body, lost but breath;
Nothing to shake the laughing heart's long peace there
But only agony, and that has ending:
And the worst friend and enemy is but Death.

RUPERT BROOKE.

I like to think of my comrade as typical of the officers of our new armies. Much has been said—too much—and something written of the temporary officers who hardly succeeded in being temporary gentlemen. And when all the unworthy are

weighed they are few enough. At all events, it is not for the so-called upper classes to fling the taunt; they who were in days of peace all too sparing of a high example. It would be a miraculous thing if amongst hundreds of thousands none were found wanting.

Indifferent material and poor there is in all classes, and the splendour of our incomparable men and officers would seem to prove, amongst many other things, that a great cause ennobles and sanctifies those whom it calls to its service.

My friend was a ranker (or to me the word I love, a 'Tommy') and was proud of it; it was my public acknowledgement of my own pride in having been one that first attracted him to me, and one of our greatest bonds was our mutual love for that gloriously common, graciously unique being, the common soldier.

After my friend's death his Commanding Officer himself told me that Arthur was instinctively attracted to and in sympathy with all that was best in the ideals and life of the battalion. While naturally full of life, spirits and gaiety, he preferred the comradeship of his seniors, and those who sought doubtful amusements and pastimes never found him of their company.

Without any of the advantages commonly associated with a public school and university education, in example and conduct he never fell below the highest standard set by these great institutions. If Waterloo was won on the playing-fields of Eton, then we shall be able to speak of Armageddon as having been won on the play-grounds of our board schools. It would only be another way of saying that the species from which a tree

springs would appear to be at least as important as the nursery in which it is planted out. The British breed is sound and tough through and through in spite of the ignoble leading, teaching and nutriment it has received, and of the long years during which its public men cackled to it of its rights and privileges and conspired in a guilty silence as to its duties and responsibilities.

Also, without any of the training such as would be supposed necessary to fit him for leadership, he, in common with an innumerable company of his young contemporaries, proved by his brief army career that our sons are essentially heroic, waiting only the great call to prove their manhood.

From the factory, workshop, office, farm; from every part of the King's dominions they have freely, proudly answered the call, and souls apparently commonplace have, in the days of trial, proved their essential fineness and native splendour.

It is well for England that he of whom I write, like Peterkin, Dusty, and thousands of others, was mad for speed and enamoured of the song of machinery. He had innumerable things to see on that last happy day at Donhead, all of which appealed to him so much that the day was all too short; yet I could hardly tear him away from the motor-cars! He had their bonnets unbuttoned, and spent a long time examining their insides. This enthusiasm for fingering dirty machinery I did not share, and I had much to do to drag him out again into the sun, to the birds and beasts and flowers. It is our good fortune there are so many like him, and they have made our Air Service one of the wonders of the world. He longed to fly, and had taken the necessary preliminary steps to attain his

aim. There is no doubt that he would have done magnificently and attained glory amongst the glorious boy heroes of that splendid service. Man has conquered his last continent—the uncharted vasts of the air. What Icarus fell because of attempting, and what great Leonardo longed and strove for yet never attained, is now the common achievement of thousands of young Mercuries who, but yesterday in their cradles, are to-day the eyes and ears of a million armed men.

VIII

There are certain things for which I must ever be glad and grateful. The first is that no faintest shadow of misunderstanding ever fell across our friendship. Then he gave me voluntarily his inmost confidence about the greatest sorrow of his life, and, one short week before his death, told me he had definitely made up his mind to cut himself off from all associations that might tend to keep alive unrealisable hopes.

As I have said, he had determined on an exchange to the Royal Flying Corps, failing which it was his purpose to ask to be again sent to the front with an early draft. A few days before his death he wrote his farewell letter to one whom he longed for, but who might never be his; and she is glad, and so am I, that her answer, received by him only that morning, was in the pocket nearest to his heart when he was killed.

I am glad that it was in my own room at Donhead he lay down and took his last earthly rest; under that friendly roof he last broke bread, and mine it was to offer him for the last time the little commonplace rites of hospitality—so pathetically poignant

in retrospect. The courteous grace with which he acknowledged courtesy is an ever fragrant memory.

To me, however, circumstances denied the performance of the last sacred offices we fulfil for our dead, even as it is now daily denied to thousands. For him stranger hands performed them all—humble hands; the ready, respectful, helpful hands of the poor. We owe and freely offer them one and all our ever heartfelt thanks and gratitude.

I am glad, too, that on that last journey he rushed happily through that beautiful Wiltshire valley I so love. Enfolded by great spreading downs, bearing many golden fields of tumbling corn flecked with crimson poppies. The evening song of birds was in the air, and there arose to heaven the incense of uncounted summer perfumes. Sabbath evening bells called to each other across the happy valleys, and, in spite of the great camps sleeping in the softening sunlight, all thought of war and death seemed far away. Yet, as we all must, unknowingly he kept tryst with death; and for us, as for him, it is well that we do not know whether or not we shall meet it round the meadow or over the hill.

I rejoice that his last thoughts were mine. He flew along full, I know, of happy gratitude for a long and perfectly beautiful summer day, thinking most likely of a quiet evening, filled perhaps with long talks (or long silences), or maybe with reading aloud some of our best-loved poems, or it might have been an hour or two of communion under the stars in the shadow of the great cathedral, wandering round the perfect Close he so loved, and where we had taken our first walk together. In one instant, from the fullness of life and time, straight across the frontiers of eternity. I waited

long for him in a darkening room, and even as I sat waiting God's finger touched him and he slept.

IX

I had said lingering warm good-byes to all the others, but not to him, because, as we both thought, in an hour or so we should meet again. I left his hand untouched; and be they few or many, I shall wait for that handclasp across the years.

X

Only an inner certainty of beauty, justice and a righteous final purpose in our sufferings, can keep us marching with lifted heads while sorrow immeasurable, tragedy, horror and loss sweep over us.

Men's souls cannot be conquered by calamity, however vast, if they are upheld by the certitude that conflict, sorrow and loss are only passing things, shaping life and destiny in the individual and the peoples to higher, nobler ends.

To him who greatly shapes the universe for his own great ends I tender trustfully, for safekeeping, the soul of my sleeping comrade. Perhaps one day he will bring me to that as yet far distant hilltop from which, looking backward o'er my way, I shall see a reason and a purpose in the manner of my friend's untimely death.

I long for this certitude as all men just now must long. Even heroism and splendour, such as our peoples have shown in such magnitude in these last days, must lose much of its radiance and beauty if there hobbles after it a haunting thought of its possible futility!

XI

So there my friend lies sleeping amidst the lovely Wiltshire hills. On his right hand lies the road along which wayfarers travel ; on his left the iron way over which men will rush for generations to come. Over all is the shadow of the little Saxon church where men for years uncounted have bent in praise and prayer. A few dozen yards away is the spot where, on that June afternoon towards the end of the second year of the Great War, his blood stabbed the wayside grass as poppies stab the corn. A mile or so away stands the camp where the last few months of his young life were so happily spent. That camp will fall, and in years to come not a trace thereof remain ; war will, we hope and believe, be followed by true and lasting peace. Men will worship in the church, trudge by the road, rush past on the railway, who knew him not ; but we who knew and loved him will carry him in our hearts through all our days ; we shall step softly in beauty when we recall his name ; it shall be to us a resting-place for our souls when weary with much wayfaring ; aye, and past this life into the other land we shall take with us his memory as a passport to the fulfilment of our dreams.

Above him there shall grow England's rose, the flower for which he lived and died ; heartsease for his own wearing since he is now at rest ; love-in-a-mist for ours, because as yet we do not understand : For our last memory of his glad presence there shall be cherry-pie, because of its ardent yet unobtrusive sweetness, and because, ere it blossoms to fulness, it flies back to God who made the flowers ; also

because he loved it, and had been given, by one who loved him, a blossom which he wore in his tunic that livelong summer day.

These little sweetnesses shall, romping with the winds of God, make endless music all about him.

His dear head rests in the shadow of one of the poet's 'weeping wells of fire' (or, as the natives thereabout so beautifully call it, 'golden-chain'): Let it then be a symbol of our hopes leading us at the end, it may be, to the place of beauty where he must needs be.

So there we leave him in his little rest camp; he sleeps lightly, sweetly, happily . . . and his feet are toward the dawn.

SALISBURY, *July* 1916:
DONHEAD, *July* 1921.

To Stidie's Mother and All at Palmerston, and to the Little Aunt

II

STID: AN AUSTRALIAN SOLDIER BOY

I

ARUSH to Waterloo Station to catch the early afternoon express to Salisbury after a tiresome morning spent at a War Office conference. As I hastened up the platform, I was greeted by a sturdy, lithe Australian soldier with the largest, fattest and most friendly of smiles. A very sunburned face, clean shaved like all the Australians, an extraordinarily fine set of white teeth, dusky hair and frank eyes the colour of a jade-green sea ; eyes that had looked long on sun-drenched far horizons and captured and kept their beauty and their truth—all this made up an unforgettable picture of happy friendliness. In the course of my work I met hundreds of officers every week, and had more than once met practically every officer in the Third Australian Division, then on Salisbury Plain ; but who this particular one was I had not the faintest notion, though evidently he knew me well. The purple and green diamond-shaped badge on his shoulder said eighteenth

battalion, but at the time that battalion was with the Second Australian Division in France. We talked all the way, and long before we reached Andover, where he had to get out for Perham Down Camp, I knew all about him, who he was, where we had met before. In addition, I had obtained a complete account of his career as a cadet at Oxford, and a glimpse into his home life in far-away New South Wales.

From that moment our relationships were perfect, requiring no subsequent explanation or adjustment. It was another of those quick, close friendships of war, so impossible to anticipate, so difficult to explain or even personally to realise and believe in, now that the tragic circumstances which made them possible are gone like a hideous dream.

We did not part, you may be sure, without arranging an early meeting, and, as I waved to him standing on the platform, the sun seemed to me to have set for the day.

II

A few days later I saw him again as arranged. I was to call with my car at his battalion orderly room at about five o'clock and bring him with me to Salisbury to dine and go to a show. I found him standing outside, somewhat shy and embarrassed. It appeared he was not quite certain of obtaining leave. I went in and saw his commanding officer, and it was all arranged in a trice. His face beamed like the sun as we sped along over the miles to Sarum. I gave him a cheery meal in my little sitting-room, trying, as always, when soldiers came to eat with me, to offer some dishes they were

unlikely to get in mess, knowing well that monotonous feeding is one of the most unbearable discomforts of camp life.

After dinner, we sat in the twilight and smoked and talked, forgetting all about the projected visit to the rather stupid local music hall. I found this backwoods boy knew and loved literature and animals, and had a passionate love for Nature in all her moods. As he talked, our immediate surroundings disappeared and we were together in New South Wales. I saw the loved homestead where his parents, brothers and sisters dwelt ; the ' little farm ' not far away from it which was his ' very own,' and which he ran himself, helped by a beloved sister. The windmill near by, to the top of which he used to ascend and from which he could see every part of his little domain. ' From the top,' he said, ' I can see the very earliest signs of the springing corn ; I can see it rise in the little green waves that mean so much to me.' Then there was the mountain he loved.

The darkness crept on ; the hot, stuffy air of the old Cathedral city was cooled by deep waves from far Australia ; great stars burned low above us ; endless spaces stretched around us, and khaki uniforms and the reasons why we wore them seemed the most unreal of things—unreal, unbelievable, meaningless !

III

A wonderful June Sunday morning in Wiltshire. We loitered in the water meadows on the way by the fields to Bemerton, where George Herbert worked and sang. The grass was a brilliant emerald ; the little chalk streams, draining the

meadows, clear as purest crystal. Eastward, the slender, pointed spire, the tallest in England, and one of the loveliest and most graceful in the world, pierced a sky of amethystine blue, while the little flocks of clouds seemed like sheep on shepherd-guarded hills. The great Cathedral looked exactly as Constable has painted it ; as indeed he must have done almost from the spot on which we lay. I listened to the little river Nadder, and it whispered to me of beloved Donhead, but eighteen miles away, while to Stidie it spoke of home, of France and happy hours there with his best beloved comrade,[1] Little Jim. We looked westward towards Netherhampton, where lives one of the greatest of English poets, and Stid listened as I read aloud :

> To fill the gap to bear the brunt
> With bayonet and with spade,
> Four hundred to a four-mile front
> Unbacked and undismayed—
> What men are these, of what great race,
> From what old shire or town,
> That run with such goodwill to face
> Death on a Flemish down ? [2]

This brought us to the war history of himself and his friend—these two who were as David and Jonathan from the first moment they caught sight of each other in camp. People speak of ' making friends ' ; but that is incorrect. Friends are discovered not ' made.' The recognition is, generally speaking, mutual and instantaneous. So these two. It was at the Signal Depot, Liverpool Camp in Australia, and Jim was getting through his first day in the elementary squad. During a smoking

[1] Lieutenant James Michael Harrison, M.C., 18th Battalion, A.I.F.
[2] Sir Henry Newbolt.

interval he was clumsily practising making the figure eight, when he was offered help by Stid, who, from the wide experience gained by a whole week at signalling, felt he must help a newcomer. Jim thought Stid at the time 'the kindest chap he had ever met,' and from that moment they two were as one. They walked in the bush together; talked and talked; went to town; later visited Stid's 'little Aunt' at Mangrove mountain. The link was only broken—that is if it was broken—by death. Egypt; Anzac; (at Hill Sixty their section had five men left out of twenty): Armentières, Ypres—I heard it all. Then, inspired by the peace around us we turned once more to our books, while Tinker Toc, my lovely black Cocker spaniel, found unending amusement and occupation in the water meadows and the banks of the streams.

It was there and then that I tried him high; higher than I would have dared to try many of my admittedly literary friends. Taking up one of the most beautiful,[1] human, true and understanding books that have appeared in my time, again I read aloud:

'You fear me because my legs are shaggy like the legs of a goat. Look at them well, O Maiden, and know that they are indeed the legs of a beast, and then you will not be afraid any more. Do you not love beasts? Surely you should love them, for they yearn to you humbly or fiercely, craving your hand upon their heads as I do. If I were not fashioned thus I would not come to you because I would not need you. Man is a god and a brute. He aspires to the stars with his head but his feet are contented in the grasses of the field and when he forsakes the brute upon which he stands then there will be no more men and no more women and the immortal gods will blow this world away like smoke.'

[1] *The Crock of Gold*, by James Stephens.

'I don't know what you want me to do,' said the girl.

'I want you to want me. I want you to forget right and wrong; to be happy as the beasts, as careless as the flowers and the birds. To live to the depths of your nature as well as the heights. Truly there are stars in the heights and they will be a garland for your forehead. But the depths are equal to the heights. Wondrous deep are the depths, very fertile is the lowest deep. There are stars there also, brighter than the stars on high. The name of the heights is Wisdom and the name of the depths is Love. How shall they come together and be fruitful if you do not plunge deeply and fearlessly? Wisdom is the spirit and the wings of the spirit, Love is the shaggy beast that goes down. Gallantly he dives, below thought, beyond Wisdom, to rise again as high above these as he had first descended. Wisdom is righteous and clean, but Love is unclean and holy. I sing of the beast and the descent: the great unclean purging itself in fire: the thought that is not born in the measure or the ice or the head, but in the feet and the hot blood and the pulse of fury. The Crown of Life is not lodged in the sun: the wise gods have buried it deeply where the thoughtful will not find it, nor the good: but the Gay Ones, the Adventurous Ones, the Careless Plungers, they will bring it to the wise and astonish them. All things are seen in the light — How shall we value that which is easy to see? But the precious things which are hidden, they will be more precious for our search: they will be beautiful with our sorrow: they will be noble because of our desire for them. Come away with me, Shepherd Girl, through the fields, and we will be careless and happy, and we will leave thought to find us when it can, for that is the duty of thought, and it is more anxious to discover us than we are to be found.'

So Caitilin Ni Murrachu arose and went with him through the fields, and she did not go with him because of love, nor because his words had been understood by her, but only because he was naked and unashamed.

The Australian soldier boy who intuitively and instinctively recognised the great truth and beauty

of these passages, thereby proved his kinship with the elect ; he understood the meaning of beauty, sorrow, sin and life, and, understanding, was as unafraid of them as he was of death.

IV

The silhouette I am trying to make of Stid would be more incomplete even than it is if I failed to include extracts from some of his letters. They are characteristic of the man. After a week-end with me in Salisbury, he wrote from Perham Down :

I've had two lessons that I am not infallible, so realise it to the full. I mention it because for a brief instant I made you feel there was a yellow streak in me that may be meanness. The shadow passed away from your sunny face as quickly as it came, so all is well. The streak may be in me, but I am going to see it doesn't get even a dog's chance. . . . Everything in the garden here is lovely, but I feel a wee bit sorry for myself at heart because I am away from you. But I've learnt you are a big baby too, so am happy, and will look forward to our next meeting. I dreamt of 'Saturday' ; she is real, because I saw her as you read to me ; I love men who can make others see real people. . . .

The next, apparently written after I had motored him back to camp after another visit :

I hope you had a good run home ; I felt a wee bit lonely after leaving the car alone with you ! I knew you would be able to look after it, so it wasn't the car I was really worrying about ! Besides, I forgot to ask the driver the way to Upavon ; then, to make matters still worse, I left too soon ; why, has been puzzling me ever since. I realised I'd rushed away when it was too late, and have been kicking myself ever since. I sacked the engineer in charge of my thinking department ! . . . The trip to you

has cut down all the cobwebs I've been carrying. I'm going to claptrap to you anything and everything that comes into my head. . . .

Most of his letters seem to have been written after a week-end, although he, in between, at odd moments, 'claptrapped' to me, as he phrased it; when he hadn't time to write, he was content to send, and I to receive, a 'wireless'; another of his pet terms.

I feel real pleased with myself. Last week-end was splendid in every way, and I am realising more and more what a lucky boy I was when we met. Your presence makes me feel as the pussy must when it purrs! The comparison may be out of order, but I know you won't mind. . . . The C.O. has put me on as Acting Adjutant for a few days while Mr. W. is having a holiday, so I'm quite important for the time being. Felt like asking him to try some one with more experience, then thought I would probably learn a wee bit more, so proved 'that fools rush in,' etc.! It's a wee bit awkward to commence, because Mr. W. hadn't time to show me round, and there are a good many papers lying about which I haven't any knowledge of. I'm leaving everything alone that doesn't concern me, and I mean to carry on. I've put a copy of King's Regs. on the table amongst other important-looking books, and have been sitting back trying to look wise. . . . I've been reading his placards, of which there are many, and they seem to confound more than teach! Cheer oh!

V

The day before he left Tidworth for France, he arrived in Salisbury in the afternoon to dine and sleep. We took a walk round the Close after tea, and looked long at the Cathedral from every point of view. It was a glorious August afternoon. Did a little shopping and visited one or two

favourite spots in the old City. The imminent parting cast its shadow, yet we were not sad. After dinner, we sat quietly talking in the twilight, but not, as might be thought, of particularly serious things. Of course, at times we had talked about the war, but always casually and never as if it meant anything to us as individuals or to our friends. I have no recollection all during the war of having met any man, except one, who ever discussed seriously their own chances of death. I have heard men refer to their ' going West ' in a ragging spirit—but never seriously, and with the one exception, I have never talked intimately with a soldier who had any premonition of death, or any fear of being killed. Certainly, Stidie was as cheery as ever, and had we been able completely to ignore the fact that it was our last meeting in Salisbury, we would have been perfectly content. On the other hand, there was much to look forward to in France. There was war—which he loved ; the return to his battalion and all his friends there. Above all, there was once more the longed-for return of the old days when he fought side by side with Little Jim. So I helped him to put his kit together as we talked far into the night. The next morning we were up early — stuck our heads through the windows, and looked down the old High Street to the North Gate of the Cathedral for the last time. Breakfast and a quick run out to Tidworth Station, where we deposited his kit against his departure at noon for Southampton in command of a party of men. Then on to camp, where I handed him over in good time to the Commandant. In presence of many others, the last handclasp and the casual-looking good-bye.

VI

I had very few letters from him in France, as he went out early in August and was killed early in October at Passchendaele. Those I did receive were mostly about his work and his men, both of which he passionately loved. He was very humble-minded, and was always trying to improve himself.

It is almost impertinent to say that he died gallantly. Mr. A. Pearse, the official Australian war artist, painted a striking picture entitled *The Battle of Polygon Wood.* It was extensively reproduced, and was accepted by all Australians as a typical incident of one of their uncountable glorious engagements. The inscription on the reproduction reads :

> One of the most inspiring and historic events during the battle of Polygon Wood (Belgium) was the placing of the Australian Flag on Anzac Redoubt (German pill-box) at 7.15 A.M. on September 20, 1917, by Lieutenant Arthur Vincent Leopold Hull, 18th Battalion. He was killed in action three weeks later.

By such boys (for he was only a boy) was our Empire made, and by such shall it be kept. He was a typical Australian soldier boy, and, like many Australians, he had the heart of a little child. He showed his heart to me, and, as he wrote, ' I've learnt you are a big baby too, so am happy ' ! He was as sincere and direct as sunlight, as simple and unpretentious as a wayside flower. I never heard him talk of heroes or of being a hero, or longing for chances of undertaking heroic stunts. Yet when the opportunity came to inspire his men at a critical moment, he instinctively took it. His whole life was simple and intuitive in a way difficult to

appreciate in our more complex English civilisation. There was a job wanted doing and he was there to do his best, and ever did it smilingly. He sleeps somewhere in France (even now we don't know where), and away yonder in Australia the 'little farm' is vacant, and he climbs no more to the windmill top to see how grows the corn. He is ever to us all a fragrant memory; a quenchless inspiration; a reward for what we have endured; a pledge that, however lonely here, we shall no longer be alone when, like him, we too 'go West.'

VII

For everything God gives, something he takes away, and often, it would seem, long before the gift arrives that which it is to replace is removed. One of my first great losses in the war was my friend Arthur (of whom I have written elsewhere), and who left me in June 1916. Some convictions are so fragile, and yet so strong, that it is difficult to write about them, yet I must, because it may bring comfort or peace to others. I believe Arthur sent me Stidie and Peterkin and Dusty. On Armistice Day in France, I wrote in my pocket diary their high names and added, 'their work made this day possible.' In the enthusiastic crowd gathered in a great French city through which I passed that day on my way to Versailles, I saw a tall, dignified, distinguished-looking Frenchman, in appearance remarkably like the Duke of Orleans, seize and kiss the hand of a startled and embarrassed British subaltern, and I instantly thought, 'My God, how right you are, it was a subalterns' war!' Where all were splendid, it is invidious to make special

claims. But every time it was the junior officers who led and cheered the men, and every time it was the subaltern who went over the top *first*.

They who have gone have given their utmost, and I have a feeling that they cannot enter into the fulness of their eternal rest until we have completed and consolidated the work they so magnificently began. And they will, if we are true to their memories and ideals, send us consolers and helpers. Arthur sent Stidie and the others, and Stidie sent me the B.B.C. It's true we seldom meet in the flesh, but our spirits meet continuously, and the golden link between us is the lovely memory of my 'golden pal.' The link forged by the glorious dead between England and far-off Australia is kept strong, sweet and true to-day by such friendships.

Dusty was the last to go West, and very soon after, he was followed by the Little Mother, whose big heart was broken by her love and care for soldier boys known and unknown, so that when their fight was over she felt hers was over also. That they are all together and still living and caring for us here below, is one of the few consolations left to us who are of the great company of the lonely of heart.

Branksome End, 1921:
Knaith Cottage, 1922.

To Duncan Campbell Dunlop, D.F.C.

But if the while I think on thee (dear friend),
All losses are restor'd, and sorrows end.

Sonnets.

III

PETERKIN

For ever it was morning when he came,
Night when he went away.

1

NOTHING was quite so extraordinary during the war as the *sudden completeness* with which we frequently got to know some one else.

I had met Peterkin in a casual way many times, as I had met hundreds of others, and, while I always thought him the beau-ideal of the best type of Australian officer, I could not say I knew him. Then, instantly, in a walk of about a mile and a half between Wendover Camp and town, I knew all there was to be known, and probably more than any other man in the world knew. Possibly even more than he knew himself !

He was with the Australian Flying Squadron at Wendover ; his commanding officer had invited me to dine, and I had to decline, but said I would walk out after dinner. When I arrived at the mess, I heard music and gaiety going on. Feeling my arrival might disturb the party, I was about to slip

away unnoticed when Peterkin saw me and tried to persuade me to stay. Asking why he was not in the next room with the merry ones, he told me he was at the moment out of tune with the merriment. Confessing that I, too, was not keen, I suggested he should walk back part of the way to Wendover with me, so we went together to his quarters to get his cap. Once there, we started a good old talk. I felt he was lonely, sad, wanting sympathy and understanding. The photographs around his hut led to talk of home and friends. Above all, pride and love suffused his expressive face as he showed me a photograph of his young wife and baby girl. I gathered that after his departure from Australia a baby boy had arrived. Quite late we started for Wendover, and the full harvest moon made the countryside as clear as day. We continued to talk, and presently, reaching a gate, we stood by it, and could see for miles England asleep. The great camp behind us spelt war ; the little gleaming lights ahead, homes in most of which would be pain, anxiety and loss ; the great moon above glowed placidly on us as it did on the trenches in France and Flanders. Here it meant more freedom to move about ; there it meant death, and its brightness immobilised millions of fighting men.

I cannot recall the exact words that brought the revelation to me—it came in a flash. I saw into the soul of the man beside me. His wide blue eyes were deep with feeling ; his broad brow and sunny hair gleamed with startling distinctness in the moonlight ; his mouth, not small, but full and finely modelled, parted, showing his magnificent teeth as he smiled with that strange smile of his at some mind picture of his own framed in far

Australia. I looked at him, and as I looked I understood and knew, so I said :

' When you married your wife, my friend, you were a virgin, and, but for her, you are virgin still ? '

' Yes,' he said. ' Yes ; how did you know ? '

II

We had many walks and talks after that. Always I encouraged him to talk of home and loved ones far away. I christened him Peterkin, and the boy babe Peterkinette. I wrote to his wife, knowing how folk love to hear from some one who meets, sees, knows, appreciates their loved one. It was arranged between us that when one day Peterkinette had a brother I was to be his godfather. I remember one particular walk and some hours spent in the Chiltern Hills above Wendover, where we were, if not happy, at any rate content—making the most of the moment, as one did during the war.

III

Then he came to the Cottage in Hampshire to meet my people. I can see him now as I saw him that Sunday morning when I went in to call him. More than six feet of him, straight and lean, and his clean-shaven face looking so extraordinarily brown against the white sheets, his hair tossed about and his eyes vividly blue.

We lunched early, and then a four-mile walk to the English home of the greatest and most wonderful woman I have known, and where it was

my valued privilege to bring my friends without first asking permission.

A great friend of mine, a beautiful and gracious lady, met us in the park, and I presented Peterkin. We went for a long walk together, and before we reached the house again, two hours later, Peterkin had caught and captured the gracious lady's friendship as he did that of every one who had fineness enough to appreciate how fine he was. I had never till then been quite able to define to myself just what Peterkin meant to me. I knew it was something exquisite, rare, radiant; I basked in it without succeeding in defining it. The gracious lady found it instantly, and found it in a word. As we stood for a moment outside the house looking out over the now mist-enfolded woods she turned to me and said: 'When I saw you two coming towards me this afternoon I looked at you and then at your friend, and said to myself, "It is sunshine he has brought."' Then turning to Peterkin she handed him for luck a four-leafed shamrock, for which we had spent a long time seeking, and added, 'From now, I will call you Mr. Sunshine.'

IV

That was it: he was sunshine—sunshine through mist sometimes—but always sunshine. About this time he was very sad. A special Medical Board had decided he was not to be permitted to go out to France as a Flying Officer. He was good enough to teach, and had taught hundreds in Australia and in England, but something, they said, made it unsafe to allow him to fly in France. It nearly broke his heart. We wangled every wangle we

could think of. I had some little influence with the Australian authorities, so I went direct to Headquarters. Peterkin begged me to do what I could. I have his letter before me now :

> You will see, Paddy, that I am in a mess, and wonder if you could use your strong arm to help me. I do not say 'if you would,' because I take the liberty of thinking if you can you will. . . .—Your worried, PETERKIN.

I saw the General Officer Commanding the Australians and every one else I thought would be of the slightest use, but it was no good. He was transferred to the Australian Engineers, sent to Fovant, then to Tidworth, and in a few weeks he was in the front line in France.

V

I had very few letters from him in France. He was kept too hard at work to have much time to write. My last letter to him was written in France, and was dated October 2, 1918. It was returned to me marked 'K.I.A.' I at once started making inquiries through a friend on the Australian Headquarters Staff,[1] and eventually, in the beginning of November (just before the Armistice) I received the following communication :

> The D.A.A.G., 3rd Australian Division, was inquiring, for you, this afternoon after Lieutenant Peterson of 1st Field Company Engineers.
>
> I regret to say that he was killed in action near Roisel in the afternoon of September 11. He was standing talking to his Section Sergeant in a rough shelter when a

[1] Major Joseph L. Coleman, O.B.E., A.I.F.

shell burst near and a splinter hit him in the neck and he died immediately.

He was buried at Tincourt Military Cemetery, and has since been posthumously awarded the Military Cross for work done in the 1st Australian Division Operations in the neighbourhood of Bray-sur-Somme towards the end of August.

VI

So in Australia there are one more girl and boy who cannot remember and a woman who cannot forget. In Tincourt Military Cemetery there sleeps six feet three of manhood that, while here, was like a lamp that held the sun. There is (posthumously, as was so often the case) another Military Cross. From the earth something ineffable has gone. Yes. But something ineffable remains. As I wrote to the gracious lady who gave him so fittingly his name, 'We are greater, better, nobler for having known him.' To us was given the high honour of recognising him for what he was. It is even our hope, nay, our assurance, that our understanding of him brought him towards the end some happiness.

VII

The gracious one, because of her exalted position, her charm and her intellect, has been accustomed all her life to meet the most eminent men. Her intuition, brains and experience make her a wonderful judge of character. One day discussing Peterkin and his unique attractiveness, she asked me if I were able to explain or define it. She said, 'I have called it sunshine because I can find no better term, but it is something more.'

Her mind is so big, she is so completely a

woman of the world, and withal has such a sensitive, feminine understanding and sympathy, that to her one can say all things, so I replied, 'Peterkin had a quality which some women, a few women, have, but which is practically unknown in men: he had purity. I don't mean technical purity; many men through timidity, lack of opportunity or fastidiousness, have that. I mean real purity—purity of heart: innocence. It is marvellously attractive. It is radiant; it is an immense source of power to its possessor. The majority of men, being dirty, cannot define it, but it attracts and wins them. It is not acquired through struggle as saints have acquired it. It is born, not made. Christ had it: perhaps a few others in history have had it. . . . Peterkin had it.' . . .

'Yes,' she said, 'after all, sunshine is the best word for it. It is health, life, warmth; it is . . . holiness; it may be overshadowed, but it can never be put out.'

So it is.

Peterkin, our dear Sunshine, has gone, but his memory shall for ever be a lamp unto our feet and a light unto our path.

October 21, 1920.

To Tom and Adèle Dunn
This little record of my friend who was the source of all their love, happiness and pride

IV

DUSTY: AN ENGLISH FLYING BOY

I

CCASIONALLY men are born who are so happy in their parentage and in all the surroundings of their lives that its every circumstance seems specially adapted to fit them for their destiny: Dusty was one of these.

The only son of a Northumbrian father and a French mother, he was from his cradle in love with the machinery of movement and the idea of speed or flight. Born at Wylam-on-Tyne in October 1894, he was but two months short of twenty when war broke out and found him—one of the very few civilians—completely equipped and ready for his life work.

The many thousands of men, then over thirty, who had to spend weary months or even years learning their job in England, might well have cried with envy at this happy boy: not only was he in the perfection of his beautiful young mental and physical strength, but, already, he was a daring and experienced pilot.

In 1913 his parents had reluctantly granted his prayer to be allowed to learn to fly, which he did at the Blériot School at Hendon.

It is difficult to realise now, so rapidly has flying developed in the intervening period, that for a civilian to take it up seriously was in those days looked upon as a rapid and certain method of committing suicide.

Immediately war was declared Frederick George Dunn, or Dusty, as he came to be known in the Air Service, volunteered for work in the air, was accepted, and Thursday, August 13, 1914, found him flying a Blériot machine at Gosforth Aerodrome and his picture in the illustrated papers, together with that of Graham-White and Robert Lorraine, as amongst the earliest few trained pilots who had volunteered and been accepted for immediate active service as Aerial Scouts.

During August and September he was flying daily at Gosforth and at Farnborough, and his uncanny knowledge of and love for the machinery of flight won him the responsibility of testing all available types of machines then used by the Royal Air Force, and so laid the foundations of the varied and extensive experience which was later to prove of such immense value to the Service and which determined the lines on which he should afterwards specialise.

Having just completed forty hours' flying in England, he was, some seven weeks after war was declared, posted to A Flight, No. 3 Squadron, 1st Wing in France, with the rank of Sergeant Pilot.

He left Farnborough on the 2nd of October on an 80-H.P. Blériot, without a passenger, but with luggage. Travelling by Guildford, Redhill and

Ashford to Dover, very thick weather forced him to spend the night there: it was so bad that after Redhill he had to proceed by compass! On the 7th he reported to No. 3 Squadron in France, then commanded by Major J. M. Salmond [1] and attached to the 4th Corps.

During his early flying career at Hendon in England and in France, Dusty came in contact with most of the men who were amongst the earliest enthusiasts of aviation, including those in what was then known as the Military Wing of the Royal Flying Corps. Amongst them were Captain A. G. Board of the South Wales Borderers, Major H. R. M. Brooke-Popham [2] of the Oxford and Bucks L.I., Lord George Wellesley of the Grenadier Guards, Captain A. G. Fox of the Royal Engineers, Captain G. W. P. Davies of the Royal Berkshire Regiment, F. G. Small of the Connaught Rangers, A. R. Shekleton of the Munster Fusiliers, Captain H. C. T. Dowding of the R.G.A., D. L. Allen of the Royal Irish Fusiliers, G. S. Creed of the South African Defence Forces, W. Lawrence of the Essex Regiment, A. Hartree of the Royal Artillery, Captain R. Cholmondeley of the Rifle Brigade, G. W. P. Dawes of the Royal Berkshire Regiment, P. B. Joubert de la Ferté of the Royal Artillery, G. de Haviland of the R.F.C., and many more.

In his own Squadron in France he served with men like Robert Lorraine, L. E. O. Charlton and E. L. Conran, while James M'Cudden, who was afterwards to become world famous, was then, and for long afterwards, mechanic in charge of Conran's machine.

[1] Air Vice-Marshal Sir John Maitland Salmond, K.C.B., C.M.G., C.V.O., D.S.O.

[2] Air Commodore H. R. M. Brooke-Popham, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., A.F.C.

Conran, then a Lieutenant and afterwards a Colonel and a D.S.O. and M.C., was one of the first Cavalry officers to join the R.F.C. He was a daring, brilliant and most accomplished pilot, and M'Cudden tells in his book how this officer's magnificent reconnaissance work, in conjunction with that of Captain L. E. O. Charlton, D.S.O., of the Lancashire Fusiliers, in spotting in time the great German attempt to outflank us, made the Mons retreat possible and thus saved the British Army from disaster.

On November 21 Dusty's diary records that he was flying Patrol to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, with Lieutenant Robert Lorraine as his observer.

His work was extremely varied, and he seems to have had Lorraine and Conran as his observers almost daily. He was occupied testing, observing artillery fire, instructing, patrolling, doing reconnaissance work, photography, bomb-dropping, and so on. Everything seemed to combine to develop his marvellous versatility.

He was extremely lucky—or was it skilful?—and only reports one accident of any importance, when on December 11 he ran into a fog and smashed his machine in landing on top of a hill while he was on his way back from Amiens to Villiers Visconte.

On December 24 he handed Captain Conran a new M.G. Parasol Blériot to replace the machine James M'Cudden tells us, in his *Five Years in the Royal Air Force*, that he had been told off to look after upon his arrival in France; and which, after doing one hundred and sixty hours' flying, was to be sent home for repair and instructional purposes.

On the 27th of April 1915 Dusty was gazetted

to a Commission for *distinguished services* at the same time as L. W. F. Turner, E. R. Scholefield, and his friend R. H. Carr, a most brilliant pilot who was at Hendon with him in the pre-war days.

During the first week in April he returned to England, having been two hundred and ninety hours in the air since his first flight at Gosforth on August 13, and having flown some seventeen thousand five hundred miles on every available make of machine in every sort of condition and stage of repair.

About this time the Authorities in England began to realise the vital importance of work in the air, and the immense necessity there was to send out to France without delay large numbers of machines that had been carefully tried and thoroughly tested at home. Dusty, having by now become well known for his skill, his almost superhuman understanding of flying machinery, and his perfect readiness to go up in anything, new or old, captured or British, that could be induced to leave the ground, was kept hard at testing work in various parts of England for many months.

II

Thereafter Dusty's career in England and in France was but a variation of his earlier experiences in the Royal Flying Corps. Although he did comparatively little fighting in the air, it was recognised that the smiling indifference with which he would take up a captured Hun machine for testing purposes was really courage of a very high and unusual order. It was all done in cold blood behind the lines and without any of the excitement

and stimulus of the firing-line and the hand-to-hand encounter.

The fact was that his temperament was perfectly fitted for such a task. The cool, calculating, competent judgement of the Northumbrian allied to French dash, imagination and logic, made him almost ideal for this peculiar kind of work. Behind all this there was his passionate and innate love for engineering machinery, swift flight and personal adventure, and his almost uncanny understanding of any sort of machine. He loved and understood an engine as many men love and understand a horse.

It is interesting that all his life he was an individualist, working, experimenting, studying, and even playing, by preference alone. It was not till he joined the Air Force that he learned to play in company, and although he did it, as he did all things, splendidly and enjoyed it thoroughly, he was in spite of his great popularity extremely reserved.

The outside Dusty, vivid, gay, laughing, loving dancing, music and fun, covered a serious, sensitive, reserved and affectionate soul.

It is noteworthy that one of James M'Cudden's grandmothers was French, and, temperamentally, there always seems to be something Gallic, or at any rate Celtic or Latin, in the make-up of the successful flying man. That is why they were such intoxicatingly good company during the war. Some of the happiest hours one had were spent amongst the men of the R.F.C. and the R.A.F. It is difficult to account for the attraction flying and flying men have for a person who, like myself, has no technical knowledge or skill, nor any desire to possess them.

There is, of course, the fascination of speed and unimpeded movement through the air allied to a deep and instinctive admiration for skill, daring, and that abundant resilience which invariably accompanies the true flying temperament. Moreover, your successful pilot must have something of the temperament of the artist: in other words, he must be born rather than made. I think it was that gallant pilot Gordon Bell who once told me that two qualities most essential to success in flying were daring and 'hands.' Now, every hunting man knows 'hands' cannot be acquired—you have them, or you have not.

One of the most attractive things about Leonardo da Vinci, who, after Christ, is perhaps the most alluring figure in history, was his intense devotion to the idea of flying and the manner in which his whole personality was obsessed by the fascination of flight.

Dusty was, then, in his way an artist. His alert, vivid, constructive, rhythmic intelligence held enormous potentialities.

His good luck was extraordinary: he passed the last eighteen months of the war in France testing captured Hun machines, during which time he spent over three thousand hours in the air on some hundred and fifty different types of aeroplane!

III

When the Armistice was signed the Royal Aircraft Establishment at Farnborough was engaged in building the ill-fated Tarrant Triplane for the purpose of bombing Berlin. This being considered no longer necessary, it was decided to alter its

design, turn it into a gigantic machine which was to be used for civilian purposes, and, possibly, to be entered for the flight across the Atlantic.

By an unlucky accident Dusty became associated with the enterprise, was chosen as its chief pilot, and his transfer into the R.A.F. Reserve was hastened by the Authorities in order that he might be free to devote himself entirely to the gigantic experimental machine.

While he was at Farnborough during this period we naturally saw a good deal of him at the Cottage. He would come over, invariably bareheaded, in an enormous racing car and liven us all up. I remember a Sunday afternoon in the garden after tea when he amused himself by 'flying' the lawn roller. 'Now she loops; now she spins; what a splendid landing!' and so on, while we all tried to keep out of his way!

Another Sunday he, Jimmie King, a Wiltshire friend, who served with me in the Royal Wiltshire Yeomanry, and I went for a walk. Inside a gate in Elvetham woods we saw a big log of wood, and I said (coal being scarce, owing to the railway strike), 'How the Mater would love that log!' Dusty said nothing, but after tea insisted on taking Jim and I in the car to retrieve it. We did so with some difficulty, and our theft was enviously applauded by a group of New Zealand soldiers out for their Sunday walk, who obviously wished they had thought of stealing it first.

Depositing it in the garden, we brought my mother out to admire it, and she feigned being shocked, saying, 'Oh, Dusty! to steal wood, and on Sunday too!' Afterwards the log was cut into two pieces, which were christened Dusty and Jim,

and used as garden seats in the woods in what afterwards came to be known as 'Dusty's Corner.' On my mother taking him down to see them some time afterwards, he said, 'Which am I? Anyhow, I'm not the scabby one!' We have those two logs now. I have never yet confessed to my kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. Anstruther-Gough-Calthorpe, that I was once a party to stealing their wood!

At that time every one was talking about flying the Atlantic. It was generally supposed that the Tarrant Triplane would be entered for the event. I used to talk to Dusty about it; he would never say much. It was a 'hush-hush' machine, and he did not feel free to talk, but he always laughingly said that if he crossed the Atlantic in her he would be quite content to return by ship and, after that, no more stunts for him.

The last picture of all is Saturday, May 24, 1919. It was a most lovely day. Chaos [1] and Purd [2] lunched at the Cottage. I can see my mother now under the soft green of the pine trees at the gate, her white hair like molten silver. Waving us good-bye, she remonstrated because Purd could not have stayed longer, and sent her love and luck to Dusty.

We walked to Farnborough through Minley and the Empress's woods, and arriving at our destination found Dusty entertaining a number of people to tea on the lawn, including Jacko,[3] Lane [4] and M'Laughlin.[5]

Tea, tennis and talk took up most of the time.

[1] Major H. D. Kay, O.B.E.
[2] Lieutenant Frederick Lloyd Purdy, U.S. Army.
[3] Captain A. R. Jackson, The Buffs.
[4] Captain Herbert Beaufoy Lane, The London Regiment.
[5] Captain M'Laughlin, R.N., D.S.C.

Dusty was full of his usual life and go. Purd and I were going up to town for the week-end and therefore remained to dinner with him.

After dinner we sat on the lawn and Dusty came and lay on a rug at my feet for about an hour, talking little. This was unlike him. I had wanted all the afternoon and evening to get a quiet chat with him, but such things are difficult to arrange when a number of people are about. How often afterwards have I deeply regretted the missed opportunity !

We now knew the trial was to take place on Sunday or Monday ; he would not admit which, nor did he tell his parents anything about it. However, he was most cheerful, but could not see us off at Farnborough Station, because just as we were leaving a telephone call came through. He sent his love and promised to pass over the Cottage during his first flight.

The trial took place in the early morning of Monday, May 26. The machine nose-dived before or immediately after leaving the ground. Captain P. Townley Rawlings, D.S.C., the splendid and intrepid pilot who had bombed the *Goeben* in Constantinople harbour, was killed instantly ; Dusty was fatally injured, and died on Wednesday evening at six o'clock at Cambridge Hospital without having recovered consciousness.

This is not the place to apportion blame or responsibility, but Dusty's life and that of Rawlings were flung away. For some reason or other the whole thing was hushed up.

One resented it more because it was all so unnecessary. There were no reasons for haste. The war was over : tests should have been exhaustive

and cumulative. To an amateur critic even, to attempt to fly an enormous machine of a novel type with six engines without first making several trials taxi-ing it over the ground, seemed madness. Moreover, the design was altered in part again and again, and as far as could be discovered no attempt was made to assess the *total* effect of these manifold alterations !

Considerable quantities of lead having been put in the nose, the machine was tail-light and nose-dived. For some reason or reasons unknown the Consulting Engineers to the contractors were not asked for an opinion as to the fitness of the Triplane for its trial flight. It came out afterwards that had they been asked to sanction it they would have refused ! However, the experts of the Air Ministry did approve, and the trial was made on their report that the machine was fit to fly.

At the inquest the Ministry claimed privilege for the report of their Board of Inquiry ! Major-General Seely defended their action in the House of Commons, saying it was not in the interests of the public service for the results of the technical investigations into the cause of the accident to be published. Possibly : that is a matter of opinion. The jury did not think so, because the foreman said 'they unanimously felt that something should have come out that did not come out. Something was kept in the background that they should have known. Two brave men met their deaths, and the reason why should be known !'

Mr. H. Massac Buist, one of the most distinguished living authorities on aviation, expressed amazement in an article in the *Morning Post* that Parliament should be so indifferent to the importance

of the progress of aviation to the country as to accept the mere opinion of a Government Department that the knowledge gained from the inquiry should be deliberately concealed instead of being placed at the disposal of all.

It looked as if the Air Board, recognising that in sanctioning the flight one of its departments—presumably the Technical Department—had made a blunder, resolved to use every bit of political machinery possible to prevent the truth becoming public.

To this day, no outsider knows why the accident happened. The matter might not be worth recalling in detail were it not that an altogether discreditable attempt was made to forestall criticism by telling the Press within a few minutes of the accident that it was caused by the pilot starting the top engines too quickly. The opinion was either that of an ignorant amateur or was deliberately intended to mislead. Not one single expert supported this view, and to propagate it at the expense of two of the bravest of the brave who were no longer able to speak for themselves was little less than contemptible.

IV

During the war, day and night, Dusty's parents, like so many thousands of others, kept watch for their only boy. Mrs. Dunn could hardly be induced to leave the house lest he should come home unexpectedly on leave. She suffered more than most inasmuch as not only her only boy but her two countries—France and England—were in grave peril.

Dusty used to please her by telling in his letters

how well he was getting on at French and how much he liked the French. 'France is really fine,' he would write. He had, naturally, a great number of French friends, but all his life it was a little peculiarity of his laughingly to protest that he was 'entirely an English boy.' He disliked French exuberance of expression and dreaded being taken for anything but a stolid Britisher. It was an amiable weakness, and easy to pardon in one who was such a boy in many ways—and such an efficient and self-reliant man in others.

He came through the war without a serious scratch, his extraordinary good luck never once deserting him. His personality, his vast and varied experience, his youth, were of incalculable value to his country, and they were all flung heedlessly away. Loss, great loss, in war one can accept, but wanton waste arouses resentment and despair.

His last Sunday—his last day on earth—was spent as usual cheerfully ; but not amongst his nearest and dearest, because that would have been to expose himself to too great a strain and so unfit him for his mighty task.

I think he had his doubts. He always said : 'If it flies at all. If . . . !'

He got up early that Monday morning and went out to his stupendous risk-filled task as smilingly and cheerfully as if he were going to his bath.

After all, he had taken up hundreds of captured enemy machines about which no one knew anything : his luck had been marvellous and might hold . . . when it was over he would ring up his mother . . . meanwhile she must be spared all anxiety. He had no near or dear friends with him

that fatal, lovely May morning. Why did he take that precaution. Why was his last Sunday spent in public amongst acquaintances?

To the last fraction of a second he was master of himself, because he remembered and somehow found time to turn off the petrol, thus averting what, on that dry heath and surrounded by those inflammable sheds, might easily have been a terrible disaster involving the loss of many lives.

Every one praised him and his work.

The Empress Eugénie, who was interested in him, sent a lady-in-waiting to convey personally to his mother her deep sympathy with a sister Frenchwoman, who, like herself, had tragically lost an only son. Princess Napoleon, who, although he had never been presented to her, knew of him through me and admired him as my friend, wrote graciously and sympathetically to Mrs. Dunn with her own hand.

General Brooke-Popham, who as a major was in command of No. 3 Squadron before the war, who knew Dusty well, and who, at the time of the accident, was Director of Research at the Ministry of Munitions, wrote to his father as follows:

> He was undoubtedly the best all-round pilot I have ever seen, and was equally at home on every type of machine, whether large or small, British or foreign. His death is a distinct loss to British aviation. . . .

He sleeps at Farnborough, where he had done his earliest war flying, where he had one way or another spent much time, where he went hence on that warm English spring morn in lovely May. Gorse flamed for miles, reflecting back the more pallid gold of the sun, and the perfume

of the pines was intoxicatingly sweet. The bright argent sheen of the silver birch strove with the shrill young green of the larch for supremacy of pride. All Nature was still and quietly triumphant as Dusty, Nature's own son, went big-hearted to his appointed task. . . .

One who had served under and with him wrote : 'He had no fear and was the finest pilot I have ever met.' Another : 'Bright and cheery, as ever, when he passed me in the machine a minute before the catastrophe. . . .' And yet another—best tribute of all : 'I have learnt a lot of goodness from Dusty's example, and if only I could live as he did, I should be happy to leave this world to-morrow. I feel sure he had no fear of death, such a noble nature did he possess.'

Often in life it is the little things that wound most. One would have expected that even the Air Force Authorities would have heard of the terrible accident to the Tarrant Triplane and its tragic results ! However, evidently not. At any rate, two months after the boy's death he was summoned to Buckingham Palace to receive from His Majesty his Air Force Cross ! It was, of course, not the fault of the Lord Chamberlain's Department, but of the Air Force Administration who allowed the matter to go forward.

Two years after his death they addressed to him *personally* his commission as a Captain in the R.A.F. (He had, of course, received his original commission in the, presumably very much inferior, R.F.C. !) Moreover, it was incorrectly dated ! The R.A.F. Administration was always extraordinarily bad, and does not seem to have improved. One would have thought the higher authorities would make some

endeavour to be worthy of the immense and well-won reputation earned by the fighting branch. We can only hope they will have discovered what happened in May 1919 in sufficient time to avoid calling Dusty up for mobilisation when the next war breaks out !

Anyhow, they had his youth, his brains, his skill, his bravery, and, at the end, his life.

We have that which they could not take away and which is indeed imperishable : his memory ; the reflected radiance of his blithe presence ; the consolation of his love and affection . . . the everlasting inspiration of his dauntless courage and high example.

KNAITH COTTAGE, *February* 1922.

To the Memory of my Mother

REST:

9TH DECEMBER 1919.

Ah! little Mother,
The little green place,
Beneath which you rest,
With a smile on your face.

Ah! Little Mother,
Your boy's so sad
Now you've gone away
To make Heaven glad.

Your dear girlies, too,
Are alone in the nest;
But you, brave and true,
Are safely at rest.

God is so rich,
Why take you away?
(So ready to go,
So anxious to stay).

Ah! dear Father God,
We grudge her to you;
Heav'n has many such;
Earth has so few.

. . . .

Ah! Little Mother,
The little green place,
Beneath which you rest,
With a smile on your face.

V

EUGÉNIE, EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH

I

HE glamour of the Napoleonic traditions fascinated Mademoiselle Eugénie Guzman Palafox y Portocarrero from her cradle. Her father himself taught it her. He was the friend and servant of Joseph, King of Spain, and, after his master's fall, he returned with him to France and entered the service of the Emperor. Napoleon was only five years dead when she was born, and Europe reverberated with his name and achievements. Alive, it hated and feared him, but his death, and the manner of it, martyrised if it did not almost deify him. The reaction had set in. She was six years old when the Duke of Reichstadt, 'the wonderful child,' died in 1832, and ten when Louis Napoleon made his abortive attempt at Strasburg. This was the time she first saw him, and it was from that moment that he enshrined for her all the glamour and romance of the Napoleonic cult. I do not know if she was in Paris in 1840 for the funeral of the great Emperor. She would then have been fourteen, and wherever she was we may be sure that she followed every detail with passionate interest. She was twenty when Louis Napoleon escaped from Ham in 1846; two years later he was elected to the Assembly and became President.

During the four years from December 1848 till

December 1852, when he made himself Emperor, she saw him constantly, and had every opportunity of getting to know his character. Less than two months after he assumed his uncle's crown, she became his consort.

She was the most beautiful woman in Europe, and there can be no doubt that, for a time at any rate, Napoleon loved her ardently. But it was not in him to be faithful to one woman any more than it was in her to understand, sympathise with or respond to his redundant sexual activities.

And there was another and more subtle and fundamental gulf between them: when, years later, she cried, 'Why? why?' the answer, I think, should have been, because you can only buy love with love, and hers had never belonged to Napoleon. To me it is very significant that she ever referred to her husband as 'the Emperor,' but the Prince Imperial was always 'my son.'

The Emperor's respect, admiration, confidence in her judgement, she always retained, because these were accorded to prominent traits in her mind and character; whereas love is fugitive and is only given to and kept by the heart.

A great deal has been written about the party of the Empress, and it was assumed, I think rashly, that her policy differed from that of the Emperor. In my judgement there was only one policy throughout the Second Empire, and that was the Emperor's.

Napoleon's dominating characteristic was subtlety; Eugénie's directness. For years Louis Napoleon allowed Europe to consider him a cypher, a dreamer, even a fool. As a matter of fact, he came very near to greatness. He, essentially a Liberal and almost a free-thinker, climbed to the throne with the

support and blessing of the Catholic Church. He was not going to be the servant of any priest ; on the other hand, close and sympathetic relationships with Rome were of the utmost value to him. It was wise to have a foot in both camps. He used the direct character of the Empress, as he used all things, to further his own secret policy. This son of an Italian father and a French mother could, in some ways, have given points to Machiavelli. There at times appeared to be a party of the Empress ; at times its views and aims may even have seemed to be in opposition to those of the Emperor, but you may be quite certain that such was never really the case. The Empress was a good Catholic ; dutiful, observant of all the necessary forms, deferential to the Pope as head of the Catholic Church. She was charitable, and we in England find it difficult to realise that in France, even to-day, there is no means of knowing the really necessitous or of helping them except through the agency of the Church. How much more so was this the case before 1870.

The Empress was too much a woman of the world, too wide and eclectic a reader, too great a realist, too masculine an intellect, had too much what in colloquial English is aptly called ' horse sense ' to be a devotee or a mystic—much less a fanatic. She literally obeyed the injunction, ' Render unto Caesar,' and considered it good sense, good religion and good politics. One word must here be said about the Empress and the war of 1870. Neither she nor the Emperor desired or planned it. The Emperor knew only too well that neither he personally nor the French army or nation was in a fit state to wage war on Germany

with success. The whole internal situation in France was in a state of flux, and the Emperor, knowing his days were numbered, was vainly trying to establish a Constitutional regime which would preserve and govern the country for his son. A war risked all, and, even if successful, would probably gain little. This is not to say that the Emperor did not fully realise that Germany was the eternal enemy, and that one day she would have to be met and her arrogance humbled. But he did not want Germany to choose the time and place. It is a cold historic fact that Germany, who knew more of the internal condition of France than even the Emperor did, had decided that her moment had come. From that hour war was inevitable. Germany, by sinister methods which have since become all too familiar—but which were then unsuspected—manœuvred a cry for war throughout France. The entire French nation, led by the Press, demanded war. A glance at the Press files of the time proves it. The Emperor and Empress could no more have prevented the war than they could have controlled the flow of the Seine. Unsuccessful war might ruin the Empire ; but resistance to the war fever certainly would. Such an astute man as Napoleon III. does not rush towards ruin. It was merely a question of choosing the lesser of two evils.

Germany decided. In 1870 it was a concocted telegram ; in 1914 it was a concocted murder.

Even modern French political writers cannot pretend to prove that Napoleon desired the war, so, for obvious reasons, they have saddled the Empress with the responsibility. History will reverse the judgement, but the incident, and the persistent

adherence to a falsehood through all these years, make one despair of the chivalry of Frenchmen and the probity of writers of modern political history.

Whatever from time to time the attitude of the Empress towards Napoleon the man, she always respected, and to a great extent admired, the Sovereign. Towards the end she profoundly dissented from his futile and belated attempt to introduce responsible Constitutional government. She thought France was not ripe for it, and she was proved by events to be right and the Emperor wrong. Knowing nothing of the state of the Emperor's health, she did not understand the reason for his great haste, and, out of consideration for her, he kept his own secret. This very consideration, as so often ironically happens in life, was to do her great injury when she, in continued ignorance, cried out against him for his failures in the war of 1870.

During the seventeen years she sat on the Imperial Throne beside him, the Empress exchanged her youthful glamour and idealism for a firm and lasting admiration, and, after he came to her in England, a lone and broken man,—an exile, this developed into a deep and tender affection and a married friendship which is even rarer than married love.

There were strange parallels in the history of the four Bonapartes who were actual or titular Sovereigns of France. Napoleon I. begot his one legitimate son too late ; so did Napoleon III. Both of them lost their physical and mental health and stamina too soon and at a moment when they needed all their energies most. Both failed to consolidate their extraordinary and unique success and to conserve it for their heirs. Both flashed

from obscurity into fame and from fame into obscurity. They both married foreigners, gained little domestic happiness, and both their sons were intellectually brilliant, possessed great charm and attraction, and were not physically robust. Both Emperors died on British soil, were escorted to their graves by British soldiers ; both occupied a temporary grave, and in each case their final sarcophagus was the gift of a foreign Sovereign. Both of them won their own fame personally, and left it all to the keeping of one frail life with an identical hope, in each case frustrated. Each of them failed to make deep and lasting friendships, and each will live in history by reason of his administrative achievements when all else is forgotten. Uncle and nephew alike were lovers of many women, and, alike, they won thrones and ruled kingdoms while failing utterly to rule or even control the members of their own family. Both were great lovers of their mothers and most devoted sons, while neither knew much of his father. The French people made and unmade both, and, in each case, the German people were the instrument of defeat. Each of their sons died in a foreign land serving a foreign Sovereign.

I think the Empress realised that, for all its marvellous success, the House of Bonaparte was an ill-fated one. I doubt if she ever quite believed in the stability and reality of the Empire. Certainly after her son's death, in spite of the terms of his will and that of the Emperor, she abandoned any hope she may have had of an Imperial Restoration. She not only did so, but she became on friendly terms with the Republic (which ever treated her with deference and courtesy), and one of her last public acts was to send to the French Prime Minister

a document of 1870 which proved conclusively that German designs on France dated from that period. This patriotic action was handsomely and warmly acknowledged by the French Government.

She was free to come and go in France as she liked, and that very freedom must have assured her that her name and cause were considered harmless.

I once ventured to ask her if she thought there would ever again be a monarchy in France. She replied that 'it was not possible to say: a lot depended on how the war ended.' She was, however, inclined to think that a 'Consulate might one day be re-established'; adding, 'after the war the army will be everything.' I agreed, saying, 'in England also after the war the army will mean much.' 'Ah! yes,' she answered, 'but France and England are so different.' She realised that absolute monarchies are no longer possible; that, to the logical French mind, a Constitutional monarchy is an anomaly, and many would share her view that, all things considered, the Consulate suited the French people better than any other form of Government. Had France lost the war, no doubt the Army would have been everything: it would have demanded a chief whom it might have styled a First Consul or not. Whether the Army and the French people would have sought him from amongst the French Royal or Imperial families is another matter.

The Republic won the war and thereby consolidated its position. In France, however, that is not quite the same thing as saying it has assured its own continuance. Having won the war she, like England, has quite forgotten the Armies who paid the dread price. Monarchs may forget the dead soldiers who win their victories—but demo-

cracies always do! It is one of democracy's greatest weaknesses and most besetting sins that it is the hardest and worst of masters, the worst, most ungrateful of chiefs. And the worst of a democracy is—you cannot cut off its head!

Napoleon III., in that extraordinarily tactless wedding proclamation of his, accepted the general assumption that he was marrying beneath him! But was it really so? Apart from his new and precarious position as Emperor of the French, his family was not to be compared with that of his bride. Assuredly the Empress realised this. She was intensely and rightly proud of her illustrious descent. She became by marriage the third (and last) Empress of the French, but she was not by any means the first member of her family to marry into a Royal House or to ascend a throne.

As early as the thirteenth century her family were great and distinguished enough for a Don Alfonso Perez de Guzman to marry a niece of King Alfonso the tenth of Spain, and in the seventeenth century a de Guzman married that Duke of Braganza who was afterwards Juan IV., King of Portugal.

Her own title of Marchioness of Moya was more than three hundred and fifty years old, having been created in 1480, and her newest title, that of Countess of Bãnos, was created in 1621. In addition, she was fourteenth Countess of Teba (1522), tenth Countess of Mora (1613), Marchioness of Osera (1692), Marchioness of Ardales, Countess of Santa Cruz de la Sierra, Countess of Ablitas (1652), Viscountess de la Calzada (1637), and five times a Grandee of Spain of the First Class.

There have been so many changes of Government in Spain that the custom arose of having claims to

titles confirmed by royal decree. Mademoiselle de Montijo was confirmed in all these titles, except that of Moya, by Royal decree in 1847, or six years before she became Empress of the French. It shows how steadfast was her determination, how difficult to defeat, and the growing Spanishness to which I will later refer, that as late as 1902 she again applied for, and this time obtained, confirmation of her oldest title of Marchioness of Moya !

Realist that she was, I doubt if she ever really believed in the Empire, and I am certain that in her old age she never believed in its restoration. Her will alone proves that. In it she left two parts of her large fortune to her Spanish relatives and only one part to her Bonaparte relations !

She was probably swayed by many reasons in doing this. Extremely clear-sighted, she must have realised that her action might appear unjust to many not necessarily ardent Imperialists. Surely, it would be said, she, who had a full appreciation of the value and usefulness of money, ought to have endowed the Imperial claims to the utmost of her ability. Again, I think the deciding factor was racial and her point of view as the representative of an ancient aristocracy. She felt that in leaving the bulk of her money to consolidate her Spanish inheritance she was building on something firmer than Bonapartist hopes in France. She, one imagines, always retained in the background of her mind the belief that to be Marchioness of Moya was to be greater than to be the third Empress of the French. Anyhow, the confirmation and endowing of the one title was possible ; that of the other was not. Liberal in most of her views, she could not help believing that what was yours by birth

and inheritance was a more authentic right even than that accorded by plebiscites ! Was she not always a legitimist, and did not the Emperor himself once laughingly refer to her as the Royalist of the Imperial party !

Motives and feelings of a somewhat similar nature probably dictated her attitude towards the whole question of memoirs, and decided her action with regard to the enormous number of papers of historic importance which she was known to possess. In her will she made it clear that she had never written any memoirs or authorised their preparation by others.

In March 1918, I was informed the Empress was having all her papers systematically destroyed, including everything connected with the war of 1870. This, I think, was wrong, as much of what the Empress knew belonged to history and was not merely a family possession. Her memoirs would not only have been one of the most interesting books ever written, but it is not too much to say that a definitive history of the Second Empire cannot be written without them. This was the view adopted by those who stood closest to her and who ought properly to have been consulted, and steps were taken to make copies of the more important and valuable documents before they were destroyed. An action which merits and will receive the gratitude of posterity.

The motives of the Empress were of the best. She, as she said, had been ' dead for forty years.' She did not want to open old wounds, old controversies, ancient hates. She disdained to explain, and was too big ever to stoop by trying to explain away. What had happened had happened. Her silence could neither injure nor help her husband

or her son. For herself she did not care. The magnanimity that went out of its way during her terrible sorrow to make it clear that it was her wish no one should be blamed or caused to suffer for the tragic death of her son, was of such a high quality that it found it easy to forget all lesser injuries and loss.

II

When in the autumn of 1870, Dr. Evans, the American who was dentist to the Imperial Household, and who so gallantly assisted the Empress to escape from France, found Camden Place, Chislehurst, as a home for the exiles, he considered himself extremely fortunate in having discovered just what was required, and no one seems to have dissented from his views. The house is well enough, but extremely ordinary, and there must be scores like it. One or two of the reception-rooms on the ground floor were decorated with paintings on the ceilings and over the doorways, somewhat in the French manner, but how poor and lifeless they must have seemed to her who had just left the magnificent suite of rooms at the Tuileries, made beautiful by Chaplin and Edouard Dubufe. Even now practically every aspect of the house and the whole of the small park are overlooked from every point of the compass. Indeed the façade containing the front door is only a few yards from a road! Yet in spite of the beauties of Versailles, Fontainebleau, Compiègne and Saint-Cloud, I don't think the Empress felt the commonplace gloom and pretentious suburbaness of Camden Place as much as one imagines. She lived there for eighteen years, and only left it because a broad-minded and

chivalrous Protestant landowner refused to sell her a piece of ground for the purpose of building a mausoleum for her husband and son!

She told me herself how she came to buy Farnborough Hill in 1880. One of her gentlemen went down to see it as Mr. Longman, the publisher, who had built it, wanted to sell. He reported glowingly on the place, saying, 'You must have it, you must have it!' To use her own words, 'It was bought all in one day!'

The advice was certainly not such as any Englishman would have offered to Her Majesty. Even now Farnborough Hill has little to recommend it as a country residence, and, before the Empress enlarged and improved it, matters must have been worse. It is a very large house, containing many rooms, in a small park of about three hundred acres. It has roads all round it, is within sound, almost within sight, of the railway, and has no amenities of any kind. The roads adjoining are full of traffic, so walking is not pleasant; there is no shooting, fishing or hunting, and the district being now largely a military one, there are, so to speak, no neighbours, as military folk are always coming and going. The Empress has entailed the house on Prince Napoleon and his son; it is largely in the nature of a white elephant. The Prince can only occupy it for a few weeks each year; its upkeep must be costly, and, while in residence there, he will be bored to death as he was during the war! There is not even a home farm, and the gardens are poor although Princess Napoleon, who is an enthusiastic gardener, is doing much to improve them.

However, such considerations as space and

privacy do not seem to weigh with the French as much as they do with us. Many large French homes are similarly exposed to the public, and, after all, the Palace of Versailles itself is on the road side !

The Empress loved the place and always took visitors all round it to show them the views which, as she said, ' were all different.' In her will she described it as ' much too important a place to be kept closed,' and wanted it lived in.

The private room of the Empress had very large windows facing south and west, as had her bedroom and dressing-room which were immediately over it. From all these rooms she could see the mausoleum, and from these windows for more than thirty years she watched the place which contained the ashes of her love and fame. Her sitting-room, or, as she called it, her workroom, was a very business-like apartment, overcrowded with furniture, as indeed were all the rooms in the house except the dining-room and the *salon*. The south window opened out of a sort of conservatory place with a tiled floor, and containing a couch, chairs and table where the Empress could work, rest or read. It was filled with growing flowers, and all the lower part was shaded from the approach to the main entrance by the grasses which she had grown from seed brought back from the Prince Imperial's grave in Zululand, and which had done splendidly in their English home. In the centre was the lovely statue of the Prince Imperial as a boy with his dog Nero—one of the best things Carpeaux ever did.[1]

[1] Viscount Burnham has at Hall Barn a fine bronze reproduction which his great-uncle, the late Mr. Lionel Lawson, acquired sometime prior to his death in 1879; it is in some ways more impressive than the terra-cotta original.

During the war it was carefully boarded in and protected, as the Empress was afraid the firing of the guns in the neighbourhood would injure it as they had cracked the windows and mirrors around it. The next most striking thing in the room was Cabanel's life-size picture of the Emperor in black Court costume, breeches and stockings. This is one of the best portraits of the Emperor, and originally it hung in the workroom of the Empress at the Tuileries. You feel the Emperor was like that—the yellow parchment-like skin, the expressionless eyes, and the legs too short for the body, the hands and feet large. Painted for a lofty palace, it hung too low and was too near the observer at Farnborough Hill. The room was very full of papers neatly tied and labelled, and books everywhere. There was a portable typewriter, but I don't know if the Empress ever used it ; it was often uncovered. The first time she took me into her room she said, ' It's very untidy, in such a muddle I'm ashamed of it.' It was a bright, cheery room, and had a door opening on to the terrace so that she could go in and out without passing through the hall. She would direct my attention to a half-length portrait of ' my boy,' and to a full-length portrait of the Queen of Spain saying, ' Isn't she beautiful ? Do you know her ? ' The Prince's portrait stood on an easel and occupied the most prominent position in the room : it showed him in the braided undress uniform of a British gunner and was the last one of him painted.

Of course Farnborough Hill contained some beautiful and many interesting things. Some time after 1870 the French Government had sent the Imperial Family a certain quantity of their more

personal belongings and a considerable number of family portraits, but, as Prince Napoleon once laughingly said, 'they kept all the best ones.' In the hall the chief ornament was Winterhalter's popular and well-known group 'The Empress Eugénie and her Ladies.' It is certainly extremely decorative and the colours are gay yet delicate, the grouping picturesque and the portraits of all the sitters good. It has not the stereotyped look of his state portraits, which are much more conventional.

It was standing in front of this group that the Empress made to me the remark concerning feminine beauty, which I consider expressed one of the strongest and most fundamental traits in her character. She had taken me over to the hospital to present me to 'my new matron who is very good-looking'; on our way back we paused in the hall before Winterhalter's picture, and on my saying, 'How beautiful they all were, Ma'am,' she replied: 'Yes, I always had to be surrounded by beauty.' It must, however, be confessed that the absence of beauty in furniture and furnishings troubled her not at all. Such souvenirs of the Tuileries as appeared to have come from the private apartments—photo-frames, calendar frames, knick-knacks of one kind or another, were invariably ugly. The drawing-room at Farnborough Hill, with its terra-cotta repp furniture, ugly book-cases and innumerable tables, was quite frankly hideous! The long corridor, the *salon* and the dining-room —all built by the Empress—were good because they were state rooms and, in the French fashion, they contained very little furniture, and that little happened to be good. The pictures and portraits, if not in many cases fine, were all of historic interest.

The dining-room, oval in shape and hung with tapestries illustrating scenes from *Don Quixote*, a continuation of the series hanging in the long gallery, is at once charming and stately. It contained a good folding screen, one large and four small crystal chandeliers and a couple of large pieces of good statuary. On important occasions the dining-table was decorated with some beautiful gold First Empire pieces of plate, and the Sèvres dinner service, the crystal and napery were of the finest, and all bore the combined Imperial cypher, N. and E. surmounted by the Imperial Crown. When only one or two intimate friends were present a small round table was used and the service and decorations were simpler. There were never cut flowers, as the Empress did not care for them, and the offering of these — one of the most charming gifts one can give a woman—was forbidden! Once, in the month of November, I had been walking in the morning with Princess Napoleon and in the garden we found a single rose. This I brought into the house and presented to the Empress as 'the last rose of summer.' She held it for a little politely and then put it down!

The *salon* is a finely proportioned large room without doors and opening off the long corridor. It was practically unused during the war, and I always thought the most pathetic thing in it was an oblong-shaped album covered with purple plush and bearing a gold H. surmounted by a crown. It was filled with thin and faded water-colour drawings, the work of Queen Hortense, the charming and unhappy mother of the Emperor. Another souvenir of her was the gold toilet set of chaste design and beautiful workmanship which the

Empress had in her bedroom and always used. It was very complete and had a design of the letter H. and small crowns all over it. It is a fine example of French craftsmanship and taste. Made for the daughter of the first, it was given by her son to his consort the last Empress of the French, and it now belongs to Princess Napoleon, the great-grand-daughter of King Louis Philippe! Apart from this the bedroom of the Empress contained little of interest. There was a very good Chippendale cheval glass and an enormous mahogany bedstead, heavily carved, but without any canopy or hangings. Most of the fireplaces in the house were ugly and were those put in by Mr. Longman; the staircase was adorned with four terrible wooden angels, partially gilt, which happily Prince Napoleon has had removed. I once noted a curiously revealing episode. At tea we always had a massive silver hot-water container. It was a sort of large kettle on a stand surrounded by what appeared to be a miniature palm grove in silver. The kettle part was elaborately engraved with an ugly, commonplace design, and in the centre on each side was a large N. and a crown. It was an unwieldy thing and I don't suppose the servants liked carrying it. At all events one day they brought in a much more beautiful service consisting of a large elegantly shaped hot-water jug and a teapot to match. It was Sèvres, very simply decorated with thin gilt lines and a gracefully designed imperial cypher and crown. It had been in use at the Tuileries. The Empress had it at once sent away and the horrid silver thing brought!

I suppose she had perfect taste in dress in her young days, and we have seen how intense and

lasting was her admiration for beautiful women, but to me it is incomprehensible that she had not acquired some love for beautiful architecture, houses and furniture, by her eighteen years' residence at the Tuileries, Fontainebleau, Saint-Cloud, Compiègne, and above all Versailles, where she must so often have seen the private apartments of the kings of the eighteenth century decorated in the style of Louis XV., and Marie Antoinette, whom she so much admired, and which are amongst the most exquisite productions of a period superlatively refined and elegant, and are, above all, so absolutely French.

In later years the dress of the Empress was almost a uniform, so little did it vary, and of course it was always black. A full cashmere skirt and bodice, nearly always covered by a black 'woolly,' and for outdoor wear a jacket or a sort of cloak resembling what in my boyhood's days was called a 'dolman,' and a turned-down-all-round black hat with strings. In the evening the material would be richer and sometimes she would wear a short train, but the shape and cut would be more or less the same. Outside she always wore ugly black kid gloves, and during the last few years carried a stout stick with a rubber end, 'to keep me from tumbling down.'

She seldom wore jewelry and never rings except her seven wedding rings, which were alternately of gold and silver. She sometimes wore on a long thin gold chain a gold watch with a cypher of the letter E. reversed and surmounted by a crown in turquoises on the back. It never kept correct time and always became entangled when she tried to take it out or put it away.

Of course during the last few years she stooped a little, but the figure was remarkably alert and young. When amused or excited she would throw her shoulders back, laugh very heartily and look fifteen years younger. The hands were not so small as her feet and had a little lost their shape through rheumatism. The feet were small, extremely so, and had kept their shape to the end. She wore little square-toed glacé-kid boots. Her feet were to me infinitely pathetic—they had accomplished such a strange and tragic journeying. She had medical orders to keep them up, and how often have I found her a low stool, or put a rug over them as we sat on the terrace, and on occasions when we were having the *tête-à-tête* talks I so much enjoyed and prized she would insist on great, strong me sharing her rug. But she was always human and informal. Her carriage, as I have said, was splendid ; I can easily believe she was the most graceful woman of her time. The head and profile were exquisite and made to support a diadem. But no crown could ever have become her as did her soft, abundant, carefully dressed coronet of white hair. The complexion was of course not very good (it is said never to have been) ; but the wonderfully perfect features remained to the end, and I never hope to see anything more perfect than the shape and colour of the eyes, and the way they were set in the face was faultless and so remained. The colour a deep violet, full and luminous, the straight, strongly marked eyebrows making a perfect frame.

During the war she kept very little state. Of course at meals we went in and out strictly in order of precedence when other Royalties were present.

If none were, the guest of honour left the room with the Empress, walking a quarter of a pace behind her. However, when going into the house from the terrace the Empress, with great courtesy, invariably made Princess Napoleon, who was her guest, precede her.

Ladies staying in the house would only make the formal curtsy when they met the Empress for the first time in the morning and on saying good-night. All others, of course, made it on arriving and taking leave.

Whenever I stayed in the house at bedtime we would all accompany Her Majesty to the door of her rooms on the first floor; there she would kiss her women friends and her ladies good-night, and the men would kiss her hand.

I always liked this little ceremony, as she would be full of quips, jokes and laughs.

The Empress had a very clear, strong voice, and spoke with great animation, but unless very excited not much gesture. She was, till the end, interested in every one and everything. She, as I have said, had great courtesy and patience; was, as a rule, very responsive, but if she did not wish to answer a question or discuss a subject, she could assume a sort of slightly dense, un-understanding manner past which no one could go. I remember one Sunday afternoon an impossible South African A.S.C. officer coming to tea. He had a disagreeable voice, no manners, did not seem to know how to treat any lady much less a Sovereign, and had the completest self-belief and conceit. He was a Republican and was praising very highly Hertzog, who was then doing his utmost to embarrass Smuts and the Imperial Government.

The Empress was indulgence itself; answered his assertions with arguments; asking him what freedom South Africa could have under a republic that she did not already enjoy under the Union, and pointing out that, in any case, during a terrible war no South African had a moral right to embarrass either the South African or the Imperial Government. Prince Napoleon and I were disgusted and annoyed and felt like kicking him out, but the Empress never lost for a second her patient, indulgent serenity.

To me nothing is more characteristic than the quality of people's laughter. I dislike thin, forced laughter, and a person who cannot laugh is to be feared. Sometimes the Empress's laughter was shrill, but mostly it was rich and deep. She would chuckle at a good story or gurgle happily over a droll one, and I can well believe that, in youth at all events, a suspicion of breadth in the fun would not have gone unappreciated.

One of the Empress's most marked characteristics was an intense love of freedom—of personal liberty. It was the expression of this passion, for it amounted to a passion, that so often shocked the conventional French mind. Once asking me 'how Carisbrooke looked now' (after some alterations) she said, 'It's beautiful, but I couldn't live there—on an island—never! I must be where I can get away, near a railway station.' She loved to ride hard on a fast horse, to shoot—she was an excellent shot—to dance, above all to travel by land or, most joyously, by sea. Our love of yachting was a great mutual bond, and again and again she has talked to me of the *Thistle* and her voyages thereon, and asked me about *Brynhild I.*, *Brynhild II.* and

Lamorna,[1] on which I had spent so many happy hours.

She recalled that the Emperor was also a keen horseman and liked to 'go.' I remember her saying that he had found French hounds too slow and had introduced English foxhounds into France, as he had learned his hunting in England and loved it.

In the spring of 1920, when she desired to leave England for the first time during six years, travelling facilities were still far from normal or pleasant. The Empress seriously desired to avoid these inconveniences by crossing to France from Farnborough by aeroplane, and only the determined refusal of all her friends and her ladies to accompany her caused her to abandon the idea. She was without fear, physical or moral.

Her curiosity was boundless. I remember bringing to Farnborough Hill, and presenting to her at various times, Canadian and Australian soldier friends of mine, also an English friend who had spent some years in South America, and she plied them with questions desiring, for the most part, to amplify or confirm information already in her possession and acquired from men or books.

Another English soldier friend who knew Borneo[2] and the Far East, was overwhelmed with questions and was able, from personal knowledge, to endorse the Empress's summary of the differences between the national characteristics of the Chinese and Japanese.

French people, of course, don't go in for tea, and at Farnborough Hill, with the most hospitable

[1] Yachts owned by the late Sir James Pender, Bt.
[2] Major Owen Rutter, author of *British North Borneo*.

intentions, it, I fear, never quite succeeded in being anything but an inadequate concession to English tastes. The Empress had a good appetite, enjoying her food, as the poor people say, right up to the end. She had a hearty luncheon of chicken the day before she died. But at tea she never ate much, although she drank two cups of horrid tepid liquid which was made as follows. A quantity (during the war a very modest quantity) of tea was put into a small silver strainer. Hot water was poured through this into a cup, becoming in the process slightly coloured but still tasting just like hot water. The Empress, of course, always had the first cup, and often have I handed it to her after adding a little milk and felt glad her sight prevented her seeing the revolting tiny black tea dust floating on the top. To me she always gave her ration of sugar saying, 'it was the soldier's due.' With this slop she ate a piece of toast or biscuit, and, because it was scarce, we all ate jam with gilt spoons off small plates as they do in France. No matter how many people there were, hot water was poured through the tea strainer for them, and the Empress's second cup, because colder, was even worse than the first—although it had not the nasty top. I like good strong tea, and only the jam made it possible for me to swallow mine !

When strangers came to tea the Empress, as a rule, left the room soon after it was over in case her presence might prevent them taking their leave, going for a walk, or playing tennis. She took leave of each individual in turn, and on reaching the door turned and included all in a slight curtsy. When only a few intimate friends were present she would often sit talking till it was time to dress

for dinner, and when she did it was amongst the best hours of the day.

As I have already said, it is unbelievably astonishing the things people will write (and credit) about the Empress. I was brought up to believe she was a bigoted, indeed a fanatical Catholic ; that she smoked large, black cigars ; that she spent several hours of each day in her son's tomb ; that she wept at least four hours every day ; that she had ill-treated the Prince Imperial—and so on. The Empress was, of course, a good Catholic and performed her religious duties faithfully, but she was much too strong-minded, independent and clear-headed to allow any one to control her actions. There were those who thought, or pretended they did, that she spent enormous sums in building St. Michael's Church and Abbey at Farnborough, and bringing over from France monks and nuns. The church, of course, was worthy of its purpose as an Imperial tomb, and having built it she had to make provision for its upkeep and guardianship and for the housing of those to whom she entrusted it, but she did so on comparatively modest lines, and no suggestions, no amount of hinting, direct or indirect, from clerical or secular sources, could ever induce her to spend more money on beautifying or endowing the church or enlarging or beautifying the abbey. She was the most utilitarian person alive, the least fanatical, the most tolerant and broad-minded.

As for smoking, she permitted a cigarette in her presence, but cigars were only allowed in the billiard-room. She said, ' In my days ladies never smoked, although the habit was brought to Paris by the Russians.'

Ridiculous stories such as those I am now dealing with would not merit notice were it not that in some cases they are so persistent and in others they are first put into circulation by distinguished and reliable people like Dame Ethel Smyth, who so much admired the Empress that she is tempted to impute to Her Majesty her own strong beliefs.

For instance, if she did not indeed originate, she gives currency to the mystical legend that when the Empress went to Zululand to visit the place where her son had slept she was guided from a considerable distance to the exact spot by the strong smell of violets to which the Prince was described as being devoted. When the article was reprinted in volume form the violets had become vervain or verbena. Now the plain truth is that the Prince Imperial cared so little for violets or verbena that when he was devising that very carefully selected equipment for Africa he included only two bottles, both enclosed in boxwood travelling bottle cases, and one contained eau-de-Cologne and the other, very characteristically for a Frenchman, tincture of cascara. He probably included the eau-de-Cologne because he was going to a tropical climate, and because he liked it, or, possibly, because he always copied the great Emperor when he could, and it was Napoleon I.'s favourite remedy for everything. Had Dame Ethel Smyth taken the trouble to go down to the museum she would have found the identical bottle there in its boxwood cover and with about two-thirds of the perfume left. Moreover, and this to me is stronger than any material proof, the Empress was the least emotional and psychic, the most practical and realistic person one could meet. Nor, though she admired women, was she a suffragist, although

Dame Ethel Smyth would fain have believed her one.

To be quite frank, the Empress had curious limitations. True, they were trivial compared to the great qualities she possessed ; but she had them. She did not care, as we have seen, overmuch for beautiful things ; she could see a beautiful and a hideous thing side by side without it hurting her or seeming incongruous. She did not care for flowers, music or pictures. Her demands in the way of architectural beauty were of the most modest kind. Her taste in literature was healthy and utilitarian rather than fine and discriminating. She liked a plain story about plain things ; facts were her consuming passion. Her literary taste, like her temperament, was somewhat masculine.

One other incident must sufficiently illustrate how absolutely baseless are most of the stories so constantly repeated about the Empress. Only the other day (in 1921) ' A Woman of No Importance ' retails the oft-repeated legend about the crown tumbling off the top of the coronation coach on the way to Notre Dame. The chief trouble about this is that there never was a coronation, or a coronation coach, as Napoleon III. was never crowned ! Furthermore, if the incident is supposed to refer to the Imperial wedding at Notre Dame, why, the wedding coach is now and has been for years in the museum at Farnborough Hill, and any visitor can, when the curator is not looking, climb up on the box seat and see, as I did, that there never was an Imperial Crown on the top or anywhere else where it could possibly have fallen off !

III

No account of Farnborough Hill would give a true background to the Empress that did not include something about the Napoleonic Museum she had created there and which is now, alas ! broken up. She loved to go there, and to it I, and many of my friends, owe very interesting hours.

Speaking generally, everything in it belonged to or was connected with Napoleon I., Napoleon II. (the King of Rome), Napoleon III., and Napoleon IV. (the Prince Imperial), for so all true Bonapartists would describe them. In addition, there was a robe and coronation mantle belonging to the Empress Josephine, but nothing belonging to Marie Louise or Eugénie.

The first thing that met the eye as you went in was a tiny cradle belonging to the Prince Imperial. It was on a high stand and was furnished in white and blue. The fine white linen curtains were embroidered with N's and stars. It was covered with a little blue satin quilted coverlet and the Empress made it up with her own hands, saying to the curator, 'No man can make a baby's bed.' On it rested a silver and coral baby's rattle with tiny silver bells, and two or three religious medals on a ribbon which, presumably, the baby Prince wore round his neck.

Next to it—strange juxtaposition—was a white state dress worn by the Empress Josephine. The dress and the long train which fell from the shoulders were completely covered with gold embroidery, very heavy round the edges and getting lighter and more graceful higher up. It has long sleeves with pointed cuffs coming down over the hand. She

must have been a small, very slim woman. Every one, including Queen Mary when she saw it, remarked on the smallness and slimness of the hand and wrist. Yet the little finger of that little hand was the one thing in the world that ever ruled Napoleon or for which he really ever cared, and she—strange creature—never really cared for him until after she had killed his deep and ardent love for her by her, shall we say, flirtations and indifference.

The most interesting articles in the room were those connected with Napoleon I., and the most pathetic those of the Prince Imperial.

There hung the famous blue-grey coat for which an enthusiastic American visitor said he would gladly give twenty thousand pounds. (The offer was not accepted.) Near it the even more famous hat, white leather breeches, and the green coat which were his favourite wear—the breast still bearing the star of the Legion of Honour. A set of miniature decorations and several reels of the appropriate ribbons. There were swords, sticks, travelling and drinking cups, and a pair of much-mended boots, which proved that he had large feet and very short legs. These and the white buckskin breeches—made for a corpulent man—and also much repaired, caused King Edward to observe that 'he was a very economical Emperor!' Personally I was always struck by a fine white cambric shirt, beautifully sewn, to which time has given a lovely ivory tinge, and two lots of white handkerchiefs, one lot embroidered in the corner with a very large letter B. and the other lot with a much smaller letter N. These and the death mask always appealed to me. It was as if General

Bonaparte required a big monogram, but the Emperor Napoleon could do with a small one.

Of the King of Rome there were several souvenirs, but nothing equalling in interest his death mask, which is a wonderful example of the persistence of the Hapsburg type. It is said that as a child he was extraordinarily like his father, and the earlier miniatures certainly seem to prove this, but the death mask might be that of the present King of Spain if he had died at twenty. No one who has ever seen it has failed to be struck with the remarkable resemblance.

One whole case was filled with uniforms, swords, walking-sticks, and so on, belonging to Napoleon III., and in a prominent place was Klésinger's fine bronze equestrian statue of him in full uniform. He always looked his best on a horse.

Of course there were far more things belonging to the Prince Imperial than to any of his predecessors.

There, on a life-sized stand, was the French uniform he wore in the war of 1870 on the day when he received his baptism of fire, and of which his father wrote to his mother that 'Louis has had his baptism of fire. His *sang-froid* was admirable.'

Near by was an English gunner's blue uniform and a pair of blue breeches very much worn. There were boots, caps, dozens of canes, sticks, riding-switches and hunting-crops ; all sorts of military accoutrements such as compass, map cases, pistols and holsters, and a pair of brown riding-boots that prove the foot to have been small and the leg slim, but not long.

On the opposite side of the room there was a large plain ebony cabinet, its only ornament a

gilt N. This was always locked, and contained the saddle, broken stirrup-leather, and bridle, and the mangled uniform the little Prince was wearing when he was killed. These, of course, the Empress did not care to see every time she entered, and they were in a way too intimate and sacred for the eyes of others.

Every one, however, could see and examine his desk furniture, all of which was as he had left it. Everything was of the plainest: a complete set of the *Almanach Impérial*, the last volume dated 1869; several dictionaries and books of reference; a severely plain stationery case; a calendar with the date card unchanged, July 1879. There was on the desk a beautifully bound and illuminated address presented by one who described himself as 'his admiring and devoted subject' and inscribed to 'His Imperial Majesty Napoleon IV., Emperor of the French.' This, I think, the little Prince liked to keep near him in the hope that it was prophetic.

Another touching souvenir of his was the prayer-book, bound in crushed green morocco and bearing his cypher, which his mother gave him before he left for Zululand, and in which she had written an affectionate message.

Not far away was the little state goat-carriage made to drive him about when he was a baby, and which Parisians used to crowd around to see him using in the gardens of the Tuileries. The silk lining was worn into rags at the edges by people touching it at the public exhibitions to which the Empress frequently lent it!

Speaking of objects the Empress did not care to see too frequently I must not forget the death mask of

Napoleon III., which was always covered, and which I had uncovered so that I might examine it closely. It was an impressive and an absorbing study.

The floor of the museum was occupied by two magnificent carriages, one full and the other semi-state. They are beautiful examples of the art of the French coachbuilder, and are in every detail as fresh as the day they were made. The state carriage is lined in white satin, the buttons being formed of beautifully modelled Napoleonic bees. The roof, doors, and floors are covered with white velvet, with a raised figured pattern in rose colour. This was used for the wedding at Notre Dame, for the baptism of the Imperial Prince, and on similar occasions.

There was a wooden horse bearing the state saddle and accoutrements belonging to the Emperor, which were carried by the charger that followed the Prince Imperial at his funeral at Chislehurst. Next to it was a horse and figure clothed in the magnificent full-dress uniform of the Chasseurs of the Guard, and several sets of state harness hung on the walls.

All these things, the carriages, harness, and so on, were in the Imperial stables at the Tuileries, which, with the kitchens, were the only part of the palace that escaped being burned down during the Commune. The patent leather of the harness was all cracked with the heat, but the coaches were untouched.

Artistically, the most noteworthy thing in the room was a reproduction of the Vendôme Column [1] in Paris, some ten or twelve feet high. It had a lovely patina, and every detail was perfect.

[1] Five of these were made; two are now in the Musée d'Artillerie, Hôtel des Invalides: of the two remaining one is known to be in private hands.

One wonders if in the years soon to come it and the original will be guarded and admired by posterity, not because they are records of great wars and victories, but, like Trajan's Column itself, because they are the magnificent work of the artist and the master craftsman.

IV

In October 1917 I was in England and spent a few days at Farnborough Hill as the guest of the Empress. The party included Prince and Princess Napoleon, their two children Princess Clotilde and Prince Louis Napoleon, Miss Minnie Cochrane, and Madame d'Attainville. I will try and paint a few characteristic scenes. I occupied a bedroom and sitting-room on the top floor facing west and north, from which I had magnificent views all over north Hampshire. My bed was in an alcove such as they love in French houses and bore the sad legend on a card in Pietri's writing : 'Le Lit du Prince Impérial à Chislehurst.' The sitting-room contained several pictures of the Emperor reviewing troops both before and after he ascended the throne ; a smaller reproduction of Klésinger's bronze equestrian statue in the museum, and a picture of the Prince Imperial, accompanied by the Empress, entitled : 'La Majorité du Prince Impérial, 16 Mars, 1874, à Camden Place, Chislehurst.'

On Thursday the 11th the Duc d'Albe, who was in England on some diplomatic duty, came down to luncheon. He brought with him some French rolls made of white flour for the Empress, and they were the great subject of admiration and

conversation. Pearls of price could not have been more appreciated! The Empress was much cheered by the Duc's visit and his first-hand news of France and Spain. He gabbled so rapidly in Spanish and French no one could follow a word he said. At last the Empress besought him 'to speak more slowly.' After luncheon she carried him off to her room for a private chat. It was easy to see how devoted she was to her beloved sister's grandson. Later, he said a charming good-bye to us all, and gave me many friendly messages for Colonel Wilford Lloyd—a mutual friend, and who was at Woolwich with the Prince Imperial.

The Empress had a great admiration and very warm affection for Miss Cochrane, both on her own charming account and because she has been so many years in the household of Princess Beatrice, to whom the Empress was most devoted. With Miss Cochrane Her Majesty was always at her best, as she felt sure of sympathy and comprehension. Tea over, Miss Cochrane and I were invited to sit with the Empress in the little sitting-room off the north side of the corridor. I plied the Empress tactfully with questions, Miss Cochrane helping me out.

Did the Emperor remember his great uncle, I asked, recollecting that when he was a child of six or seven Napoleon I. had himself hung round his nephew's neck the grand cordon of the Legion of Honour? 'Yes: the Emperor had a faint recollection of the incident, and it was one of his most cherished memories.' This led, somehow, to the mention of King Jerome's son, Prince Napoleon, known during the Second Empire as Plon-plon. It is notorious that he was no friend of the Emperor

or of the Imperial régime, and he ever went out of his way to be disagreeable to his nephew and his consort. It was characteristic of the magnanimity of the Empress that after Miss Cochrane and I had discussed him a little, she should say, 'He was my friend.' It was as if she had buried or disdained to remember old quarrels. She said the words with great emphasis and as if she wished them to be repeated : that is why I write them here.

She had been reading *Glimpses of France* by John Ayscough, which was lying on the table, and this led to a comparison of our two countries. She said France was safe from revolution because there were so many small landowners, but that in England and in Spain it was a danger as the land was in too few hands. She added that the troubles in Spain were organised by the Germans, who had 'brains,' and were using the nations for their own ends as one would 'play a game of chess.'

She recalled with great gusto her first visit to Scotland in 1860, when she was the guest of the Duke of Atholl, and described with much amusement and vivacity a visit to the local town, when, in the crush, some officious person struck off the Duke's hat, saying, 'He ought not to keep it on in the presence of the distinguished party!' To this the Duke angrily replied, 'But, my good man, I'm of the party!' The Empress said she 'thought there was going to be a row.' This was the broad sort of humour that amused her most. Only that morning Miss Cochrane had offered to take me to see the Abbey and crypt. We went by the private path from the house, which passes close to the Abbey door. Miss Cochrane said she would call on the Abbot and say she wished to show me the tomb.

Knowing that women are not welcomed at Benedictine monasteries as a rule, I felt a little doubtful, but Miss Cochrane seemed so sure of her ground that I gave way and accompanied her to the private door, which, as it turned out, is used only by the monks and brothers. Miss Cochrane rang. Of course no one answered, as all strangers approach the monastery from the opposite side. Becoming impatient she turned the handle and entered. I followed, full of misgivings, but feeling that I must stick to my guide and, as a male, impose some measure of respectability on her intrusion into these religious fastnesses, where I by now felt quite certain women—however charming—were not received. Presently we walked into an outraged monk, who could hardly believe his eyes ! Miss Cochrane began in her best and most fluent French—the monk would not listen ! Turning his head away he covered his face with his arms and shouted, ' Sortez, madame ; sortez, sortez ! ' I thought it wonderfully tactful of him to call her ' Madame.' We fled. I did not see the church or tomb that day, but the adventure was well worth while because at it the Empress laughed immoderately, and for days after would at intervals chuckle, ' Sortez, madame ; sortez, sortez.' A long time after I much amused Dom Cabrol, the Lord Abbot, by relating the incident.

Talking of Scotland naturally led to questions about her Scottish blood and relationship. She acknowledged that her maternal grandmother was a Scot, but doubted if she had any living relatives in Scotland. One gentleman, who desired to claim kinship, she laughingly referred to as ' the pretender.' However, she loved Scotland and, as she put it, ' had visited it every month in the year.'

The subject of land tenure of course brought up the then prominent question of land girls, and she told us with much amusement that Princess Patricia and a friend of hers had decided to go on the land at Bagshot. The first thing they did, naturally, was to send for smocks, but all those which arrived were ' much too short for the Princess, who is tall, and much too small for her friend, who is fat.'

The thing that most impressed her when she first lived in England was that people had a special dress — almost a uniform — for everything. The English struck her as ' organising everything,' and had special costumes, badges, and ribbons for all their sports and games.

Modern manners the Empress did not care for. She said, ' In my young days one was polite ; on social occasions one spoke to every one. Now people only speak to you if they want to.' Lady Carisbrooke she thought a delightful example of a charming modern young woman : ' so amusing, yet so sensible ; so *chic*—but not smart—new—up-to-date.'

We spoke of the Czar, whom the Empress liked very much, but whom she thought was not a ' strong ruler.' He had been removed to Tobolsk in Siberia in August, since when no one knew anything about him or the Imperial family.[1] She feared the worst. Before his removal Kerensky had been his friend, and had ' visited him every day, not the Emperor, the man.'

Presently a footman brought in the evening papers, for which the Empress always sent down to meet the train. Formerly, it was her custom

[1] The Czar and the Imperial family were murdered at Ekaterinburg on July 16, 1918.

to go down once or even twice a day on foot to Farnborough and fetch them herself !

She asked me to read the latest news to save her eyes, as her sight ' was the only thing that troubled her.'

Never shall I forget that small, quiet panelled room or that chill October evening. There was only one lamp, and the room was in use because it did not take much coal to heat it—coal and light being scarce. The Empress had been excited and stimulated by her nephew's visit, by his news from Spain and from France. We had been discussing the past, and the quiet entry of a servant brought it and the tragedy through which we were living once more poignantly to our thoughts. We had, for the moment, forgotten 1870, and in a flash 1870 was with us again in the room.

The news was not to my liking. I temporised. I read bits here and there. The Empress became impatient ; ' Read,' she said, ' the late news on the back page.' I had already done so. However, I grabbed my retreating courage, steadied my voice, and, as quietly as I could, read the following paragraph, which appeared on the back page of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and was headed :

THE LATEST NEWS

ALSACE-LORRAINE

French Press Reply to Baron von Kuehlmann

PARIS, *Friday.*

The Paris Press is unanimous in its views on Baron von Kuehlmann's [1] declaration in the Reichstag regarding Alsace-Lorraine.

[1] Baron von Kuehlmann, the Foreign Secretary, declared in the Reichstag that Germany would never give back to France the territory conquered in 1870 ' so long as a single German hand could hold a gun.'

M. Marcel Sembat, writing in the *Humanité*, 'thanks the German Foreign Secretary for having stated the question with all the brutality desirable,' and adds: 'We must either conquer or abandon all hope of liberating Alsace-Lorraine. All those who admit the right of peoples to settle their own destiny, all those who acknowledge that the annexation of the two provinces was a crime against justice, the consequences of which remain and must be effaced, are placed by Kuehlmann's declaration under the obligation to conquer.' —REUTER.

When the papers arrived the Empress was sitting bolt upright, eager, alert; her wonderful eyes full of light, keenness and vigour. When I had finished she was an old shrunken figure huddled up in a chair, her head almost sunken into the limp hands lying on her lap. Sorrow, dejection, old age itself personified; tears fell on her lap as she sat there in utter, utter silence.

We slipped very quietly and unnoticed from the room, leaving her alone with her great sorrows, her immense regrets.

V

The prettiest scene imaginable met me when I entered the hall at Farnborough Hill one afternoon.

The door of the beautiful oval dining-room at the end of the long corridor was open; the children, Princess Clotilde and Prince Louis Napoleon (heir of all the Bonapartes), were having their schoolroom tea; Princess Napoleon and Madame d'Attainville were there, and in a box on the table were three of the most engaging baby squirrels greedily eating bananas and almonds. The children had caught their tiny prisoners in the Park, and little Louis Napoleon was made prouder and happier by

his capture than ever his great-great-uncle could have been by Marengo or Austerlitz. Possibly, when destiny balances the aeons together, the one capture may, in the ultimate, appear to the Gods to be as great and as significant as the others! Who knows? What is fame but a toy; a slim golden glory flitting fugitive through the tree-tops of life; a warm, part-human, part-elf, part-animal thing that begins to die immediately you capture it.

After tea the children brought their new treasures into the drawing-room to show to the Empress, and it was pathetic to watch Caesar's widow caress the little friendly visitors. She, too, had captured fame in her day but held it not for any length of time; nor can she have known much true happiness in the holding, though, indeed, its flight were sorrow since it meant serious loss to those she loved.

The squirrels seemed for the time at least happy amongst the almonds and bananas which were the price of their captivity. Their cage was a cardboard hatbox bearing the label of a famous London firm and addressed to 'Monsieur Franchescini Pietri.' One thought for a moment of all that his old head had contained and what the eyes had seen and the ears heard, and how, after shaping the whispers of a throne, he found his reward for long exile and faithful service in a resting-place on the hilltop yonder within a few feet of the Emperor he had served, the prince he had loved, and in sight of the windows of the room of her whom he had so long and with such great faith and loyalty obeyed.

He had asked that he might sleep where the feet of the Empress would cross his resting-place whenever she visited the Imperial crypt. So she

put him within touch of the entrance almost, so that he may once more stand close to his master at the sound of the last trump. He keeps guard at the gate even as Bertrand keeps guard at that other tomb in Paris. Her feet did not actually pass over him as was his desire, but they passed so close every time she journeyed there to pray during the few war-filled years she remained behind him that he must have always heard them, and surely when she came that Monday morning, November the eleventh, nineteen hundred and eighteen, he must have turned in his sleep and smiled happily as he heard his Sovereign's footfall at last triumphant!

But the squirrels are tired of playing with a widowed Empress, an exiled Prince and Princess, and the heir to the greatest name in history.

Reverie is broken as they are tucked away again in Monsieur Pietri's old hatbox and given more food to comfort and console them, causing Prince Napoleon protestingly to remark that 'bananas cost sixpence each!'

VI

The story of the Empress Eugénie's one meeting with the Emperor William II. of Germany has been given, I think, elsewhere, but it is so interesting and it was told to me by her during the war in such a characteristic way that I shall never forget it; I therefore repeat it here in her own words.

The Empress did not care for Germany, but, as she always explained, she did not really know it. She had passed through it yearly and that was all. At the same time she had a certain admiration for the German character. Their thoroughness

won the admiration of one who was herself ever thorough and practical.

In July 1907 the Empress was cruising in the *Thistle*, and was lying in Bergen harbour. Orders had been given to leave at dawn in the morning. Late in the evening the German Imperial yacht *Hohenzollern*, escorted by several battleships, and with the Emperor on board, entered the harbour.

Almost immediately an aide-de-camp arrived on board the *Thistle* to inquire if the Empress would receive the German Emperor on the following morning, and, if so, at what time : 'Knowing his habits, and afraid that he might arrive at dawn, yet not liking to dictate an hour, I replied, saying, that after twelve o'clock his hour was my hour.'

Next day, at the moment of noon, his launch was alongside the *Thistle*. He was in uniform, and, of course, accompanied by several aides-de-camp, who remained on deck while the Empress received him in the saloon.

'He made himself most agreeable and fascinating,' said the Empress, 'and treated me exactly as if I were still on the throne. He talked and talked, saying amongst many things that he had been awaiting this opportunity for years, but that always, when he came near, I had run away.'

'I said, "No ; I had never run away, but that on the few occasions when our yachts had been in the same waters it had so happened that mine had always been under orders to leave the next day, and that I invariably raised anchor early in the morning. Indeed, I had intended to leave Bergen at dawn but cancelled my instructions on receiving his request the evening before."

'I was not going to allow him to think,' said

Her Majesty warmly, 'that from him I had ever run away!'

She continued, 'At half-past twelve he *should* have gone; but he stayed and stayed. One o'clock! half-past one! I determined nothing in the world would make me ask him to luncheon. At last he began to take his leave! Inquiring what time I sailed the next day, he said, "I shall give orders that my battleships are to salute you as you leave."'

He did so; and as the *Thistle* with the Empress Eugénie on board left Bergen next morning she was saluted by the German battleships: the first time such a thing had happened since before 1870.

The sequel was very characteristic, and it must also be told in the Empress's own words.

A few years later a young Frenchman, son of the Empress's French lawyer, was touring in Germany. Incautiously, but quite innocently, he took some photographs, was arrested and sentenced to a term of imprisonment in a fortress as a spy. His father did everything possible to get him released, and finally made a desperate appeal to the Empress for help. Very sorry for him, and believing profoundly in the boy's innocence, she, remembering his courtesy and affability, decided to write direct to the German Emperor. She did so. To use her own words, 'A friendly letter on ordinary notepaper, and not in such words or on such paper as Sovereigns use when writing formally to one another.'

The Empress received no reply, which, as she said, she 'considered extremely discourteous.'

Months after, when she was at Cap Martin, a member of the staff of the British Embassy in

Paris called to inform Her Majesty that an official-looking letter had arrived at the Embassy addressed to her and asking for instructions. It duly reached the Empress, who was both surprised and chagrined to find that the long-delayed answer to her civil and friendly note to the German Emperor had at last arrived. It was written on the large-sized notepaper Sovereigns use for their most formal communications to each other ; it began ' Madame Ma Sœur,' in the ancient regal fashion, and in it one Sovereign coldly and politely informed another that her request could not be granted.

' What sort of opinion did Your Majesty form of the Emperor William ? ' I inquired.

' I formed the impression,' she answered, ' that on every subject he was sane and well-informed except on the question of his personal position and dignity, but that on anything connected with his crown or Imperial position he was obsessed—mad.'

It is hardly necessary to record that the Empress had the tenderest affection for Queen Victoria, who had been her close friend from the day they first met. Every souvenir of the Queen was treasured at Farnborough Hill with loving care.

The Empress had also the greatest admiration for King Edward VII., which he repaid with something akin to affectionate veneration. His knowledge of the world, his tact in dealing with men which he had learned amongst men, she could appreciate without having any capacity to acquire it by similar methods. She was a great reader ; King Edward was not. She was a poor judge of men, and no better at the end of her life than she was at the beginning ; to the King men were an open book. Great students have seldom or never

made great rulers. Lack of intuition was the Empress's greatest, her fundamental limitation. It was the limitation that detracted from all her other manifold great qualities. It is a fatal defect in a Sovereign, more particularly when the Sovereign seeks to rule as well as to reign. In an ancient dynasty safeguarded by age-old traditions, it may be merely a great misfortune ; in a new one it inevitably means disaster, because the supporters of the new throne are necessarily chosen personally by the Sovereign and are not there as a matter of descent, privilege, service, or tradition.

But the Empress was ever great enough to appreciate and value characteristics which she herself did not possess, and King Edward's admiration, liking for, and popularity in France was a great mutual bond.

The affectionate courtesy given so freely to the Empress by Queen Victoria and King Edward and Queen Alexandra was warmly continued by King George and Queen Mary, and few things gave her more pleasure than their regular visits to Farnborough Hill.

Her age and seclusion made it necessary that people should go to see her, especially in latter years. Moreover, she never forgot that she as a foreign Sovereign was only a guest in this country and could not therefore ' command ' people to come and see her ; or that custom and etiquette prescribed that those who wished to be received should ask for an audience.

She was a warm admirer of Lord Lansdowne, who, through the marriage of his grandmother with the Comte de Flahault, not only has French blood in his veins but is thereby connected with the

Imperial family. His work in establishing the *entente* with France specially appealed to her, and she would appreciate fully his great charm and courtesy, his unimpeachable integrity and high-mindedness, and his manners of the *grand seigneur*. Towards the end of the War I formed the impression that she would have liked to see him again and have a talk over old times. I conveyed as much to him, but the visit somehow never took place.

The Empress's memory was prodigious. She seemed never to forget any one she had met or anything she had read ! Only once did I find her at fault.

In the spring of 1919 I was telling her of visits to Paris and Versailles during the Peace Conference, and thinking she would be interested in the Prince whom Napoleon III. was the first to recognise in 1860, and that she would be sure to remember seeing him in Paris, I told her I had several times met King Nicholas of Montenegro, and mentioned how disgracefully the Allies—especially England and France—had, in my opinion, treated him. She was not interested in the question ; quite refused to believe (in spite of my assurances) that he was the same Prince whom her husband welcomed in 1867, and anyhow it was perfectly ridiculous for a man ruling a country the size of Hampshire to proclaim himself a king ! At the same time she paid a warm tribute to the Montenegrin people, who, she said, ' had never been conquered.'

One day, in connection with yachting, I think, Sir Thomas Lipton's name came up. I told an amusing story about him that perhaps conveyed the impression he was a snob. The Empress reproved me ; spoke in the friendliest terms of Sir

Thomas, and said there was not an atom of snobbery in his nature. I greatly appreciated the Empress's belief in and championship of a friend, and concluded that to be so much in the company of Royalty must be Sir Thomas Lipton's misfortune and not his fault.

I remember on a Sunday in April 1918 Her Majesty being much interested in and pleased with a visit from Lieutenant-Colonel W. J. Clarke of the South African Mounted Rifles.

He was in Zululand in 1879 with the Prince Imperial ; followed the body in its makeshift tea-case coffin to the coast where it was put in a shell, lay for a time on board the *Boadicea* in Durban harbour, and was eventually transhipped to the *Orontes* and taken to England.

In 1880 he was one of the escort of the Empress when she made her pilgrimage to the spot where the Prince was killed, and at the time of his visit was the only surviving member ; although Field-Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood, Lord Stamfordham, and, I think, Sir John Parsons—all of whom accompanied the Empress—were then still alive.

Although they had not met for forty-three years the Empress seemed to remember every detail. She asked him about 'the place where my son was : how was it kept ; were there many visitors ; how did the cross look ; had the trees and shrubs grown ; were they all alive ?' and so on. Colonel Clarke gave her the fullest details.

Later on they discussed incidents of the journey up country, and she recalled with much amusement how the sheep they were driving had all disappeared one night. She said that it was her private opinion the native drover knew more about it than he cared

to acknowledge. After all these years Colonel Clarke gave the correct version. He said it was necessary to make the sheep travel fifteen miles a day, and, as everybody knows, they hate travelling fast. Presently they became as small as spaniels, as tough to eat as leather, and as sprightly as young bucks, and eventually one night when no one was looking scampered off leaving the party mutton-less. However, as all the native chiefs through whose country they passed sent to the Empress presents of fat cows it did not much matter.

The Empress then declared that she never knew of the offerings of cows or the money gifts which had to be made in return. I expect she was saved all possible trouble on her sad journey.

I took the opportunity of walking down to the Farnborough station with Colonel Clarke. He told me the Empress was little changed in the forty-three years that had passed, and that he would have known her anywhere. He also said she had been wonderful on the African journey, which lasted four months and three days. There were, of course, no railways, and everything was done by waggon or on horseback. By the Colonel's account Her Majesty was in those days very agile and strong. Like all who ever met her, he was greatly impressed by her strong, vivid personality.

Another interesting person who used to visit Farnborough Hill regularly was the Comte de Mora, the present head of the Empress's family in Spain. She was his maternal great-aunt. To him and to the Duc d'Albe the greater portion of her fortune was left. There is a double relationship because the Comtesse de Mora is a daughter of the late Baron de Lesseps, the famous builder of the Suez

Canal, who was a first cousin of the Comtesse de Montijo, the Empress's mother.

M. de Lesseps married a second time at the age of sixty, and had twelve children of whom Madame de Mora was one of the youngest. So M. de Lesseps was constructive to the end of his astonishing career !

The Empress enormously appreciated any little service of courtesy which one was lucky enough to be able to show her. Knowing how dull it was for Prince and Princess Napoleon, I used to try to relieve the tedium by giving occasionally a small and very simple luncheon party in their honour, to which I would ask only friends of mine whom I knew would interest them.

The exile in England was even harder on the Prince than the Princess. She busied herself very much with Belgian charities and worked hard for Belgian refugees. Monseigneur was, however, most careful not to embarrass the Government by public appearances of any kind, because the Imperialist pretender to the throne of France was in a very delicate position as the guest of France's ally Great Britain. He had tried every avenue to find employment, especially military employment, because, like his illustrious great-uncle, he was for a time a gunner in the French army before he was expelled from France in 1886. However, none of the Allies could risk offending France by employing him, not even his cousin the King of Italy.

He was, moreover, cut off from his estates in Belgium, his beautiful home in Brussels with its marvellous Napoleonic museum—the finest and most complete in the world—and from his beloved library, which is also exceedingly fine.

It was literally a case of his name being too illustrious for any one to employ him.

The Empress always went out of her way to thank me for arranging these little functions, and insisted on Princess Napoleon telling her all about them.

And here I may perhaps relate an incident connected with one of them which, although it has nothing to do with the Empress, illustrates a certain remarkable side of the War which has a psychological interest.

After one of these parties I escorted Princess Napoleon across the park to her house in Belgravia, the Prince having gone on somewhere else.

Presently we met a charming soldier friend of mine who had earned his D.S.O. and Military Cross by acts of unusual gallantry. My first thought was that I should like to present him to the Princess. Fortunately, however, I noticed in time to turn away that his 'lady friend' (I believe that is the correct phrase) was quite impossible—a grotesque figure draped in a tiger skin—and nothing else to speak of! I had to explain my sudden manœuvres to the Princess, who shared my mystification at the amazing things our nicest soldier men did during the war—and in uniform too!

Formerly one usually met such young women after dark and only knew their Christian names. Now they are met everywhere at restaurants and theatre parties, and, presumably, expect to be asked to meet one's sisters!

I shall always remember a talk with the Empress in 1918 about the Czar and about Russia, to which the Empress gratefully referred as 'the first great power to hold out a hand to France.' She lamented

the suffering of the Imperial family. The Empress, she said, 'was beautiful, but a little mad.' Lord Stamfordham, a very old friend to whom she was devoted and had recently seen, could tell her nothing of the fate of the Imperial family.

She was interested when I told her that for some time after the Russian revolution the Czar's name continued to appear in the Army List, where he was described up to the end of 1918 as 'His Imperial Majesty the Emperor Nicholas, K.G., Colonel-in-chief, the 2nd Dragoons.'

She said it was 'the correct description, because you cannot alter history.' She disliked being referred to as the ex-Empress Eugénie, and I have often squirmed at an illuminated address of sympathy on the death of the Prince Imperial preserved amongst many others in the museum, and in which she is so described in very large coloured letters. I noticed that none of those sent to her from Ireland used this vulgar and incorrect prefix; my foolish countrymen have many faults but they seldom make errors of tact or good taste.

Her Majesty often lamented the decay of the *salon*, and told me that Lady William Russell's was the last one in England. It was her opinion that it could never be revived, as 'few modern people think, read, or travel intelligently,' and they 'have no time for conversation as an art.' The modern passion for games and the coming of the motor car she considered partly the cause. 'All,' she said, 'live in the present.'

VII

The War, of course, obsessed the Empress. She thought and talked of little else.

I was at Farnborough Hill on Easter Sunday 1918 (March 31). The Allies were having a terrible time. As a friend of mine then on leave said, 'I am due back next week and I don't know whether I shall see a British Tommy or a pickelhaube when I land at Boulogne.' Every one was anxious, and Her Majesty was depressed and worried at the absence of authentic official news about the state of affairs in France. She said she considered we were being kept in the dark too much, and I had to agree. She then burst out: 'Ah,' she said, 'it's not the same for you. I have been through it all before when I was Regent. It is as if I were living my life over again. The same names—same places—same objective—Amiens! You cannot imagine what it feels like to live one's life over again in this tragic fashion. It's just the same—waiting—waiting—waiting! And knowing the others were feeling just as one did oneself, yet having to hide all the signs of anxiety!'

I had never seen the Empress so moved. Her deep strong voice thrilled with emotion—not quiet emotion such as she showed when I read her the paragraph about Alsace-Lorraine, but the loud emotion of one who has steeled herself for long and must find relief in expression at last.

The parallel was certainly extraordinary. The battle of Amiens in 1870 was really a series of isolated actions, but the city was taken by a combined advance from the Luce and from the south.

Later at tea a lady who was present kept harping tactlessly on the War although the others did their best to keep away from the subject. Presently she produced and insisted on reading to the Empress a letter from a friend. (Oh! how we all suffered

from that dreadful person who had just received authentic news from a friend !) The letter said things could not be so bad because men and officers were arriving in London on leave as usual. This drew from the Empress the reply that, ' If things were as critical as they appeared the Authorities had no right to allow any one home on leave ! '

On that same day I said something to the Empress about her future plans, and she replied, ' I have none. I live only for one thing now.'

Her greatest solace and interest was her officers' hospital. She would have liked to have ' Tommies ' but there was not room. It was small, only ten patients, but each had his own room, and there were sitting and smoke rooms, an excellently equipped theatre, and matron's and nurses' quarters. At one time Lady Haig was its Commandant.

The Empress loved taking her visitors across to see it. She would not often go upstairs but remain in the sitting-room with its old-fashioned mahogany Empire furniture and indifferent portraits and groups of the Imperial family. She was delightful with the patients, and all who were lucky enough to be her guests will have treasured memories of those frequent visits.

One day she took me to the part of the gardens where on a hill with good views and in a sheltered convenient spot she had erected a number of large revolving wooden huts for the convalescents. There was room for a bed, an armchair, a table, and books and papers. As the Empress said, ' a little room to themselves ; so nice if friends come.' We went round each hut and for all she had a cheery word, a joke, an intelligent and sympathetic inquiry as to their progress. One hut she insisted on turning

round, as she said to the inmate, ' to visit another country.' It says much for her quickness and vigour that she had almost done so before I could drop my stick and help her—and I found the huts were not light.

But she was full of energy. Another favourite war occupation was cutting dead or withered branches in the woods. Occasionally she even ventured to an outlying wood where there were ponds, great masses of rhododendrons, and a neglected cricket ground and pavilion. This wood she liked, and always pathetically referred to as ' Compiègne.'

All during the war she never left the grounds of Farnborough Hill. She had only a very small allowance of petrol, and decided that it and the car must be kept for the hospital—and for station work in rare cases—but the majority of her visitors were expected to walk or take a cab—if they could get one ! It seemed to me and to other soldiers that the Empress should have had a special allowance of petrol for the hospital convalescents, most of whom were quite incapable of walking to the station when they had a day off and went up to London or to Aldershot to the local music hall, or to see friends in the garrison. But Authority said no !

I, very foolishly, offered to see if anything could be done. I went to a place in Berkeley Street and was told to return next day. I did so, and after much parleying arrived at last at a young person who, it seemed, had the final power of deciding whether the Empress Eugénie was to remain a prisoner in her home throughout the War or not.

My military cloak bore no signs of rank nor

did my soft field service cap. Nevertheless I was obviously a soldier of sorts, and I thought, of course quite mistakenly, entitled to some courtesy from the patriotic, and presumably well-paid young 'war worker.' 'Eugénie, Eugénie! Never heard the name. Would take a note—Oh! wanted an answer at once, did I—quite impossible, very, very busy!' Then, as I was persistent and tiresome, 'Come back at four o'clock.' I did. Again I filled in a form: name, nature of business, whom did I wish to see, by whom was I introduced, had I an appointment, etc., etc.! I had. Presently I again found myself in the presence. 'Ah! would I wait a minute.' (Oh yes: there was, of course, no hurry; it was a long war: my time—which belonged to my country—was entirely at the disposal of this young woman.) Don't think I showed a sign of all this; I wanted the petrol you see. On the contrary: I saluted; stood to attention; I bowed—nay, I cringed! Did not the Empress believe I would get the petrol! I sat obedient and resigned on the dusty Windsor chair.

Presently, after much telephoning, appeared another young woman, less important obviously, but more flapperish. 'Here was the file. Would I like to see it?' 'No: I saw far too much of files, but could we have the petrol?' 'But who was it for? She wasn't quite clear; Eugénie, Empress, Farnborough Hill, Hants; was it Mrs. or Miss?' Then I exploded. I said several things. I said the usual prefix was Majesty, or, more formally, Imperial Majesty. I inquired if the young woman had ever read a book or ever heard of the Franco-German War, and explained that I certainly believed that she didn't know there

was a war on at the moment—a war of some importance. I avenged myself for many similar experiences.

I behaved like a human being and not like an ambassador and the Empress never got her petrol. Of course a word from Her Majesty in the right quarter and she could have had what petrol she wanted in reason. But that was not her way. She had all a good Frenchman's respect for the *fonctionnaire*, and if what she wanted was not to be obtained through the ' usual channels ' she did without it.

When in the late autumn of 1919 she desired to leave England for the first time during six years she refused the King's courteous offer of the Royal Yacht for the very characteristic reason that coal was scarce and she was not going to risk having His Majesty criticised for ' wasting so much coal on an old woman ! '

During the War whenever I could I brought soldiers to see the Empress. She loved talking to them and was full of loving admiration for the British Tommy. Once the question of retaining army rank after the War was raised. I was then rather inclined to be against it. But the Empress was adamant. She was most emphatic, almost angry. ' Of course,' she said, ' they must be allowed to retain their rank if they want to : they have won it : it is theirs.'

She was very interested in America, having heard much of it from the Emperor, who had thoroughly enjoyed his exile there. Americans were always warmly welcomed at the Tuileries, and it was my privilege to bring several American soldiers to Farnborough Hill at one time or another, each one of whom delighted the Empress, who

asked them a thousand questions in her friendly and vivacious fashion.

Always her thoughts were with France. A very intelligent French friend of mine, a Republican, once criticised her to me rather harshly because she had done nothing for France during the War. But she had. She had given large sums to the French Red Cross, only neither he nor I nor any one else knew it. In her will she left a handsome sum for the restoration of Rheims Cathedral.

The Empress was fond of comparing the French and British Territorial Army systems. Greatly interested in uniforms she asked endless questions about my insignia of rank, gorget patches, embroidery on cap, and so on. When I was staying in the house I wore blue in the evening, and on one occasion she said it was very nice, but she liked the khaki better.

From the King downward every one who knew her and was in a position to do so sent her important war news by telephone. This she greatly appreciated, especially at night or on Sundays. When I was on the Eastern Command Headquarters Staff I often telephoned her in the evening before leaving the office. In September 1918 there was a most severe air raid over London. Knowing disturbing rumours of this might reach her and spoil her night's rest I rang up. The noise of the anti-aircraft guns around me was so deafening I had the greatest difficulty in speaking or hearing. I asked: 'Where is Her Majesty?' 'In the drawing-room, sir, with Her Imperial Highness and Madame d'Attainville.' 'My respects to Her Majesty and say I wish her to know that a heavy air-raid is in progress. But we are beating them

off, and in an hour all will be clear. Many bombs have been dropped, but comparatively little damage done. Bombs have dropped in St. James's, but Buckingham Palace and Marlborough House are quite safe. Ask Her Majesty if she has any instructions for me.'

'Her Majesty's thanks, sir ; she is most grateful and hopes to see you on Sunday.'

It was quite extraordinary to sit in Pall Mall with the hideous row all around me and see, at the end of the telephone wire, that dear old lady in the quiet lamp-lit room at Farnborough, and never for one hour, if she could help it, out of touch with the detailed progress of the War.

The idea of a German Empire took definite shape at Sedan in September 1870 ; it was formally proclaimed at Versailles in the superb Galerie des Glaces in 1871 ; it was shattered to pieces before Verdun in 1917. Victory for France was assured by Pétain, who understands the French soldier as well as ever Napoleon did, on the day when he issued his glorious clarion call :

> Le 9 avril est une journée glorieuse pour nos armes. . . . Honneur à tous !
> Courage . . . on les aura !

I therefore considered it peculiarly fitting that from Versailles on the 12th of November 1918 I should send my felicitations to the Empress, which I did in the following words :

> May I offer Your Majesty my warmest and most sincere congratulations on the splendid dawning of the day for which you have watched and waited with such magnificent patience and such quenchless hope.

VIII

On Sunday, August 25, 1918, I went over to Farnborough Hill directly after luncheon to go for a walk with Princess Napoleon. We had returned and were on the terrace waiting for tea when the Empress came round the corner from the direction of her sitting-room ; she was alone and carried in her hand a written telephone message. I paid my respects and she immediately asked me to read the message aloud, which I did. It was as follows :

From Sir Thomas Lipton to Her Imperial Majesty the Empress Eugénie.

Forty-five thousand prisoners, one thousand officers, one hundred machine guns reported taken yesterday.

' What does it mean, what does it mean ? '

' It means, Ma'am,' I said, ' that although the war is not yet over it is won ! '

Only on two other occasions had I seen the Empress so deeply moved. Her eyes, still bright and lovely (although they could not see much) flashed ; she drew herself up in the characteristic way she had, and her face looked almost young and eager in the warm afternoon light of the August sunshine. Her lips moved as if she said something to herself.

We were transported for the moment to another Sunday afternoon in August 1870, and in the quiet peace-filled English air we distinctly heard the echoes of the guns around Sedan.

The great brick house, softly red in colour, its pointed towers and cupolas giving it curiously enough the appearance of a French chateau ; the bright flowers ; the sweet pine-laden air ; the

Sabbath stillness ; all this seemed but the watching background to that quiet dramatic figure in black, living before our very eyes through one of the most intense and significant moments of a life packed with tragic issues. She dominated everything. The charming Princess, 'daughter of the gods, divinely tall, and most divinely fair,' did not exist : I did not exist. And as this little old woman stood for the moment tense, isolated from all things except her own thoughts, her own vision, her sacred memories—a weary Emperor and a young Prince in British uniform left their quiet rest in the church in the woods yonder which she of her love had built for their memory, and stood once more beside her. The Emperor wore his curious, inscrutable smile, and—was it amused irony, behind the still, veiled eyes ? No : it was affectionate pleasure that the woman's long vigil at last was over. The eyes said, 'In the tomb, my dear, these things are small and far away, but for you and for France I am glad.' The great mother-love and worship glowing in the eyes of the young Prince was shadowed at the thought that for him his sword had, alas ! been laid aside too soon. But the shadow disappeared as he too listened to the reverberations of the guns around Sedan and realised at last that theirs was not the sound of victory but the prelude to defeat.

As their faint figures faded away into the background of pine trees surrounding the church it was as if the Creator of all the beauty of the world himself bent to listen, and listening saluted her who had worn so worthily and with such infinite patience and dignity his great gift of sorrow.

IX

Some of the most pathetic souvenirs of the Empress and of the Empire are to be found in the sacristy of St. Michael's Abbey.

There you may see, if you are fortunate, some of the most beautiful ecclesiastical robes made in our time, made, nearly every one of them, out of dresses worn by the Empress.

To think of the sacred uses to which they are now put and to wonder and imagine as to the purpose for which they were originally intended is to come near the source of tears.

Made to adorn the body of a beautiful woman, they are now dedicated by her act to the glory and service of the Church and sumptuously to enhancing the loveliness of the sacred ritual.

Here is a large wide cope, long, sweeping the ground, its silken velvet folds the colour of wine when it is red, and the heavy golden embroidery holding like a chalice the deep ruby glow. Has it been made from that fur-trimmed crimson robe she wears in the splendid portrait where she is seated, a proud young mother bearing the Prince Imperial on her knee, and which is now hanging in the gallery at Farnborough Hill.

This set of sombre black brocaded vestments used only on occasions of mourning, were they by any chance from a robe of state made to be worn in the year 1860 when the Empress experienced the first great and one of the most abiding sorrows of her life in the death of her much-loved sister the Duchesse d'Albe.

By accident just underneath is another set of exquisite flowered white silk to which the passing

years have given a patina as of ancient ivory. It, we know, is a part of the robe which Eugénie de Guzman put on that late January morning in 1853, and who, when her tire-women removed it, had become Empress of the French.

Here is a chasuble of red watered silk embroidered by Her Majesty's own hands. This other red chasuble, these two dalmatics, and that humeral veil, are made from material given to the Empress by the infidel Sultan of Turkey ; and this magnificent set of purple vestments in rich stamped velvet was made from the Imperial pall that covered the coffin of the last Emperor of the French.

Vestments of blue, and of violet, of purple, and of green : vestments of every colour used in the ritual of the Church, and each one of them made from the finest products of the great looms of France, specially designed and woven by the most cunning craftsmen for the lovely Empress of the French.

Her enemies spread abroad the story of her extravagance in dress. We now know that not one of her robes, made for great occasions, cost more than forty pounds. Even then the sum was not much for one in her high position, and when we see, more than half a century after, how exquisite were the quality and workmanship of the materials from which they were made we cannot resist the conclusion that their prices were modest indeed.

How few real facts had they to build upon who created the legend of a woman who had ruined France out of the record of a dutiful obedience to religious duties ; a hearsay phrase, said by gossip to have been uttered in a moment of great national excitement ; and a few trunk-loads of old clothes !

X

The Empress Eugénie will go down to history as the supreme example of how great sorrow should be greatly borne.

The Tuileries, Saint-Cloud, Compiègne, even Fontainebleau, had in spite of their beauty and magnificence something that was a little meretricious ; but Farnborough Hill in all its Victorian ugliness was truly an Imperial house because its owner shaped disaster, death, and even destiny itself to her own intention.

She never explained ; she never complained ; she asked for no man's sympathy or tears, and, above all, she ever remembered that it was her pride to seem to forget. Greatness hung about her continuously because she was content to ignore that she had ever been exalted. Claiming nothing, every human being with one grain of chivalry to her accorded all.

Faults, being after all but human, she had ; great faults maybe, since greatness must be great in all ; yet she was easily the most splendid woman I have known. Yes : splendour is the word. Her beauty, health, vitality, high temper, intellect, understanding, pride, courage, silence—all were of the first magnitude. Her courage indeed was more ; it was dauntless, and in her old age (when I first knew her) she had acquired pathos. Yet I think all the great qualities of her nature, and she had them every one in the highest degree, were of the more virile sort. People were devoted to the Empress, admired her enormously ; feared her, hated her, but seldom loved her. Did she herself ever love ? I doubt it : her sister certainly and

her son. Probably none else. She was capable of great affection, great kindness ; of a complete and unvarying interest in others, but it was not in her to consider the world, or any part of it—much less the next—well lost for love.

There is, of course, no support for the stupid idea that she was ever unkind to her son. She was too proud of him for that, too conscious of all he meant to her and to France, but, I think, love in the absolute sense was hardly in her. This quality of hardness was her strength. It enabled her to survive sorrows such as no woman has met outside the realms of Greek poetic tragedy, but it was also her great weakness. France admired, was proud of her, acclaimed her—but never loved her. At the end practically all deserted her. She never won one particle of the affection of the French people won with such ease by her comparatively stupid predecessor the Empress Josephine.

After the death of the Prince Imperial the legend grew up of a lonely, sorrow-laden figure sitting ever in the dusk. Nothing could well be more unlike the truth. Lonely, yes. A great lonely figure ; but sad or gloomy, no. At ninety she was as intoxicating, as inspiring, as resilient as a girl. Lonely I think she must always have been. I doubt if any one, except perhaps her son after he grew up, ever really understood the Empress. The Emperor (with all his subtlety) certainly never did—any more than she did him ! More has been written about her than about any woman who has lived during the last hundred years, and of few can more nonsense and lies have been written, yet we are so far without anything like a true picture of the woman or a balanced view of her personality.

Eulogy and unsparing detraction have been her lot. Like Helen of Troy, Cleopatra of Egypt, and Elizabeth of England, men have either glorified or defamed her. Like Mary Queen of Scots, her beauty, her charm, her brilliance have captured men's imaginations, while of her public life and actions they have, at best, but suspended their judgement. Even the magnanimous have been content merely to give her the benefit of the doubt. In an earlier age romance would have won, and the historic character would have been lost in the peerless, fated woman, as has largely been the case with Mary of Scotland and Marie Antoinette. Were they great or little ; good or wicked ; or merely lovely and tragic, these two queens ? We do not really know !

Was the Empress Eugénie ever happy ? Mary of Scotland, Marie Antoinette of Austria, Josephine —how could any woman hope to sit in a seat as high and precarious as theirs and yet be happy ! Did she so hope ? Or had happiness met her but once and passed her by before the nephew of the great Emperor extended to her his hand and led her up the steps of the Imperial throne ? Some have said it was even so.

Why add to all that has been written of her ? Why hope to throw a light that may yet reveal with some truthfulness what manner of woman she really was ? Because a candle may cast a shadow that will be truth filled and revealing, whereas the intolerable flood of limelight only conceals and falsifies.

As I have said, I only knew her in her old age, and yet I think she was then nearer to her youth and the original contour and bent of her personality

and mind than she had ever been in the years between. The throne ; the Imperial Crown ; the Regency ; the guardianship of the Heir of France ; the conserving and consolidating of a great Imperial tradition concealed the real woman who only stood revealed in her native fineness when all these things had fallen away.

There have been women who have been raised from private stations to a throne, but, in modern time, no woman has been *de jure* and *de facto* ruler of a great kingdom. Queen Victoria, for all the uniqueness and isolated splendour of her high place, never actually ruled a great people as did the Empress Eugénie who was thrice Regent of France. And, in judging her, it must ever be remembered that not only was she not born in the purple but she received none of the special preparation and training for kingship which is enjoyed by the heirs of even the most petty Royal House and which was Queen Victoria's from her earliest years.

Viewing her from a distance, and inspired only by the facts of history without its passions, men will accord the Empress a prominent place in the short list of women Sovereigns. But the woman was greater than the Sovereign, and it is the woman who will make an appeal to mankind as long as history is written or read. She may have failed to conquer the unstable allegiance and fugitive affections of the French people, but her greatness of soul is undeniable because—alone—with no man or woman to comfort her she fought with and conquered failure, exile, loneliness and sorrow unimaginable. She conquered time itself, and to the end remained the master of that to which most men soon or late confess themselves but slaves. Her dignity : her reticence :

her high courage : her laughing heart : these had about them in her something of the greatness of Nature itself and indeed linked their possessor with the cosmic forces of the universe.

Men's souls reveal themselves remorselessly in adversity. Her fineness and greatness in exile make us realise how mean and tawdry was the spirit in which her predecessor the great Emperor passed his last years.

Of all strong complex characters it is much easier to say what they were not than what they were, and yet the Empress cannot be described by a string of negatives. I have said she was absolutely fearless. Her marriage alone proves that. To walk into those lone, treacherous, mist-covered heights with a man she did not love and whom she may not at that time even have greatly respected. Born in 1826 she was twenty-seven years of age when she married. Very much travelled for a woman of her period she knew her Paris well and was completely a woman of the world. Louis Napoleon was then forty-five, and Miss Howard and her rivals and predecessors were a matter of common gossip in every capital in Europe.

No one could truly question her steadfastness and courage in 1870. Her enemies say she fled from Paris. She did not. She went deliberately because she was persuaded it was the wisest and best thing to do. Of necessity she went swiftly and quietly, else could she not have gone at all. To have been caught going would have been as she herself said ' undignified ' ; moreover, it would have been stupid and foolish, and to criticise the manner of her going is merely malicious. She went, firstly, because, like the great Emperor, she

would not consent to the spilling of one drop of French blood, even to save her dynasty ; secondly, because had she stayed it might have been her fate to be forced to sign away some of the territory of France, and that she had vowed she never would do. And lastly, she went because, going, she bore with her all the Imperial rights and claims which, staying, she, as Regent, might have been compelled to resign. Those of the Imperial party who criticised her, who were indeed both before and after her downfall her relentless enemies, would have done well to bear in mind that she steadfastly clung to and guarded claims which many of her detractors had themselves betrayed.

No woman who married into the Imperial family ever found friends or a welcome there. Marie Jule Clary, wife of Joseph ; Catherine Boyer, who married Lucien ; Josephine and Marie Louise ; Hortense de Beauharnais, Queen of Holland ; Elizabeth Patterson and the noble Catherine of Würtemberg, both of whom loved Jerome, and both of whom he treated shamefully and betrayed ; Clotilde of Savoy, wedded to Jerome's son ; Eugénie de Montijo : one and all found enmity and unhappiness when they married a Bonaparte. One of the most curious things in history is that this obscure family, raised by an extraordinary destiny with great suddenness to the dizziest heights, would not or could not receive amongst them any woman ; some, they said, were too lowly and unworthy ; others it would seem were too high and well born for their high stomachs. And even as they hated and quarrelled with their in-laws, so they quarrelled amongst themselves. Had the Bonapartes pulled together, as, say, the Rothschilds have done on a

smaller stage ; had they supported each other and played into each others' hands ; above all had they resolutely grasped and conserved all the good fortune that came to them, much of it through lucky marriages, marriages such as none of them, save, perhaps, the great Emperor, could have hoped to make, they might well have succeeded in making themselves impregnable. Both Napoleon I. and Napoleon III. could have said with exquisite truth, and might have said with bitterness : *A man's foes are they of his own house !*

But we wander from the Empress Eugénie.

The Empress valued above all things what she called brains : next she valued beauty, and she knew brains and beauty allied are irresistible. Beauty only appealed to her in women and to a certain extent in Nature. She had no love for music, pictures, nor architecture, although she had a certain feeling for architectural style. Incomparably beautiful herself in her youth, she loved beautiful women around her. I have told how she once said to me : 'I had to have beauty.' One of the most interesting things about her from a psychological standpoint was that, knowing well her husband's susceptibility and frailty, she could not bring herself to keep plain or unattractive women near her in order to increase his safety or faithfulness. Her own elemental need for beauty in the form in which it appealed supremely to her was so great that not even for her husband could she sacrifice it !

I think it was this quality in her nature, coupled with her knowledge of the Emperor, that led her to overestimate the value which most thinking men attach to beauty. Deep in her heart she doubted

if a woman's charm and attraction for men outlived the passing of her beauty. I have heard her say that no one cares to talk to the old ! More than once she has said to me, ' Now go away and talk to the young people ! ' She always seemed afraid that one was staying with her out of respect rather than from inclination. Another day she said, ' Oh, no one cares to talk of the past, and young people dislike the old ! I know I did when I was young ! '

I think she felt it that certain old acquaintances whom she used often to see failed to pay their respects at intervals. I remember one particular name being mentioned and she said, ' He never comes to see me now.'

It was astonishing the number of people whom one met who hardly knew she was still alive. Her great age and long seclusion, of course, to some extent accounted for this. But there was another rather remarkable reason. People both in France and England know far less of the Second Empire than they do of the First !

I remember on one of my early visits to the Invalides in Paris when I was being shown round by a veteran of 1870, I pointed out to him the two cenotaphs in the circle surrounding the central tomb of the Great Emperor, and, after describing St. Michael's Abbey and the Imperial crypt at Farnborough, said, ' Why don't the French people send for the bodies of the Emperor Napoleon III. and the Imperial Prince and put them there in their proper resting-place : why not turn the two cenotaphs into sepulchres ? ' He replied, ' Ah ! in France the Second Empire is already forgotten.' Did not the Empress herself say to Mr. Wickham Steed when he visited her shortly after the

Armistice : ' In France I have been dead for more than forty years ! '

The incredible ignorance of the young men in her officers' hospital accentuated Her Majesty's belief that the present generation had forgotten her. Dame Ethel Smyth tells with great spirit in her vivid account of the Empress of the young officer who, when shown in the Imperial study Cabanel's well-known portrait of the Emperor, said, ' I suppose it's President Poincaré ! ' And in the picture the Emperor is not only wearing the ribbon and grand cross of the Legion of Honour, but the Imperial mantle is draped over a chair behind him and the Imperial crown rests on a table beside him ! Moreover, one expected even temporary soldiers to have some knowledge of the war of 1870.

The fact is that the Second Empire is almost incredible ; it is so unbelievably near—so impossibly far away !

Such incidents, trifling in a way, must, I think, have hurt the Empress. It is not pleasant to be treated as if one had been dead for years when one is very much alive !

However, she understood and pardoned all these things, and she loved her hospital and her patients. I ought not to use the word because she once corrected me for doing so, saying, ' Patients—no ! They are my guests.'

Speaking of Dame Ethel Smyth's articles, I must just say one thing. They strike me as by far the best tributes that have appeared since the death of the Empress, but she is wrong when she blames the Empress for deferring to Queen Victoria to the extent of concealing her own views on a certain matter, and also for on another occasion at Biarritz

—before 1870—going out of her way to be agreeable to a man whom she took to be editor of *The Times* in the hope that she might gain his support for the Empire.

Sovereigns never have been and never can be free to please themselves in such matters. Their country, their cause, their dynasty must always come before their personal inclinations. No one could well be less of a time-server than the Empress. If I had any criticism to make on this head it would be that at times, more especially in earlier life, she allowed her own feelings and personal likes and dislikes to outweigh policy and reasons of state. In going out of her way favourably to predispose the editor of a great paper she was only doing her mere duty to France, to her husband, and to her son. It was, moreover, good that the Empress of the French should make a favourable impression on one who had it in his power to consolidate the existing friendship between two great nations.

Then reflect what not only the Empress personally but the Empire itself owed to the friendship of Queen Victoria. For the Empress, the guest of England, a Sovereign without a crown, a woman who in exile owed everything to Queen Victoria, to go out of her way in her own home to differ from the Queen would have been tactless and stupid beyond words. The courage of the Empress was unbounded, but, as a matter of fact, few people cared to contradict Queen Victoria !

What private persons, and perhaps more particularly very distinguished artists like Dame Ethel Smyth, may do not only with impunity but perhaps with applause would be inappropriate in the Empress of the French.

I have always thought age—especially old age —and youth meet. As we get on we go back. Back to our source, to which all things in Nature ever return. Of late years the Empress was increasingly Spanish. After the Armistice, when she spoke to Mr. Wickham Steed of ' my country,' he was surprised to discover she meant Spain, not France. One Sunday long before this, when I was at Farnborough Hill, wearing a bright yellow woolly and a handkerchief with a good deal of yellow and red in it, she said, ' Ah ! the colours of my country,' and again she meant Spain.

I have sometimes thought she was too much under Spanish influence, and of late years she was often badly advised and surrounded by the wrong people. Indeed that was her failure all through life. With all her brilliance she was a poor judge of character. She had little or no intuition—that priceless quality which would have saved a much stupider person from making such grave mistakes.

The Spanish in her was very amusingly illustrated by an incident that came under my personal observation, although I must say that I feel sure in this specific case it was fanned into action by a tactless member of her entourage.

Albertha, Lady Blandford, knowing I went frequently to Farnborough Hill, one day said to me, ' I cannot say how sorry I am that somehow I have always missed meeting the Empress, although she knows my sister, Lady Lansdowne, very well, and she also knew my sister, the Duchess of Buccleuch.' In my impulsive Irish way I said, ' Oh, that is very easily remedied ; when you next come down to stay at my cottage in Hampshire I will ask the Empress if I may bring you over to luncheon.'

The Empress was always more than kind in permitting me to bring to see her without first asking permission any one I had staying with me. So I wrote to her lady-in-waiting mentioning Lady Blandford's wish. I received no reply. This I thought odd, not to say discourteous, so, being there as usual on the following Sunday, I asked the lady in question if she had received my note and conveyed its contents to the Empress. She behaved with some embarrassment, and gave no very definite answer one way or the other. This, of course, I could not accept, and pressed for a reply, offering, with some heat, to withdraw my request. All I could get was that 'on the Continent gentlemen do not present ladies'! A few days later I received a letter saying the Empress had let Lady Blandford know she did not consider it necessary for any one to present her and that later she would ask her direct to come and visit her. A week later I was again at Farnborough Hill and was walking in the park with Princess Napoleon when she said, 'You have put your foot in it about Lady Blandford!' Astonished, and perhaps a little annoyed and irritated by all these goings-on which I could not understand, I begged the Princess—who is most sympathetic and understanding as well as being remarkably intelligent and charming—for an explanation. Did the Empress think I abused my highly valued privilege of bringing my visitors to Farnborough Hill? Surely Her Majesty would be pleased to meet such a delightful Irishwoman as Lady Blandford, nearly all of whose relations she already knew, and so on. My astonishment and annoyance sank into a sort of stupefied amazement when the Princess told me that the Empress, of

course, wanted me always to go on bringing my guests ; that it was to her a peculiar pleasure to meet Lady Blandford, but—will it be believed—my suggestion that Lady Blandford should be my guest in a bachelor establishment and from there should come over to visit the Empress (accompanied by poor me) was too shocking ! I am afraid I laughed immoderately. That there should be anything indelicate in any woman, save perhaps a very young girl, visiting a bachelor household would not have occurred to me in my wildest dreams. Where it was a case of a lady who knew my mother in her girlhood and was only just her junior, it was of course ludicrous. Lady Blandford is so extraordinarily young and vivacious that had the Empress and her entourage seen her before the incident they might have had some excuse ; as it was there was none. And the Empress, be it remembered, had then been living in England for some fifty years and knew English ways as well as a native. The action might have been in accordance with convention in Spain in 1820, but was little less than ludicrous in England in 1920. Yet such is the lasting force and environment which undoubtedly reasserts itself in old age !

XI

Set a man to build a house and inevitably he reveals his character in all its qualities and defects ! The world is full of tawdry buildings because the characters and personality of most men are tawdry. A fine man could not inspire or allow to be built a debased building. Frederick, first Marquess of Dufferin, went so far as to decline to subscribe

towards building a church unless he approved of the design ; what a mercy if other men of taste followed his fine example. All great nations, in their greatest periods, have produced wonderful buildings, and the perfection of the Greek temple has never been equalled much less surpassed.

Napoleon I. and Napoleon III. were both great builders, and the latter made modern Paris. The Empress shared his enthusiasm and had through him acquired all sorts of interesting odds and ends of lore about Paris. For instance, she told me that in wet winters the cellars of the Tuileries were always under water and that the bed of the Seine extended to and ran under the Opera House !

Moreover, she herself, out of her own purse, engaged Viollet-le-Duc to restore the magnificent feudal Château of Pierrefonds, ten miles from Compiègne, and two pictures in oils depicting it before and after restoration hang in the museum at Farnborough Hill. She adopted the title of Comtesse de Pierrefonds as her incognito and used it all her life. Late in life she erected a memorial to the Prince Imperial in Paris which I have not seen but which is, I understand, very good. But her most revealing architectural task was the erection of the Church and Abbey of St. Michael, Farnborough, on a hill opposite her windows, and hardly a mile away from them.

The church, which is of stone, is rightly and naturally in the French flamboyant school of architecture, and Destailleurs was the distinguished French architect. It is both beautiful and impressive, but the style is not adhered to throughout because the Empress insisted that the dome over the crypt should be a copy of one of a favourite

church of hers which happens to be Renaissance! The row of gargoyles all round the roof remind one of their famous prototypes of Notre Dame de Paris. The cruciform interior is finely proportioned and very simple. The arches supporting the dome are particularly good. The altar is simple and satisfying and the carved oak stalls of the monks behind it make an effective background. There is a refreshing absence of what an American soldier friend of mine called 'junk,' and which so often disturbs the beauty of Catholic churches old and new. Under the dome, over the arches of the sanctuary, the Imperial arms are carved in the stone; these, the chair of state in the sanctuary bearing the intertwined N. and E. and crown, which came from the private chapel at Biarritz, and the arms of the Empress on the holy-water stoup near the door, are the only evidence of the special purpose for which the church was built.

The two defects of the church itself, defects of which the Empress was quite oblivious, are that there are no stained-glass windows and it is seated with the most dreadful varnished pitch-pine pews!

The lines and details of the building are so simple, the white Bath and Caen stone so pure, that the general effect is cold. The flamboyant Gothic style necessitates a great deal of window space, and stained glass is absolutely essential to give warmth and colour. Without it the building is flat — dead. The oak woodwork of the monks' stalls, the seating in the sanctuary, and the pulpit are so good and so perfectly in keeping with the church, on which, obviously, no expense has been spared, that the pitch-pine seats almost scream at one.

It illustrates, most vividly to my mind, like several other things in the church and abbey, the curious limitations of the Empress. Mark you, it was not merely a question of expense, because the church could have been fittingly, cheaply, and certainly not more uncomfortably seated with rush-bottomed chairs. The pine seats could have been sold to a Nonconformist chapel for far more than would have covered the cost! It was just that the Empress could not see that it mattered.

The Imperial crypt, entered from the east, extends under the choir and transepts of the church, and in some ways it is one of the most satisfying things I have ever seen. It is even more simple than the church; indeed it is austere. It is low, domed, unornamented, and the arches supporting it, and indeed supporting the tower and dome above, are miracles of beautiful usefulness. From the entrance you descend a rather steep flight of steps, and opposite you is the High Altar, also extremely simple and bearing some beautiful altar furniture in the style of the twelfth century. On the right is the red polished Aberdeen granite sarcophagus of the Emperor given to his widow by Queen Victoria. Above it hangs the Imperial Eagle; it was after his death removed from the stall in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, which was his as a Knight of the most noble Order of the Garter. On the wall opposite the foot of the tomb is a copy of a lovely, tender Michelangelo Mother and Child, who smile down on him eternally. Around are a few everlasting wreaths, mostly made of bronze, and, therefore, not so hideous as those of the French usually are.

At the head is a chair of state and *prie-Dieu*

covered in green velvet similar to that at the head of the Prince's tomb, and, like the one in the chancel of the church, also from the private chapel at Biarritz. The tomb bears the simple inscription 'Napoleon III.'

That of the Prince Imperial[1] is a replica and is on the opposite side of the altar. It records that he died on the field of honour.

The crypt demands stained-glass windows even more than the church. Like the church it has been spoiled; its beautiful empty simplicity and proportions have been destroyed by the addition of an ugly interior corkscrew staircase put there so that the monks may pass from the sacristy above to the monastery without going outside! This is an inexcusable defect. First of all one does not care to think of a tomb as a mere passage-way; secondly, those using the staircase disturb the rest and stillness of the place; and lastly, were a staircase absolutely necessary it should have been outside the wall of the crypt and so left the interior proportions untouched as is the case in all the best mediaeval buildings of a similar type.

The only notes of colour are provided by the fine red, black, and white Corsican marble pavement, a beautiful Eastern carpet before the altar, and a number of *prie-Dieu* covered in red velvet provided for the household of the Empress.

The church is beautiful and its situation splendid. It is a landmark for miles around, and many hundreds

[1] The idea of a British national memorial to the Prince was initiated by the late Lord Glenesk in the *Morning Post*, a paper which has always remained the constant and unfailing friend of the French people, irrespective of the complexion of the Government of France. Owing to the timidity of Mr. Gladstone Boehm's beautiful cenotaph was denied a site in Westminster Abbey, whereupon Queen Victoria gave a suitable place for it in St. George's Chapel, Windsor.

of aviators making for Farnborough have blessed it—probably not in the least knowing what it was!

It was completed in 1886–1887, and the coffins of the Emperor and the Prince Imperial transferred to it in 1888.

Some provision had to be made for its care and upkeep, so the Empress brought over from France a few Premonstratensian monks for whom she provided what must really be the most ugly, cheap-looking, badly-designed red-brick building of its kind in existence.

This also was most characteristic. The church was erected to the glory of God and the memory of an Emperor and Prince and must be worthy of its object, but when it came to providing a Priory for the monks, a passage through the crypt for their convenience, or seats for the worshippers to sit on, it was done as economically as possible.

When the Premonstratensians left England in 1895 they were replaced by Benedictines from Solesmes. Under the direction of the first and reigning Lord Abbot, Dom Fernand Cabrol, who is a most distinguished scholar and charming man of artistic taste, much has been done to improve the exterior appearance of the Abbey. All the recent additions are of Kentish rag stone with caps and bases of columns in Portland stone which harmonises with the adjoining church, and the romanesque style is that of the parent house at Solesmes, which is austere and impressive. Dom Cabrol hopes in time to be able to cover the original building also with stone so as to make it harmonise with the whole. Meanwhile it is an impossible excrescence standing between the church and the Abbey.

No hints, however broad, would ever induce the Empress to see that something further should have been done in the matter.

In 1903 Pope Leo XIII. raised the Priory to an Abbey.

Some time after the completion of the church the Empress had a wide deep niche made behind and above the altar in the crypt for her own last resting-place. It is midway between her husband and son, and, standing empty for years, she must have contemplated it every time she entered the place.

Years ago she had also taken great pains to order her own sarcophagus in France, but the care was wasted and the strange uncertainties of her life followed her even in death. When the tomb was wanted it could nowhere be found. All trace of it had disappeared. The consequence was that for more than a year after her death she remained unburied!

The Spanish mahogany casket, with its locks, fittings, and crucifix of oxidised silver, rested for a time on purple-covered trestles beside the tomb of her son. Later, it was put up in the empty niche she had herself prepared for it.

The last time I saw it was in July 1921 when I went down to be present at the Pontifical Requiem High Mass on the first anniversary of her death. I was there a little early so I went round to the entrance of the crypt. It was strewn with workmen's gear of all kinds—planks, empty cases, straw, tools of various sorts. The tomb of Scottish granite, a replica of that of the Emperor and the Prince, was standing open in the warm sun; the heavy lid resting near it on some planks bore a workman's dinner tied up in a red handkerchief and his billy-

can of tea. Later he and his mates used it as a dinner-table. The last resting-place of all this beauty, fame, and sorrow served well this homely, human need. It vividly brought home to me the utter vanity of human glory ; yet, I thought, she would not have minded a bit. She was never pompous or foolishly solemn.

I went into the cool crypt out of the glorious sunshine ; outside warmth and light and the effort of human hands ; inside three caskets of ashes—the memories of a great Empire, and a few souvenirs of fallen greatness.

From half-way down the flight of entrance steps great planks stretched on trestles to the place over the altar where the sarcophagus was to rest. The coffin itself, being in the way of the workmen, had been removed and rested on the planks near by. It bears no inscription. I knew that inside was another casket with a glass panel through which could be seen the sleeping face. I knew exactly how it looked and that the form was clothed in the dress of a *religieuse*. I knew that she to whom life had given all things lived long enough to come to desire at the end nothing but rest.

Her pall was a soiled dust-sheet belonging to the workmen, some one of whom had thrown it over her in order that the bits of stone and the chisel paring might not touch her. I turned back this humble covering and knelt on the rough, shaky, dusty planks. The coffin itself was covered by a light coat of mason's dust. I had brought with me from her own garden a sprig of laurel which I placed under the right arm of the crucifix. I commended her to him whose image the crucifix bore, and I like to remember that I did it here

amidst those surroundings, and that the homely sprig of English laurel is the only flower inside her tomb.

Later, upstairs in the church, I knelt with princes and the ambassadors of kings while the Lord Abbot said the wonderful Requiem High Mass of the Catholic Church, assisted by the Prior, the sub-Prior, and all the dignitaries of the Abbey. A king's daughter wept beside the empty catafalque, and as she knelt her mourning robes mingled with the magnificent folds of a velvet pall embroidered with the Imperial Crown of France, and bearing on each corner the Imperial cypher and with outstretched wings the Imperial eagles.

Yet it seemed to me that the scenes of humble work and energy in the crypt underneath, the workmen's dust-sheet, the simple sprig of laurel, were more in keeping with the character and life of her who slept below, and would have pleased one who strongly desired that her funeral ceremonies should be of the utmost simplicity.

Stealing through the chanting of the same music with which the Anglo-Saxons worshipped God in the time of Saint Augustine and Saint Gregory, and surrounded by all the symbols of religious and secular pomp, I could, as I listened to the high words of the solemn Requiem Mass, distinctly overhear the amused chuckle of the Empress at the vivid contrast between the scene in the church above and that in the crypt below !

XII

The Empress had a masculine intellect, and, to some extent, a masculine temperament fettered in its development by the narrow outlook of the early

years of the nineteenth century. True, she travelled more and saw more of the world and the things thereof than was usual for young girls of her position, but any judgement of the Empress must be unfair, and therefore incorrect, that fails to remember that although she lived vividly till 1920 and was never left behind by the passing years, yet, like every one else, she was inevitably a daughter of her own times.

Moreover, socially, intellectually, ethically, and morally, there is probably more difference between 1820 and 1920 than could be found in any equal period of time in the whole of history.

The Empress was quick rather than sensitive ; just rather than generous ; amusing rather than witty. Her vigorous brain and wonderful memory were a powerful substitute for intellect. Proud, but without vanity : she could stoop to conquer. Probably power became her less well than did adversity. Her feelings were warm and her judgement not always cool. She could see—but not always feel—both sides of a question, yet she was ever merciful to those who were down. She gave her warmest friendships to women and her closest to men. She had no exaggerated ideas as to men's superiority. Efficient and independent herself, she imagined most women were like her. She believed in herself and therefore believed in her sex.

She was a great woman, and would have been a remarkable one in any sphere. She was not, however, a great Ruler, because she was not brought up for such a task. She was too impulsive ; too pitiful ; she lacked the ability to wear a mantle of coldness without which no woman can be a great queen. She forgot, or deliberately ignored — or perhaps never knew—that rulers have no right to

indulge in private feelings. The ruler is the State, speaking, thinking, acting for the State, and in the State only the good of the whole may be considered. The existence of the sovereign and the dynasty ; the preservation of the existing and accepted order ; the maintenance of authority, and the immediate suppression, with harshness if necessary, of any attempt at rebellion, are amongst the first duties of sovereigns and rulers whether they be called kings, presidents, or committees. Chiefs of State indulge in personal feelings not only at their own peril but almost always at the peril of their country also.

Had Louis XVI. ordered the Swiss Guard to fire he would probably have saved the French people some at any rate of the horrors of the Revolution, and might have kept his own head if not indeed his throne. Had the Empress Eugénie given or allowed others to give a similar order in 1870 the Commune would possibly never have taken place. In refusing, she probably acted on a subconscious belief that the right to do so was not hers by birth. Had the order been given and effectively carried out Prussia could never have humiliated a united France as she did a broken and distracted one ; the pinchbeck German Empire would probably never have been proclaimed at all ; certainly never founded at Versailles on the memory of a great victory, and, with France mighty and invulnerable, the World War of 1914–1918 might never have taken place. A Bonaparte would still be Constitutional monarch of France because the Prince Imperial would not have died fighting for a foreign country. He might even at this moment be sharing the Imperial throne with a British Princess, and the Heir of France have been half an

Englishman. Lord Lansdowne could never have earned the plaudits of history by bringing about the Anglo-French *entente* ; as the friendship between the two countries, established so firmly by Queen Victoria, would never have been broken because we sat idly by watching France being crushed while we shrugged our shoulders and said, 'Am I my brother's keeper?' We are. And, as he who first asked the question had to learn the answer through blood and sweat and tears, so have we.

No ; sovereigns have no right to private feelings, and the convention ordaining this is a wise and necessary one. Mobs have no plans ; they have only passions. The ruler who hesitates is lost. Even democratic governments can fail ; can remain inert in face of danger ; can fear to act. Men have come to distrust kings and emperors because they fear giving such enormous powers for good or evil into one single hand. On the whole, perhaps, they were wise, although crowned heads, with the fear of loss of throne, the destruction of the dynasty, and even the possibility of losing life itself before them, have more to nerve to heroic action than has a government which, after all, can only fall ; and even that need not be final.

As a sovereign the Empress Eugénie may have failed ; as a woman never. Since there are always curs who cannot resist baying the moon, even the woman had her detractors, but their yelpings will not deflect by one iota the considered verdict of history. Oddly enough it was in France she as a woman suffered most, because the Frenchman, for all his gallantry, is quite prepared to hound a woman down for political ends. Burke's astonishment that not one French gentleman drew round to

succour Marie Antoinette the woman, even if he denied his sword to Marie Antoinette the Queen, will always be shared by history.

Nor can we forget that on that August day in 1870 there could not be found in Paris half a score of gallant men ready to succour a lone and terribly tried woman. The name of the French soldier, presumably also a French gentleman, who was put there by her husband to guard her (and who accepted the charge) is one we do not care to write. Let us, for the sake of France and of our common manhood, consign it to oblivion rather than to eternal infamy.

Friends, throne, husband, son, beauty, youth . . . she lost them all. Neither fate nor friends spared her anything. . . . All dealt their hardest, bitterest blows. . . .

Very late in the eventide of life she for the last time left her English home, dwelt for a brief space in the great city where once she was renowned, and from thence went again to her own people : she looked long on the places sacred and dear to her memory from earliest youth ; paced once more the beloved soil of her ancient house, and satisfied and content under the roof of her own kin she, like a tired bird, softly drooped her weary wings and fell at last on sleep.[1]

For more than ninety years she successfully battled with loss, misfortune, and sorrow unutterable ; ay, even with time itself ; drinking to the dregs grief and disaster she faltered not nor stumbled, and at the end she bowed to nothing less omnipotent than kingly death.

KNAITH COTTAGE, *January* 1922.

[1] The Empress died suddenly in June 1920, at the Palacio de Leria, Madrid, the residence of the Duc d'Albe.

II

THE MELODY OF GOD

To Greville and Marie,
Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke,
in gratitude for sympathy and encouragement

VI

EO NOMINE

I

RUTH is not reached from above but from below; it lies hidden in the common heart of mankind. Truth is wayward—now shy, now bold, now flaunting its glory, now concealing it in secret places; it is as elusive as perfume, as intangible and frail as young love. It resides not fixed in this property, formula or that, but where it will, the only pathway to it being a chaste desire for its perfection uninfluenced by the consideration of any extrinsic issue. It would seem that priests, as a class, seldom meet truth because their mind is predisposed to find it in certain places only. Priests are specialists, and truth, except perhaps in one direction, is largely denied to all who specialise. To meet truth you must don the dress of a pilgrim and adopt the attitude of one who would fain pray on the mountain-top. The specialist is rather he who keeps his eye glued to the microscope—his sense of relative values, his concern for large issues, becomes blurred and then lost. To

perceive truth in all directions and eagerly to welcome it is the privilege and joy of Bacon's 'full man.' By his vows the priest is bound to look for it along certain ways, yet truth, finally, is God, and God himself has said that he is everywhere.

Moreover, priests are always the guardians of creeds. Huxley said science commits suicide when it adopts a creed. So do religions, Christianity no less than any other.

If to any there should seem something approaching irreverence in our scrutiny of the Galilean, we would say to them that no thought could be further from our mind and intention. It is because we firmly believe that the more we know of him the more wonderful shall he become, that we would fain dwell on his personality in its entirety. We would exalt his humanity and even magnify it, because of his divinity there can be no doubt. His perfection is apparent to believer and unbeliever alike, but some wrong has been done him and us by the persistent endeavour to minimise his human side.

II

All, or nearly all, who have considered the radiant personality of Jesus Christ have started from the point of view of his Godhead. Here indeed is confusion! To start from the golden dome instead of from the foundation! The secret of Jesus Christ lies close hidden in the depths of that vast humanity of his out of which his Godhead emerges triumphant. It is so with all men, and although a great deal more, he was never less than man—that is, than mankind. His forerunners had it as their watchword: *The Son of Man cometh; then shall*

your dark be light. Could we discover for ourselves some of the secrets of his all-embracing humanity, could we trace its development upwards in an ascent that would appear to have been winged, then indeed might we hope to become in some degree like him. Of one thing we may rest assured : while we utterly fail to glimpse the vastness of his divinity, his personality never fails to include, express, and sanctify, that is, make beautiful and alluring our every human attribute.

Accepting, then, the axiom that we must follow truth wheresoever it may happen to lead, not dogmatising lo here ! lo there ! we find ourselves as we look at Jesus Christ faced by two outstanding qualities. In most men of the highest genius great oppositive qualities have been conspicuously allied ; qualities temperamental, personal, or racial, and seemingly antipathetic and irreconcilable become in them beaten into temples of pure gold. Little men have, in a measure, all the qualities peculiar to greatness—often they have several of these qualities in a conspicuous degree—but their personality lacks the fire divine that forges them into one perfect balanced whole. The flame of genius is not there to weld to unity and purge away smallness, meanness, impurity and ugliness in the process. The order in which genius seems to express itself is : enthusiasm, vision, flame. The flame creates life which, being winged, carries life through life for ever. The most noteworthy and unique thing about Jesus Christ was the extraordinary mixture of the Greek and the Jew in him. He was pure Greek, yet every atom Jew. Here, then, is the first great apparent contradiction ; here is his strength and his weakness ; here where he repels and appeals.

His Greekness was unintelligible to Judea: the Jew in him was hateful to Greece and Rome; thus they conspired to slay him. What the Rome of his time held of beauty or of reverence therefor was borrowed from Greece, borrowed only to become impure and debased.

Jesus Christ recalled to the Roman the Greek ideal in its highest perfection, and in recalling it and exemplifying it in his own life he became a living accusation. The Rome of his time was decadent enough to hate the reminder of the beauty she had lost, but perhaps not yet sufficiently debased to be able quite to forget its dying flute-like call.

Jesus Christ, standing always for pure beauty—pure music—in ethics, in life, in aims, was to Rome a stumbling-block and a reproach, and, as it must ever be, she hated what she now feared and had once herself possessed.

The mixture of the Greek and the Jew in Jesus Christ was a cause of confusion to his contemporaries, as it was to his friends and disciples and as it has been to posterity. To explain it or to account for it in the natural sense would be difficult—perhaps, indeed, impossible. We have the history of his family and his birth prepared by Jews primarily for Jewish consumption. Human nature being what it is, need we be greatly surprised that every hint of the Greek spirit was, as far as possible, eliminated? Men always tend to ignore what they cannot understand. Yet, because it was a fundamental part of his native genuis, it emerges triumphant. Like Homer and Shakespeare, we know him in spite of the confusion generated by those who would fain convince us they have explained him. He himself said, by men's works they are known. So it is.

It is not the genealogy of Jesus Christ that tells us whence he came or whither he has gone ; his life and the form in which his genius expressed itself can alone do that.

If we knew anything authentic of his human parents we should probably find that his father was a Greek—probably a young Greek officer sojourning for a time in Palestine. We can imagine a beautiful, youthful, and noble warrior attracted, magnetised, held by the still beauty of the Jewish maid ; how her serenity and calm would appeal to one of the race that has alone perfectly expressed, in its art and architecture, all that is serene and calm. The father of Jesus Christ was probably like most fathers of men of genius in that he was the promise, the hint, the precursor of him who was to come. Such men are to women enormously attractive. The woman, with her vast intuition, realises the wonder of the blossom that will never set to fruit save in another. The mystery of it calls her. The unnamed, unrealised hint of some distant hope whispers secretly that perhaps through him genius may one day from her womb emerge. Such men make mothers of women though they may not make them wives. Their offspring are the salt of the earth, because motherhood is greater than wifehood, and the women who consider motherhood first, the women to whom it and not wifehood makes the great appeal, are the larger, nobler, greater, beings. She who would be a wife calculates, claims and considers ; she who would be a mother . . . gives.

This may have been the way of the coming of Jesus Christ or it may not. Perhaps it does not greatly matter, although the point will always be of interest ; but let us avoid putting a theological and,

as we have the facts given us, unnatural explanation of the greatest event that ever happened on our earth in the place of elemental, glorious, exquisitely chaste, and beautiful laws.

Nowhere in the Bible is it claimed that the birth of Jesus Christ was other than natural, and the ancient prophecies concerning his advent say this plainly enough. St. Luke, it is true, makes a belated reference to the idea which seems to have arisen years after the death of the Nazarene. At any rate it is doubtful if either he or his mother knew anything of the tradition. It is also implied that he had brothers and, perhaps, sisters—some held that he had half-brothers as well—the children of Joseph by a first marriage. In contradiction to this there were those who taught that both Mary and Joseph were virgin throughout their entire lives. This voluntarily, or, as is more likely, involuntarily, may have been true of Joseph. It is significant that in Christian art he is sometimes represented as of the hermaphrodite type : it certainly is not true of Mary. The disciples and their followers for some three hundred years attached no importance whatever to the so-called sinlessness of Mary, indeed they spoke more than once of ' the brethren of the Lord.' The unreal and artificial explanation of his parentage and birth and that of his mother is but another ecclesiastical incrustation. As far as his mother is concerned it first arose in the third century, and after being the subject of bitter controversy and strife for centuries was only finally accepted by the Catholic Church in 1854, when the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception became, for the Roman Communion, an article of faith—another stained window set up by the Churches

between Christ and the people. And was there not a Pope who in 1476 or thereabouts tried to impose on the Christian world of his time the belief that Mary also was immaculately conceived and in all things equal to her son, and who offered pardon to all who would add to the Ave Maria a clause saying : *and Blessed be thy Mother Anna, from whom, without blot of original sin, proceeded thy virgin flesh ?*

Once again do the specialists conquer and only through their eyes may we see the sun !

To-day many cannot see Christ because of those who profess and call themselves Christians.

Let us consider then his name : Jesus Christ. Jesus, the Latin form of the Greek Iesous, is often translated Jason in the New Testament. Christ, a translation of the Hebrew Messiah, meant to the Greeks anointed, consecrated—that is, consecrated to high issues and great adventure. Thus does his mere name enshrine two universal ideals, that of the Hebrew Messiah and the Greek Jason, both of whom were demi-gods and heroes, one of whom long voyaged in strange seas in search of the Golden Fleece, that symbol of the desire of all mankind. We may at least be permitted to assume that those who gave it him knew intuitively how appropriate it was : *his name shall be called Wonderful because he shall save his people from their sins.* And so he does and so he will. Is it not the name that unites the East with the West ? Is it not indeed the shrine of whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report in all men and all peoples ? Here, then, is his mystery, his power, his appeal. Here, if anywhere, is his Godhead. But we overrun our thought of him, he is so quickening. Let us first

peruse what we may of his manhood, his mankind-likeness—to use an ugly word. Here is greatest difficulty. Those who called themselves his disciples, they who wondered almost to the point of censure when he went to the marriage at Cana of Galilee—they who openly disapproved that one who was a sinner should be allowed to wipe his feet, have seen to it that the human side has been obliterated from all records of his life. Of his father, then, we know nothing ; it would seem that whatever his nominal rank he was a king's son ; undoubtedly he begat the greatest and kingliest being who ever walked this earth. His relationship with Mary would seem to have been brief. He came, we may imagine, on wings and on wings he fled; whether the wings of death, the wings of war, or the wings of fate does not appear. We can understand how he must have worshipped this royal maid. He went, leaving behind the pledge of his love, and Mary understood and was satisfied. We can think of him as more shadowed by the parting than she was. She would seem to have been of that order of women, larger than is commonly supposed, to whom the father is little and the child all. In the security and peace of perfect innocence she joyously pondered these things in her heart ; indifferent to all conventional considerations until her friends busied themselves to provide her with an official protector ! Joseph, a monkish sort of man and much older than Mary, was chosen for this office and she accepted him for the young child's sake. He, too, played the most shadowy of parts in her life, and any importance he had can at best have been but a vicarious one. They all lived together, and Jesus Christ, we are told later, was

obedient unto him and Mary, and no doubt it was so.

The absence of any real knowledge as to who was the natural father of the Galilean has had curious and interesting results. Primarily, it resulted in Christianity giving a place to the mother which she had never previously occupied. The Jews, like most nations, gave the place of honour and pre-eminence to the father ; in most religions the father, if not the only recognised parent, is, at the least, honoured equally with the mother. Two main causes contributed to the tendency Christianity showed from the earliest time to exalt motherhood at the expense of fatherhood. In the first place, the early disciples seem to have known very little of Christ's male parent ; secondly, in their anxiety to magnify his divine descent they no doubt felt that the less said about the matter the better. He was the only begotten Son of God, and any undue reference to his earthly father would only serve to direct attention from that supreme fact. In the result we find that motherhood has been glorified in Christian art and literature to an extraordinary extent. There are thousands of poems, pictures, and books in praise of motherhood ; men talk of their mothers and what they owe them, while the respect paid to fatherhood in these directions is negligible, and all this is largely the result of the fact that the reputed father of Jesus Christ was not his father at all.

It is worth remembering here that many of the world's greatest men have been what is called, legally but unmorally, illegitimate. As if Nature could be that ! William the Conqueror, Richard the Lion-hearted, Don John of Austria, Leonardo

da Vinci, Boccaccio, Erasmus, Alexander Hamilton, and many others, crowned priests and kings by God and Nature, were in the eyes of the Church and in the eyes of the civil law it inspired and shaped—merely illegitimate !

We can only surmise then regarding the Nazarene's father, and it is extraordinary how little we really know about him or indeed about Jesus Christ himself. After the return from Egypt we are told practically nothing of what happened to him until the incident of his questioning the doctors in the Temple. The month of his birth is unknown—even the year uncertain. Under what star was he born, and was it in a waxing or a waning moon ? When he kept his birthday feast was the earth at autumn or at spring ? What were his exact relations towards Mary and Joseph ? We wonder if he made bullock-carts and articles of simple furniture for the villagers in the district ! He spent eighteen years unknown in a mean provincial village following the humble trade of a carpenter. Did he know or have intercourse with his grandmother, Anna, who was barren for so long and who bore Mary late in life, or did he go out on the hills with Joachim, his grandfather, who was a shepherd of sheep ?

We do know that those years were not wasted, because he certainly learned Greek and Aramaic, probably also Latin and Hebrew, the latter then a dead language. What were his relations to those brothers or half-brothers who are so vaguely described by the Evangelist ? Did he teach them languages and study with them the sacred books ? We only know that when his last moment came he commended his mother not to their keeping, but to

that of John the beloved, a stranger who was his friend! Was there any personal feeling and experience behind the saying: *A man's foes shall be they of his own household*, or was it but a general reflection? It seems to hold some hint of emotion, of personal suffering even.

We would give much to know how he got on with his young contemporaries before he became a public personage. That he liked young people we know—the earliest disciples were all young and he had a great understanding of and tenderness for little children. Animals, we may be sure, loved him. He had in all its fulness the enormous capacity for friendship, so characteristic of real greatness. His relationship to John was as tender as it was strong, and, as we have seen, to him he left his last and most sacred trust.

He had a heavenly sympathy and understanding of the sin-stained and poor, and it is they who are, perhaps, best fitted to apprehend and love him. At all events it was a harlot to whom he seems first to have announced his Messiahship, and in addition to her frailty she was a despised Samaritan, and, therefore, any intercourse with her meant pollution in the opinion of his contemporaries. When he said: *Thou hast had five husbands and he whom thou now hast is not thy husband*, did he thereby express the belief that a marriage is only real where there is mutual love and desire, and that oftentimes so-called marriages are but legalised prostitution? Did he by any chance think of the case of his own mother and compare her legal with her real marriage to the reproach of the former? At all events he ever had a warm word and a kindly for the harlot wherever he met her, and we

may feel sure that the legal aspect of his mother's marriage did not greatly interest him. He had no Woe ! Woe ! for the Samaritan woman, nor indeed for any sinner. The eight-fold woes were for the Scribes and Pharisees ; not for the sinners but for those who despised their fellow-men. He was ever tender to women, using them as equals, friends, and helpers, and none appreciated their capacity for sacrifice more than he ; his last lesson in the Temple was the parable of the widow's mite.

Of his personal appearance we know nothing, and the tradition which fixed for us the lines of his countenance is of all traditions the most frail. That he was beautiful we feel assured. The simplicity of his open-air life and his habit of high and beautiful thought would of itself endow him with strength and loveliness. He must have been magnetic, and he would have great winsomeness and grace. Quick-tempered, too, if the occasion called, as when he drove out the money-changers ; and there would have been a smile in his eyes if not on his lips when he replied : *Go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor.* He must have been capable of laughter also, because children seldom willingly come near those who cannot laugh, and in the crowds they were always nearest to him. Surely there was real laughter behind his serene eyes when he spoke to the little man who climbed the tree in order to see him ! Laughter restrained and courteous no doubt, but spontaneous and human to the full.

Many women seem to have loved him : did his thoughts ever turn their way, longing for the *one* woman and some other destiny ? He may have conquered this in himself as he conquered all

things, but that he was potentially just what we are in this and all other respects we would fain believe. He knew and understood women wonderfully, and it may well be that during those silent years, between the ages of twelve and thirty, he met, loved, and lost his earthly mate.

Scrutinise the record of his character as you may, there is nothing you could dislike, save, perhaps, the hint of the eunuch there, and that, almost certainly, is but one of the many injustices done him by his followers and admirers ; if, indeed, he did not voluntarily become a eunuch for the sake of the kingdom of God.[1]

Or it may be that his temperament approximated to some extent to the hermaphroditic. Some consider, with the Greeks, that this is the highest and most perfect type. He may even have shared that belief himself ; some foundation is lent to the conjecture by his mysterious, unaccepted saying : *When the two shall be one, and that which is without as that which is within, and the male with the female neither male nor female.* If primitive man were indeed hermaphroditic, possibly, it is the highest type to which all mankind will one day return and the cycle be complete. Perhaps he was one of that rare type who so completely subdue and master sex in themselves that they become masters of the world and high instruments to explore the secrets of human souls. Possibly his creative power was entirely spiritualised and that he begat not earthly love or children but only spiritual love and children of the soul.

If the earlier years of his life were quiet and almost uneventful, the short period of his public

[1] Matthew v. 27-30.

ministry was full of work and effort, and at the end no one who has ever lived, no heroic figure of fate and tragic destiny imagined by the greatest poet, met in so short a period of time such an endless iliad of woes. As far as we know his last day of freedom was spent in silence ; of it we are told nothing ; of it not one single incident is recorded. This silent day declined in quietness into the night of his last earthly sleep from which he awoke never to sleep again. Towards the evening he journeyed to Jerusalem and there with his most intimate friends he partook of the last supper. There are no words to describe its poignancy. The little party were buttressed about with unknown dread and sadness ; but only he realised its full bitterness and depth. It was to John the beloved that he first spoke of his imminent betrayal by one whom they both named friend. To be sold by one near and dear, and for a paltry nothing, because the thirty pieces of silver represented something less than four pounds of our money ! Where is the man who has not somewhere in life met such an action from a friend ? Who of us have not sat at feasts and the very number and loyalty of those present has made all the more desolating the thought of the one absent ? Yet his spirit failed not and his serenity was perfect as he addressed to them words of strength and loveliness ; that they might ever remember that the humblest offices performed for love's sake become regal, he girded himself with a towel and washed their feet, his last personal service of dear love.

Having broken bread and shared salt together, he, as we have all done at one time or another, said : *This do in remembrance of me.* He would

that sometimes in the after days they should meet friendlywise round a common board and by the common act of partaking of bread and wine recall the time of their close companionship and friendship. He wanted them to think of him as they raised their glass to 'absent friends.' How tender and human it is! To this day, whenever we repeat the act of toasting loved ones absent or far away the doing of it borrows a mystic meaning, and a tender sadness too, from this expression of his last wish. Then, just as we join hands and sing 'Auld Lang Syne,' so did they, and the singing over they set out through the night towards the olive garden of Gethsemane.

That garden has since given its name to all men's darkest hour—the hour which, sooner or later, we all must meet—and, like him, when we come to meet it our friends shall be found asleep. The human soul is for ever lonely, and in its moments of greatest agony none save God may come near. Indeed, hearten a man as you will, bless and glorify him with love and friends, and the doom is only lightened, not evaded, for still must he journey alone. On the darkest hour in history we must not—we dare not—intrude. Gethsemane and not Calvary was the supreme agony . . . but suddenly the world was clamouring on his silence and weariness . . . and it is ever so. Torches flashed in the distance; voices came near; weapons gleamed; then from out the clamour the quick, cureless wound of a friend's betraying kiss; the eager, well-meant blow struck by the unnamed disciple who would fain have defended him; the last miracle, the healing of the rough soldier who had come to arrest him, symbolic, let us believe, of the healing we,

too, might learn to give to those who seek to do us wrong.

Then, he having fallen under the heel of the temporal and legal powers, all his friends forsook him and fled, and that failure of theirs would be easier to bear than was their slumber while he wrestled through his spiritual agony where none even watched with him. As he had conquered the immense inevitable loneliness of a human soul in the Garden but an hour before, so now the loneliness of a man deserted by his earthly friends and companions must have seemed trivial enough !

The hurried journeys ; the draggings here and there ; the appeal from this third-rate official to that ! The tragic irony of the action when one took water and washed his hands ; the scourging ; the mockery ; the gluttonous hate ; the drunken, demented fear born of ignorance, baseness, cupidity; the snarl of the beast in mankind as it shrank before the glory of the spirit in his eyes ; then the most stupendous, tragic, fate-filled moment in human history when the Cross was first raised ; and there it has stood and there shall stand for ever, the one unconquerable symbol.

Those who first stood round it could perhaps touch his feet, but the dear head was in shadow far above them, and so it has been since. The lowliest may gaze on those bleeding wayworn weary feet and hug the knowledge that they too journeyed the lone road ; a few of earth's greatest may perhaps have risen to heights where they could kiss them, but none have yet seen the full glory and wonder of his radiant face, nor shall any yet awhile.

It is noteworthy that though his sternest rebukes were ever for the Pharisees, it was the Sadducees and

priests who slew him, and their successors keep the people from him till this day !

He was condemned and killed because he said he was the Son of God and because he said it in his own way ! That was the great and, indeed, the only charge, and that is the charge they bring against us all. You must not claim to be the Son of God save, and unless, and in the manner this priest or that prescribes !

. . . . . .

As we know not the day or month of his birth, so are we ignorant of the precise date of his death. And here also is concealed a parable. His birth was secret and the exact moment of his death, and no man knows the place of his tomb. They say he was placed in it and that afterwards it was found empty, but whether this be so or not, he shall be found alive and regnant when worlds grow grey and suns grow cold ; when stars and universes are but smoke and the memory of the lives and wars of men as the echoes of a broken bell ; when crusades and creeds have become wilted weed-heaps ; and hate, fear, and scorn have become like the ashes of burnt grass ; when greed and passion shall yield up for ever their force and power then again shall he rise in his fulness and shall reign.

III

The Jews were lovers of splendour, of magnificence ; they produced a glowing literature which, at its best, is as great and noble as storm-swept firmaments, and which at its worst is inspired rhetoric. They were and still are, a people to whom the picturesque makes an extraordinary appeal. David

was their national hero ; the shepherd boy who became a great king ! His life was like some noble piece of music, its very discords adding to the perfection of the harmony and beauty of the whole. It began a thin piping melody on the shepherd-guarded hills, then taking a heroic strain it developed into a long march of sweeping splendour, gloriously musical and expressive of all that was best in the past and most lovely in the future of Judea. The Jews loved David because he was the perfect personal expression of their Nationhood. He was a thorough, a full man. His very sins were splendid. When he sinned he did so whole-heartedly, and what could be more complete than his repentances ! He knew no hesitations—he saw a woman and wanted her ; immediately he caused her husband to be placed in the forefront of the battle, an honourable place. A lesser man would have caused him to disappear mysteriously or to die like a felon. Whatever their faults of taste, whatever their obtuseness towards certain of the finer and more spiritual aspects of truth and beauty, the Jews at their best were never a mean race. They faced facts like men. They hated their enemies and said so. Their God was Jehovah, a lover of strength, a worshipper of success. He would one day come and reign as the greatest king of kings and lord of lords ; his enemies would be scattered as the dust ; his servants would seat themselves on thrones. David, a warlike king, could not surround himself with all the magnificence he and his people thought fitting and proper, but he promised them that all these things, all the splendid appurtenances of royalty, should fully be established by Solomon, his son, and that eventually out of his loins would emerge a descendant who

should be King of all the earth. A fervent people and lovers of opulence, it was not enough to be successful, but they must be lavishly surrounded by all the symbols of success. To this people was to come later One who had no place whereon to lay his head ; need we wonder that they knew him not, nor have not till this day. And here again is a parable : Nations, like individuals, often fail to recognise their highest when they meet it, and tragedy and failure are the inevitable result.

Men have always sought communion with their gods in the hope that, seeing for a moment the authentic soul of the Deity, they might come to know their own.

If the national life of Judea was utterly foreign to the essential spirit and ideals of Jesus, how truly was this also so of their ethics, art, and literature. Their code of conduct was rigid, fixed, unalterable, and, like all similar codes, tended to breed pharisees. To them the letter of the law was all, the spirit little. Virtue and goodness appealed to them not at all unless their existence was authenticated by material success. Their God only expressed his approval in material terms. Hence when Job was stricken with poverty they assumed that, though outwardly blameless, he must have been guilty of secret sin. Their ideal of a supreme power was that of a glorified police magistrate exacting pains and penalties, who occasionally, when pleased, assumed the office of a complacent Sunday-school teacher, lavishing goodies on such pupils as were lucky enough to gain his approval ; often the gaining thereof would appear to have been accidental enough!

The Jews of that time produced little that would be called art ; nor is this surprising in a warlike

nomadic people. Denied art as a means of self-expression, all that was highest in their history and life found adequate expression in a literature perhaps more supremely noble and grand than that of any other nation. There is not to be found anywhere in the world a collection so magnificent, terrible, and tender. It is big with vast utterance, so vast and commanding that it stirs our souls to heroism, yet so exquisitely tender and simple in places that it is like the touch of a baby's hand, the far-off music of a hidden stream that has never kissed the sun, the unheard melody of Pan piping in the woods in spring. Yet its outstanding quality is magnificence. It chants of vengeful and heroic, if terrible, gods slaughtering enemies by the thousand and making slaves and concubines of the wives and daughters of defeated kings. It tells of a god who sends wild beasts to slay little children because his prophet is angry at their childish taunts ! It speaks of fire and storm and sorrow. Above all it enshrines the idea of a great young King who would one day rule the entire universe and take horrible vengeance on all who had ever slighted or injured Israel. It was even said that, in order that this sovereign should be unique upon the earth and apart from all the kings who had ever reigned, their Jehovah, although ever a jealous god and impatient of all rivals, would for Judea's sake beget a son, second only in dignity in heaven to himself and supreme over all the earth. He was not only to be the greatest of the kings of the earth, but he was to be the only son of the only true God.

This ideal has of course not been peculiar to Judea ; in ancient times and in the East in particular, all potentates were accorded some or all

of the attributes of Divinity; conventionally the practice obtains in a measure even to this day. But it was not given to any nation to claim that its greatest king should also be the only begotten son of its only Deity. Need it be said that to a people with such hopes and ideals, such temperamental limitations, such a material vision, the king, when he did come, must necessarily do so with great splendour? High noon would pale before his magnificence and the kings and peoples of the wide earth tremble at his nod. The sea would listen and lie still at his word and the firmaments stand silent at his command. Spring and autumn would be in his gift, and the resistless and unconquerable tides would obey his whim. Exalted to heaven should be his throne, the throne of Judea, and his palaces should be of jasper and of jade. While he slept the stars would stand still lest they disturb him, and the sun would not rise until he had completed his rest. The winds of the firmaments would be his music and would be hushed and low when he desired, or they would sweep ruin through the earth at his whim. Young men and maidens, sons and daughters of the high princes of the earth, would be his servants, and only the daughters and sons of kings might come nigh his presence. The ceilings of his house should be of agate and alabaster, with pillars of green porphyry extending to the borders of the sea. Its doors should be counted by the thousand, and they should alternately be of blue amethyst for beauty and red bloodstone for war. Its windows should be as countless as the young trees in a deep forest, and they should be set round with lapis-lazuli, milk-opals, and pearls. Its walls should be of pure beaten gold and its keeps

and battlements of silver o'erwrought in copper and brass of strange devices. The morning sun should rise on its towers of ivory and the evening sun set on its towers of onyx. Its courts should be filled with eunuchs, beauteous youths, and maidens of strange and troubling loveliness gathered from all the ends of the earth. On a pavement of chalcedony, rose-red tourmaline, rock-crystal, and moonstone should be set a throne of emeralds on which the king would take his seat ; it should be approached by many steps of amber and ebony and supported by tall slender columns of rubies red as blood. Light and darkness would be the king's to give and to take, and his hand would hold pestilence, peace, and war. When he smiled all the earth would be at spring ; when he laughed the earth would be ripe and full like autumn ; when he was angry, a cold keen wind would sweep over the world and men would perish like flies.

This majestic being was to exalt Israel above all the earth, and the greatest nations thereof would be proud to be called her slaves !

IV

They all were looking for a king
To slay their foes and lift them high :
Thou cam'st, a little baby thing
That made a woman cry.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

To this people, nurtured for centuries on such hopes, came the Nazarene, out of a carpenter's shop, without friends, followers, or fame. He spoke in a language they knew not, enumerating truths to them incomprehensible. To a nation who had

reached their greatest moment under the reign of King Solomon he said : *Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow ; they toil not, neither do they spin ; and yet I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.* His life, his ideals, his vision were extraordinarily austere : he was Greek in the highest and best sense, and the Greek ideal was as foreign to the Jewish as is day to night.

In this beautiful saying about the lilies of the field the Galilean touched a truth obscure to Greek and Jew alike. There lies behind this most characteristic utterance of his a mystery and significance not yet apparent even to us. Somewhere here is concealed the meaning and expression of the speaker's profoundest genius, and therefrom emerges his Godhead also. It implies the great truth—so hard of acceptance to the West—that to *be* is greater than to do. We thus see how the ear of Judea was not attuned finely enough to respond to the melody of Jesus.

The idea of a melody, perhaps, expresses his place in Nature and life better than any other. A melody is at once the frailest, most individual, and most authentic of things ; it brings with it the proof of its own beauty and absolute rightness. It is unique, yet has relations exact and perfect with all that was, is, and is to come. It is indescribable—made of the frailest winds of heaven, all the powers of the universe cannot alter or touch it. Meaningless to those without ears, it is the heart-throb of nations, and is stronger to bind men together than brass or steel. On the lips of a green unknowing boy it can conquer kings and enchain armies.

Christ was the melody of God, the melody that

drawing men, makes plain to them their way : this powerful, weak, subtle, imperishable, intangible thing holding war and peace, love and death, victory and pain, joy . . . and sorrow, too ! This was where Greece failed to understand the teacher from Bethlehem. They could not conceive of the place of sorrow in a perfect world. To them, the perfectly happy life was like the sun-dial—recording only hours of sunshine ; impatient, indeed oblivious, of shadow !

The spirit of Jesus Christ, like all great melodies, has about it some haunting hint of sadness : joy's feet are begemmed with tears. We in the West recognise her by those same gems, but to the Greeks her feet must ever be shod with glittering gold. Just as the lilies of the field wore morning gems to which Solomon's jewels were as paste set in brass, so does the joy and beauty of Christianity walk with a grey softness and austerity that makes Greek rapture but an intoxication. The Hellenic ideal was *abandon* —the ecstasy of full glad overflowing life—and the Galilean spoke of the flowers of the field which to-day are and to-morrow are cast into the oven. The Greek worshipped the seen perfection. Jesus taught : that which is unseen is greater. The Greek saw the beauty of living blossoms. Christ taught that they are more lovely and enduring than Solomon's glories because they in their death remind us that beauty never dies. Like the Jews, the Greeks were realists ; they materialised all their gods and gave them human form. The Jews, too, made their one God . . . and after their own image, and we do the same to this day. Christ was a mystic who held and taught that that which is unseen is greatest. It was not given to Jew or

Greek, nor is it given to many even now, to know that in the final analysis all the universes that have ever existed or may yet exist, all they contained or may contain of pain, mystery, strife, and death, all their history and their utmost meaning may be but a melody on the lips of God. The spheres choiring to each other in unimaginable vastnesses ; the earthquakes, storms, and seas ; the wars, tragedies, and strifes of humanity ; the stars ; little children crying and the laughter of babes are but notes in the great orchestra of which he is *motif*, foundation, and climax. God sings, and straightway worlds are busied orchestrating the music of Divinity, and the harshnesses and discords are as truly part of the melody as are the harmonies and lovelinesses. We think of the melody as lost or broken, but he, watching o'er Israel, slumbers not nor sleeps. We have all our little place in the great harmony, and to discover it and fill it is the only true happiness.

Greek art with all its joyousness and perfection, was less perfect than we are apt to imagine. The national ideal was, as we have said, for *seen* perfection, and it may well be that did we behold the complete and perfect masterpieces of Greek art and architecture they would be less to us than they are. Is it not their very unperfectness that gives them their great appeal ? Here is a case where it may be the part is greater than the whole. In broken wings, defaced profiles, imperfect limbs, torn draperies, faded time-stained torsos, is there not a magic, a wistfulness, an appeal that was not in the completed and perfected work as it left the hand of the creator ? It may well be so. The Greeks sought to realise all things in fulness ; to the Christian there is always something beyond,

some intangible, imperishable, unattainable loveliness. Hellas aspired to some known definite good ; it demanded perfection expressed in concrete terms. To-day we have wider aims than this and we seek for ever the unattainable perfection—we do not aspire to become like the gods, we aspire to become gods ourselves ! And this vision and possibility we owe to the humble Nazarene. One reason why men can never leave that alluring figure alone is, because his life has for ever enlarged our conception of our own possibilities. When we look at him we think in terms of vastness. Homer, Caesar, Alexander, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, Napoleon, are for ever entrancing figures because their gigantic achievements bewitch us with the immense possibilities of human nature. These heroic names enlarge for us the areas man may tread and conquer, they suggest unending possibilities ; yet they are far less to us, and will for ever mean less to those who come after us until the end of time, than the transcendent name of Jesus Christ. Stupendous as are the possibilities of human nature, opened up by the thought of the individual and collective achievements of this starry rosary, they are as nothing compared to the illimitable horizons opened to mankind through his short life and early death.

The contemplation of Alexander sighing for more worlds to conquer and Napoleon with the whole of Europe at his heel does not now arouse any very profound emotion. In France, where Napoleon strode as a Colossus, his name is but the echo of a moss-grown bell. When men think of him they do not remember what he himself would have considered his greatest accomplishments ! What there is of greenness around his name is derived from his

civic Code and the advantages accruing therefrom to social life, rather than from his wars and victories. So is it ever truer, more wise, and more enduring to reform and build up than to pull down or destroy.

To the vast majority of mankind, Napoleon lives less in his hurtling dreams and selfish ambitions than in the poignancy of his last wish. Marengo and Austerlitz are in the result less serviceable to his fame and memory than are Moscow and Waterloo ! France, Italy, and Spain allow us to forget that which sorry Elba and lonely St. Helena keep alive !

Posterity, invulnerable before his mightiest achievements, stands captive at the poignancy of his last request : *Je désire que mes cendres reposent sur les bords de la Seine, au milieu de ce peuple français que j'ai tant aimé.* At the end all he might say was ' I desire ' ! For the fulfilment of his last and most human and pathetic hope he, great and once all powerful, had humbly to pray like the rest of us ; he was indebted for the granting of his prayer to the people whom he had loved so well, it may be, but whom he had ever loved after himself and his own ambitions. His love was of that somewhat tawdry quality which we keep for the instruments that help us to fulfil our personal purposes and, like all such love, most likely to be active only in retrospect. Nor was the god of irony who ever attends the wielder of the flails of destiny absent at the fulfilment of Napoleon's last wish, for was not his body followed to its last rest, not by his heir or successor, but by the representative of those whom he had hated and wronged !

They brought him to the place where he was fain to lie. Did he hope that with his ashes resting

always in the eyes of France she might recall to herself the heirs of his name and glory? Did he, phoenix-like, expect to arise from the little heap of dust? Was it a last endeavour to turn a tomb into the cradle of a great Imperial race? If so, his hope was indeed vain, because of all the tombs in the world none holds so much of absolute death as that great circular dome on the banks of the Seine. The colossal block of red Siberian porphyry, beneath which the conqueror sleeps, is the most immovable in the world, because for all he did in life none who ever died have accomplished so little in death. There you may not write *resurgam*, because the spirit that inspired the resting ashes is for ever dead. It is dead in the final sense, and for it there can be no resurrection. The world has now but little use for conquerors greedy of temporal power and splendour, and where it chooses to use great soldiers it will only be to subdue the lesser breeds without the law to bring them within its pale, or keep them there.[1] The world may not advance so rapidly as the wayside moralist wishes nor may wars for ever cease, but we may rest assured that no Captain may ever dare again to slay men for merely selfish personal ends. Mistaken wars and foolish wasteful wars there will always be as long as men are credulous, foolish, and wasteful, but no future war shall be fought unless on both sides there is a strong belief in some great noble end.

Napoleon, and all for which he stood, is gone and his name is but a vast unhappy memory. It is only a grave of wasted hopes; a shrine of futile glory. Napoleon aspired to describe himself as Emperor of the West and the East. Actually he

[1] Written before Great War.

was Emperor of France and King of Italy and of Rome. The Kings of Spain, of Holland, of Sweden, of Würtemberg and Naples, and the Rulers of half a score of lesser States were but his viceroys and puppets, and he gave them regal titles merely because he felt that the train of the Emperor of the West could be borne by no one less than a king.

To millions of Frenchmen he was simply known as *l'homme*; when all his glories have faded and the memory of his long array of high titles been forgotten, it may be that men will remember him because of the simplest yet greatest of them all, and because he alone of all the elect of history shares it with the Teacher from the East. Europe, cold before the high title of his heir the King of Rome, became uneasy only when Hugo called him 'the wonderful child,' and the uneasiness grew into fear when he was whispered of as *le Fils de l'Homme*. Indeed, there was real cause for fear in this lowly title, and he expressed it well who wrote :

> To-day thou art only 'the son of the man'! Yet what king's son for this humble name would not exchange his title and sceptre.[1]

Napoleon's kingdom is forgotten even now. Christ is reigning in heaven eternally, and the beginning of his reign on earth is but just begun.

Every day his power and glory grow. To all men and times he is heroic. He is as omnipotent to stay those of greatest heart as he is to cover and protect the most feeble. The more men know of him the more wonderful does he become. And then he is immanent. Napoleon was an obsession; Christ is priceless possession. Napoleon bred war,

[1] Barthélemy.

hate, pestilence ; Christ breeds peace, love, health. Napoleon lives only in the pathos of his last wish ; Jesus Christ inspires, permeates, and will eventually transform every person and every energy and force in life and Nature to his own perfection.

Greek art and civilisation was, perhaps, the most perfect thing this world has known. It ruled out ugliness, labour, and pain, confining such things to slaves. Like all great and potent forces it faced and tried to conquer death, and it sought to do so by glorifying vivid intense life as the supreme, the loftiest, the highest good. Because it could not ignore death and confine it to slaves as it did labour and ugliness, it endeavoured to forget it by making life full of poetry, beauty, joy, and music. Christ did much greater than this : he took full account of ugliness, labour, and pain. He gave them a place not only of service but even of high beauty. He raised them to dignity ; in protest to Judea and Greece, he made so much of them that his followers have often rushed to the extreme of believing them to be the only good. Often the disciples go further than the Master, and because he said : *Blessed are they that mourn*, we forget that he also said : *Behold the lilies of the field.*

The Greek gods rejected this or that because it pleased them not or because their will was changeable ; Jehovah was a jealous God, ignoring all who came not to him in an appointed way and with fixed ritual. Christ accepted all things and all men ; refusing none who knocked. He transmuted them by his spirit and they became a part of his eternal loveliness. They became a part of the everlasting melody. It is ever the function of the lesser to reject ; it is unalterably the glory of the greatest

to include, to accept and then to transmute. God is all and in all. Jesus Christ repeatedly foretold the wonder of the time when the inherent spirituality and beauty of mankind should one day burst forth in blossom out of which should grow fruit of wondrous perfection, grapes that should contain in overflowing measure and perfection the wine of everlasting life. His words were : *The days will come in which vines shall spring up, each having ten thousand stems, and on each stem ten thousand branches, and on each branch ten thousand shoots, and on each shoot ten thousand clusters, and on each cluster ten thousand grapes, and each grape when pressed shall give five-and-twenty measures of wine. And when any saint shall have seized one cluster another shall cry : I am a better cluster ; take me ; through me bless the Lord.*

We pause in wonder before the abounding fulness and perfection of such prophecies as this. He is so wonderful that we know not how to name him. We cannot tell even if we might. His perfection is too radiant, as yet it is too incomprehensible. *His name shall be called Wonderful because he shall save his people from their sins.* And how shall we know if we have heard it aright ? May we know ? Let us again pause and listen : *And the Voice went forth throughout the world . . . and each one heard it according to his capacity ; old men and youths and boys and sucklings and women : the Voice was to each one as each one had the power to receive it.* Behind that saying there dwells enshrined the idea not so much of a definite voice as of a far-off melody to be caught only by the love-filled lowly listener. Whether all have the capacity to hear as fully developed as they might, is questionable ;

undoubtedly it is inherent in all men. Every one must pause in wonder before the compelling mystery of his name, and has he not said : *He that wonders shall reign, and he that reigns shall rest. Look with wonder on that which is before you.* Such is his command.

Perhaps the supreme reason why Jesus Christ has always been and always will be the most superlatively arresting and attractive figure in history is because he alone of all who have ever lived, completely satisfies our craving for unity.

Of unity he is at once the ideal and the perfect example. Men have always longed for unity. They seek it everywhere : in literature and art it is the eternal quest. The desire of it is the root of the unending restlessness which is the cause of all love, of human sin and human effort, and gods and heroes have been invented in satisfaction of this most elemental of human needs.

If then you accept the view that he was the greatest man who ever lived—leaving aside for the moment all question of his divinity—you are faced with the inevitable consequences that his character must, potentially, have included the capacity for every human vice as for every human virtue. If we can sympathise with and make allowances for the liar, the thief, and the murderer, it is only because at one time or another, given favourable circumstances, we, too, could have been one or the other. You cannot understand, save perhaps intellectually, an emotion you have never experienced. Bunyan said : *but for the grace of God, there goes John Bunyan*, and any full-orbed strong human man or woman must echo the thought as they behold a fellow wayfarer caught in the net of retribution.

Lead us not into temptation; deliver us from evil. How often have we to reflect that it is because that prayer is continually answered that we go free, rather than because of any strength, rectitude, or virtue on our part? And he was just like us. We cannot go so far as to say that he sinned. On the contrary, we cling to the belief that he was sinless, but we know that there must have been moments when he *desired* to sin, that is, moments when he fell below the high level of his own perfection. The temptation in the wilderness means this, or it means nothing but lies and mockery. If he were not tempted, that is, allured and held by the world and the things thereof both evil and good, then the forty days were nothing but a vast pretence. Such a conclusion is, of course, unthinkable. He was every atom human, yet entirely divine, and he was nothing that we may not be. Some of us are prepared to go further and say boldly that some time, somewhere, somehow, every human soul that has ever existed or ever shall exist shall one day be as perfect, alluring, godlike, complete as he was.

So far, then, only in Jesus Christ has perfect unity been found. He stands for unison, one-ness, all-in-one-ness. He is at once a symbol and a realisation; the symbol of what we hope for, the realisation of what we may become. He is a transfiguration—Man-God transfigured into God. He is a memory and a hope: the memory of lost, forgotten greatness; of the Godhead from which we are all descended. He is the imperishable and unfading promise of what we shall yet become. He is a revelation and an answer: the revelation of what a man may be, the answer to all that mankind

has ever prayed and longed for. He is an expression: the perfect expression of all that a man and a god can be.

He is wind and flame and dew . . . and dawn; mysterious, impalpable, transcendent, living . . . real.

So out of all our thought of Jesus Christ there emerges persistently this one aspect of him—that of the Unifier. It is the aspect which he himself emphasised above all others; it is the one on which he would have us dwell. It is useless to pretend that it is the clearest and most easily understood. Indeed, each of us who ponder on him must realise it for ourselves. One day when his genius emerges omnipotent from the mists of creeds and rituals, when it is finally triumphant, he will be accepted not as the crucified; not as the Saviour of a pitiful few amidst millions lost; not as the high priest of this religion or of that, but as the Unifier who claims, holds, and perfectly expresses what is best and highest in all men of every race and clime.

There is a mysterious sense in which all things are one; there is an aspect in which Nature and man are one. The Greeks felt it when they gave every dell and stream its own divinity and when their greater gods took to themselves the shape of a cloud or a flower. Genius is great in so far as it has the capacity to see and to express this all-pervading, inherent, omnipotent unity; Jesus Christ is the greatest genius who has ever lived just because he clearly saw the absolute final unity of all men and things. Exclusiveness, dividing off, is a task for mean minds and ignoble intelligences; inclusiveness, an ingathering, is the task of genius—of God.

We speak of our common humanity, and there hit truth better than we know. Finally, it is this common humanity that matters : that which binds, not that which divides. It is from this that Christ, the man Christ Jesus, came. Men make divisions and cut themselves off from Nature, from each other, from life, from death. They say : ' here,' ' elsewhere,' ' then,' ' now,' ' life,' ' death,' not perceiving that these are but different aspects, different facets of the same thing. We injure our brother and he may indeed be hurt ; but our common humanity is offended, there is a cureless wound in our own soul and God is ignored. So is the sword turned inward and not outward ; there is no outward, all is within all, and not God himself could isolate one person on whom alone his vengeance or pain might fall.

It is the realisation of this all-pervading unity and the intuitive knowledge that as souls we have an individual part therein that gives dignity, beauty, meaning, and purpose to our lives. It is at this point that we realise we are not as the beasts that perish. Not only is there unity, but we have a part in that unity, and even—proud yet humbling thought—our individual effort can and does in some mysterious way, very clear to us yet inexplicable, add to the perfection, the completeness of that unity. Our frail hands help to build eternity.

Men have ever worshipped genius because the works of genius, as we observe them, have the strange power to awake us to a fuller realisation of the divine in ourselves and in others, and to quicken our knowledge of our unity with the creator of the work, with mankind, with Nature, with God. Works of genius are thus the most humbling and the most

uplifting things outside the emotions aroused in us by Nature and those kindled by our thoughts of God. No man looking at the Niké of Samothrace or the friezes of the Parthenon but feels that he has in himself something that corresponds to the swift, serene, winged aspiration of one, and the noble, heroic, rhythmic, conquering effort of the other. Nature is great, art is great, literature is great, poetry is great, genius is great ; individuals are great just in so far as they enlarge, intensify, and confirm our belief in our own greatness ; and that God is the greatest, the worship of whom breeds in the worshipper a lofty and irresistible faith in the majesty and splendour of the ultimate destiny of the human soul. Here then Jesus Christ is supremely arresting. None has such force to inspire us with the love of great things, none such fire to purge away our dross, none such wistful love to win us to their way.

This idea of an all-embracing unity culminating after many wanderings in the Godhead is not one on which we may dogmatise, or perhaps even seek to prove. It is to a certain extent accepted by all religions and all schools of thought ; it is creeping into the realm of science where it would almost seem that if we had sufficient knowledge we would come to see that all properties reside, finally, in one sovereign property. The principle is commonly accepted in the realm of art, and there are some even bold enough to believe that it obtains in the domain of religion and ethics. No critic dealing with a work of art, whether it be of architecture, sculpture, painting, literature, poetry, or music, can successfully do so without employing terms appropriate to the sister arts. It would seem, for instance, as if all the arts

might to a certain extent be expressed in terms of music ; and all the arts are worthy of admiration just in so far as they can be so described. We may say of all alike that they are harmonious, rhythmic, musical, balanced, or the like ; and when we compare the products of the several arts with Nature or with each other, we invariably use these or similar terms. Therefore, just as all art might properly be expressed in terms of music, so might all Nature and all life properly be expressed in terms of unity.

There are those who look on mankind and on themselves as little better than the beasts of the field ; these are of the earth, and the days of their redemption are not at hand. It was for such men that Christ died ; not indeed that they should be admitted to some theological heaven, but that their eyes might be opened to their own divinity and their unity with the whole of mankind and with God. The man who has clearly realised his oneness with his fellow-man and with God is well within the frontiers of the kingdom of heaven.

This idea of an all-pervading oneness is so illusive and so contrary to the puny ideals of the little selfish ego that it would seem many can only realise it when expressed in the terms of a concrete human personality ; in a mother, a friend, a lover, or with rarer spiritual natures, a Saviour. To express and explain it fully was the unique, the supreme business of Jesus. This is the real atonement ; the expressing in identical terms, the apparently oppositive and contradictory meanings of man, of life, of Nature . . . of God.

The person who can really explain and harmonise life and death for us is not the theologian, philosopher,

or scientist, but the mystic. Learn all you can about life through the innumerable channels open to you, and there remains something left to baffle you ; something vast, impressive, incommunicable, unrealisable. Think of life itself, apart from its innumerable activities and expressions, and you are filled with an awe akin to, but greater than that which enshrouds you as you pause to consider the countless firmaments above you and the innumerable stars about you. Yet are you greater than they, because you are conscious of them if not of their nature, meaning, and purpose, while they are serenely and profoundly unconscious of you. The most minute atom of conscious life capable of volition, understanding, emotion, is greater, more quick than the most stupendous mountains or seas. We include them because our imagination can compass them ; we include something of their Maker too because there is that in us that is akin to him and realises his power and majesty ; therefore man is greater than the universe.

When this atom of conscious life, capable of volition, understanding, emotion, quickened into full manhood, purged of fear, baptized with purpose, born of the spirit, realises itself and its own possibilities, it comes to see that all Nature and all life are at one with itself ; all striving in their place and degree to achieve union with something higher than themselves, reaching ever upward towards the divine. The difference between the forces of Nature and ourselves is just this : they obey the splendid call of this great onward march instinctively ; we hear its music, realise its power and beauty, bow to its splendid inevitability, and join it of our own free will.

No person who has lived has ever been so conscious of or obedient to this great principle as was the Galilean. Every symbol of perfection this world has yet seen is imperfect save he. He is the unbroken symbol. He alone has supreme power to transform baseness and imperfection to flawless beauty and perfection. Just as he transmuted the Cross from the gallows which it was to the most radiant and imperishable symbol of perfection which it is now, so shall he transform all things to unending beauty. He cannot give us life eternal because that is already ours in possession ; but he will give it to us *in excelsis* and in the terms of his own matchless loveliness.

What do you name him ? *Eo Nomine* shall you be judged. Is he merely your Saviour ? Then it is not worth his while to save you ! Would you exclude any or aught from his grace ? If so, thereby are you yourself excluded. Have you any test but love ? Then you do not know his name. Come to him by whatever way that seems to you best and name him if you will ; but see to it that you accord all men a like freedom and let your charity be boundless. You may not see where any possibility of union lies ; but remember he is the great Unifier. John, speaking of him, said : *The Kingdom of Heaven is at hand.* He, speaking of you, said : *The Kingdom of Heaven is within you.*

One day we shall come into fulness of knowledge of Jesus Christ, the son of poverty, humility, and simplicity ; the son of Nature, beauty, life, and man . . . the Son of God. . . . We shall know him, and knowing him we shall know all things ; we shall know God himself, and all there is to be

known of Jesus Christ in its fulness, vastness, wonder, beauty, splendour, and unity may be learned from *the lilies of the field which toil not neither do they spin.*

DONHEAD ST. ANDREW, *June* 1913:
BRANKSOME END, *June* 1920.

III

MISCELLANEOUS PAPERS

To my friend Edward Hutton,
because of his great love and work for Italy

VII

THE SICILIAN PLAYERS IN SICILY

T is one thing to see the Sicilian players in London — a wonderful thing if you like, but rare, exotic, perhaps somewhat startling.

In Palermo, the beautiful capital of their own enchanting land, they are at home, against their own background, and there, it may be, one may more truly appreciate and value their unique art.

The play I chose to see was D' Annunzio's *La Figlia di Jorio*, of which I already knew something, so, with the aid of my few words of tourist's Italian, I was able to eke out the meaning. The cast included Bragaglia, who, if I remember correctly, appeared only once in London, and, of course, Grasso, and also his son whom I had not seen before.

The Italians are a rather disconcerting sort of audience if one is not used to them ; in Rome when I went to see *Aïda*, they quite spoiled the best bits by their tiresome habit of humming the arias as they are being sung. At Syracuse they kept up a running *sotto voce* comment all the time the curtain was up ! This, added to the voice of the prompter

continuously and clearly heard in the auditorium, makes following an unfamiliar play in a strange language somewhat fatiguing !

However, directly Bragaglia made her wonderful first entrance, pursued by a drunken mob of shepherds headed by Lazzaro—played most powerfully by Grasso—I became so absorbed that I forgot everything else.

D' Annunzio's story, familiar to most students of modern drama, has the Abruzzi in Central Italy, his own native province, as its background. There time stands still, and to-day it is much as it was three hundred years ago, the period of the play. The story is tragic, fate-filled, almost horrible, but redeemed from ugliness and brutality by the beauty of the language and the truth and sincerity with which it was presented.

I do not know what Bragaglia's age may be, but she is of a strange autumnal loveliness that somehow never seems to accompany extreme youth. Moreover, such a sinuous art as is her joyous possession does not come save with long labour ; she has, too, in full measure that rare quality of pregnant stillness so characteristic of the incomparably great Duse, and which, so it seems to me, can only come to those who have brooded long on life and beauty.

When she makes her hurried first entrance her head and face are covered by a thick veil. This she keeps on for five or six minutes, and how completely she displayed terror and agony by her body and hands was very marvellous. The effect, too, when Aligi slowly creeps up to her spellbound and draws the veil away was magical. That black veil, and the young bridegroom impelled against his will to remove it, was symbolic of the whole

story—symbol, indeed, of life itself and of fate and death.

D' Annunzio seems to use symbols in this play to an extent unusual with him, or else a latent symbolism inseparable from all poetic drama was brought out by the manner in which the play was acted. My recollection of the text is not sufficiently clear, or my knowledge of the Italian language sufficiently full, for me to say which. At any rate, for one observer there was the recurring use of things symbolic to an extent suggesting Maeterlinck. The worldly-wise, superstitious mother of Aligi the bridegroom, and wife to Lazzaro di Roio, who so infamously pursues Mila di Codra, daughter of Jorio, the witch and loose woman, and beloved at first sight by his own son, Aligi, the day-old bridegroom. Aligi's three sisters, dressed alike, who move through the play almost as a chorus. The angel Aligi fancies he sees behind Mila as he at that first sudden meeting snatched the veil from her face, and which he afterwards tried to carve in stone when they had fled together to the mountains. The old female witch-doctor, emblem of fate ; the lamp that goes out in the cavern, and the jug of oil so strangely broken when it was most needed. The son who kills his father for pursuing the woman he loves—loves purely, it is true, but wrongly. The witch's daughter, who at the end falsely accuses herself that her loved one may go free, and his youngest sister who by her silence makes the sacrifice possible. At the end all are dead or insane, save the stricken, mystical, storm-tossed shepherd lad, Aligi. Here is a work worthy of the greatest art, calling for abundant expression of the most fiery and elemental emotions. And

how do these Sicilian players bear this great ordeal? Let it at once be said—not only adequately, but finely, almost, indeed, magnificently and withal tenderly. Otherwise the horror were too great. In the midst of their most tempestuous scenes they maintain an admirable restraint. In their scenes of climax there is panther-like movement, swift as thought itself, a great cry, and then a moment of intense stillness more powerful and appealing than any human speech. They fight, this people of the Italian heights, with destiny, with witchcraft, ill-fated love, hatred, and superstition, and in their most agonised moments they maintain somehow a tragic inner quietness as they might in presence of the terrible destruction of their own Vesuvius or Etna in activity.

These actors, then, who were to London perhaps just little more than a piquant morsel to a jaded theatrical palate, are, in their own place, amongst their own people, something quick and flaming. Their drama is true because it is shaped out of the lives of the people themselves; it is great because it deals with elemental human nature. Their art is splendid because it is characteristic, faithful, true.

One wonders if much is really gained by comparing the specific art of one people with the same art of another, yet the comparison is inevitable, and the speculation perhaps not entirely profitless. After the success of the Sicilian players in London I remember a great many people asking if acting in England were not tame and commonplace, stuffy from overmuch restraint. The question was pardonable, though scarcely clear-sighted, and was, moreover, entirely beside the point. English acting

can never be like that of Italy or France, and if it could it would only be perjured and debased.

Italy is southern to the core ; she is a country as yet young in freedom, and has only just found her wings. Her peoples, especially the peasants of the remoter regions, are even yet only children just emerged from the shadow of slavery. Their griefs and passions are childlike ; their heroisms, vengeances, resentments, sudden, fierce, ill-considered. The elemental instincts having once furiously expressed themselves, they, as in children, die down immediately, leaving only dull acceptance, or, it may be, brooding revenge. Such temperaments lend themselves to the creation of dramas like *La Figlia di Jorio*, and they are acted by the Sicilian players just as they should be—character, medium, and method in perfect accord fulfilling each other perfectly, and, therefore, making that thing of beauty which is a joy for ever.

On the other hand, the British are a people of the North—brave, but not vengeful, slow to anger, and forgiving, patient, unhasting, just ; they are, moreover, long used to freedom. Such a people must inevitably express themselves in a manner of their own. All their art, their art of acting no less than any other, will be quiet ; careful, rather than brilliant or sudden ; thought out ; prepared for ; restrained to the point of repression. A governing and colonising people, their sense of responsibility and dignity as rulers will prevent them ever abandoning themselves to passion even in their art. Their greatest poet, Shakespeare, may write *Romeo and Juliet*, but, wisely, he will place the scene in Italy, and the lovers will belong to the South, and when it is acted by English artists they

will never play the title-rôles as an Italian would. No. The typical English lovers are Rosalind and Orlando ; she is saved from dulness by her charm, high spirits, and youth, but not even Shakespeare could make Orlando interesting !

Obviously, English acting may learn much from France and Italy, but where it achieves greatness it will be by being true to its own inspirations and characteristics, and not by slavishly copying the art of another country.

Then, again, nations are like individuals ; life does not come to them with both hands full. The British are free, enlightened, prosperous—above all, they are prosperous—and this does not make for great art. A free and prosperous people will demand an art that ministers to their vanity and enlivens or soothes their hours of ease, and they will get it.

It was odd to watch these so-called Sicilian players interpreting the life and legends of the North—the Abruzzi. It is doubtful if many of them are native-born Sicilians, because modern Sicily is not creative and lives on her wonderful scenery and her incomparable past. The new Italy is of the North, and there her ideals are very different. Italy is the inheritor of traditions that far outflame the compass of our modern mean intelligences. That these great traditions are not dead is proved by many things in her national life, and not the least of these is the vivid, quick, panting life inherent in the art of the Sicilian players. Italy has a great future as well as a glorious past.

Let her remain true to her own magnificence and stand alone, mistress of her own destiny, and her commerce, her art, her patriotism shall be as splendid and

dominant as ever they were in those shining olden days when she was cradle of all the art, religion, and civilisation of the West.

Round her watch the Italian hills and seas as they have watched all down the centuries, while above all and far away in Sicily, symbol of something greater even than her greatest past, hint of the coming of some yet more perfect and wondrous future, and brooding eternally over its advent lies Pindar's 'snowy Etna nursing the whole year's length her frozen snow.'

To the Lady Alix Egerton,
in friendship and admiration

VIII

THE DRAB DRAMA

I

O any one not a modern playwright it would seem obvious that the first duty of a drama is to be dramatic. Character expressing itself in action through conflict with circumstances or destiny might pass as a working definition. Without action you may have a tract, a photograph of a selected aspect of life, or a piece of propaganda, but you certainly have not drama. Now our young dramatists in particular love to be grey and indefinite. They hate 'pictures,' 'curtains,' 'big scenes,' and all the alarums and excursions dear to the heart of the actor and actress; dear, too, alas! that we must confess it, to the heart of the great British public, and, as I think, rightly dear. What might be described as the drab drama is well known. Was not the Gaiety Theatre, Manchester, its home, and do not enlightened and clever people encourage it and keep it alive? We are now far too sophisticated for the heroics of the Adelphi melodrama, and Ibsen, who was invariably dramatic, leaves us cold—as witness the appearance of that greatest of

Ibsen actresses, Miss Octavia Kenmore. The newer dramatists amongst us cannot complain of neglect ; they have had their hearing, many of them ; what are the results ? Having deliberately eliminated and ignored all the canons of their art, have they thereby created anything quick and flaming ? I fear not. Interesting they at times almost succeed in being, but burning never. There is no red blood. Mr. Shaw, in his earlier manner, is their hero ; views and perfervid missions are in their mouths, and to us who watch (there is not often much to watch), dulness out-Heroding dulness ! Listening till our ears ache, and longing for the thrill that never comes.

All arts have their limitations, the drama no less than the rest, although to the superficial observer because it is composite and made up of all the arts it might not seem so. The drama can never be life-like in the sense of being a copy of life such as Mr. Granville Barker tried to present, and indeed succeeded in presenting, in the dreary play which he called *Waste*. On the stage you must shorten, compress, *heighten*. Everything must be at white heat. Action must be rapid, almost to the point of melodrama. The accumulated results of actions far in the past of your characters must tumble round their ears with something like ordered chaos. So only can the slow results of time be presented. The dramatist, like all artists, selects, compresses, rejects—above all he rejects. Every word, indeed every comma, that does not further action so as to reveal the soul of his character he eliminates. Your drab dramatist puts everything in. He is your camera-man ! The main business of art being to release the spirit and send it out to those vastnesses

where alone it can find health and joy, he, by his petty accumulation of everyday actions and every-day trivial events, keeps you tied to the four walls of a man-made house. This is called the new drama. It is a protest against the old, which is now called melodrama. But is not melodrama the truer art? It accepts the limitations of the medium chosen. It is frankly unlife-like in the modern sense. It is concerned mainly with actions, the swift results of sin, the wholesome poetic retribution and rewards. It is life lifted to a height. All, or almost all of the great masterpieces are great melodramas. Divest *Romeo and Juliet*, *Othello*, *Lear*, *Hamlet* and *Richard the Third* of their poetry and philosophy, and you have melodrama naked and unashamed. What could be more lurid and far-fetched in action than *Macbeth*? Nor would we have it otherwise. A plucky little man who spends his life—some say wastes it—giving Shakespeare in the small towns of England, once told me that *Othello* would always draw a crowded house on a Saturday night because of the splendid melodramatic story. He added, 'It is a great play,' and he was right. It is a great play because there is overleaping life and overflowing measure for all. Poetry for the poet; philosophy for the thinker; splendid, gorgeous colouring and movement for the artist; and quick, panting *melo-drama* for the crowd. But it takes genius to do these things; your pallid modern is thoughtful and dull; your great dramatist is thought-filled and thrilling. He aims at being both, and, such is the reward of courage, succeeds. To his contemporaries —indeed perhaps to himself—Shakespeare's plays were popular melodramas, made, and deliberately made, to fill the Globe Theatre, with the result that

the author might retire early and become a prosperous country gentleman. One would seem to learn from this that it is never well to be too fine for one's work ; too soaring to ignore the common mind. And, again, we learn that the old makers of melodrama were at least good craftsmen ; they accepted the limitations of their chosen medium.

II

All men love a hero, because in the hero each man sees himself. Famous heroic actions are but the occasional gold threads that here and there appear in the tapestry of life. But they are never apart from life, and their common source is the common heart of the common people. Therefore each man loves the hero because in him he sees his own hopes and dreams come to blossoming. Drama is of this ; its colours are the white of pure spirit, the red of passion, purple of sin, the green of hope, youth, and young enthusiasm ; the sombre tones of treachery, disease, death, and, above all, the pallid blue of everyday unrecorded heroisms ; these are all to be found in the common, commonplace, unnoticed records of our daily lives. Therefore, when the man in the street goes to the gallery of a cheap melodrama theatre to see rough life in the person of a drunken relative ill-treat romance in the form of the heroine, and manly rough virtue in the form of the hero fight with him and conquer, you are nearer to real life, it may be, than when you hear the clever speeches in *Cupid and Common-sense*. The art, which in *The Old Wives' Tale* is a perfect thing, is strangely out of place and incongruous in the theatre. It is true that drama cannot be divorced

from life lest it die, and perhaps at times melodrama is ; yet melodrama is never so far from the truth of its own inspiration as is your drab drama. Its chief concern is heroisms, and heroisms, in the great sense, are but the high light of the picture dashed in by the great romantic figures of the past. But the painting, stroke by stroke, of the picture itself in all its incomparable beauty and manifold wonder is ours—yours and mine. The life of the people is the fountain and fruition of all true heroism and all true beauty. The drama is the democratic art. It appeals to all. Your great drama must move the gods and the stalls *at the same time*. The drab drama, the intellectual drama, the new drama, will never do this. Melodrama always will ; we all love melodrama. The superior play written by a superior person for a superior audience is but a fungus, however clever and interesting it may be. Drama is life, and life is drama.

If we may do anything so incongruous as to introduce a psychological idea amongst the badly draped lay figures of modern costume melodrama it will be to suggest a reason for a popularity that is all too easily won. The spectator realises that the difficulties so magnificently overcome by Mr. Lorraine are not real difficulties at all—that is, not difficulties such as we have all to face. He knows that in front of his own everyday difficulties he is sometimes a coward and frequently a failure. In spite of all this (perhaps because of it) he loves heroes and desires to be one himself ; he likes also to imagine it is easy. In fact we all want to be heroes—but on easy terms ! Every male, and most of the female spectators, feel that, given Mr. Lorraine's chances and opportunities, they would have

done just as well—indeed better. When any heroic figure strides by in splendour, when any heroic action comes before us, do we not all feel that but for bad luck, or lack of opportunity, or destiny, or some outward force, we too had been such or behaved so? When in the drama the hero is magnificent, or tender, or strong, or true, or loving, we feel that in such a situation we should have proved no less. Hence the eternal appeal of the theatre; hence the undying popularity of melodrama. It may at times outrage photographic exactitudes and values, but it is always true to the secret soul of man.

III

And these innovators who write so drably, what are they? They are already dead. Giving us but pictures of life, pictures with a purpose too, instead of life itself; they have no vitality. They are a revolt, and as such they have their day and cease to be. They protest, it is true, but, like the lady in famous case, they protest too much. By pointing out the weaknesses in much of what we have believed and bringing home to us its shortcomings they also reawaken us to its staple truths. The innovations of to-day are but the conventions of to-morrow, but eternal truths remain fixed and stalwart. In the art capitals of Europe Cubism is already a thing of the past; while in so-called art circles in England it has recently been hailed as something new! Reactions are as dangerous as conventions. The too deliberate and over-emphasised ugliness of much of the work of Mr. Augustus John is a revolt against the too deliberate and over-emphasised prettiness of such work as Leighton's 'Last Watch of Hero'; and

already Mr. John's manner has become a somewhat outworn convention. When you look at Leighton's poster in the Manchester Art Gallery you can never really believe that Leander was accidentally drowned. You feel that he committed suicide, driven mad by Hero's far too pretty eyes. It is the retribution of all extreme and over-emphasised art that it rapidly passes. Already Mr. John and his brutal realism have become a mere convention. Lesser painters, lacking his genius, simply copy and perpetuate the realism just as they did with Leighton, and as a result the Leighton-and-water becomes Mr. Marcus Stone reproduced in a thousand suburban drawing-rooms. Realism of any kind always leads to extremes, and always defeats its own intention by swiftly becoming a mere caricature of that which it set out to present. Maeterlinck is nearer to life than Zola ever was.

The banalities of Mr. Stone and the lime-lit prettinesses of Mr. Collier are no more conventions than is the convention of ugliness. Mr. John's attitude is, of course, an attitude of revolt, and is therefore extreme in its expression. He will recover balance and suavity in due course because he possesses genius, although up to now he has done much to conceal it. We have no doubt that later, when his genius becomes more sure of itself, he will settle down to an art more suave and not a whit less strong. Will our younger dramatists have any such good fortune, one wonders! Perhaps; after all it is only genius of the highest rank that is completely sane, and that can, from its earliest beginnings, combine in its results sweetness and strength in their right proportions. When this comes about you have Homer, Dante, Milton,

Shakespeare ; or you have Rembrandt, Velasquez, Goya, or great Leonardo—Leonardo who is so satisfying and so quickening ; so proud and yet so humble ; so high and yet so simple. He who painted not only a woman but a woman's soul.

IV

To some of us beauty that lacks the quality of strangeness is not beauty. Modern drama is not often beautiful, and it is less often strange. A photograph never is. It is accurate and is but an instrument of science, not a handmaid of art. Maeterlinck has beauty and strangeness almost always ; D' Annunzio has both at all times, but who else ?

Of much of our modern drama it can truthfully be said that it is well observed, just as one could say the same thing of a great doctor's diagnosis of a rare disease or his report of a post-mortem examination. But surely we want a force that will be inherent in our drama rather than a semi-scientific explanation of the causes of its decay and death. The old Greek idea of tragedy was a purifying flame. There you had great ideals seizing, ennobling, and fashioning to great ends the heroisms of our poor humanity. The flame consumes only the dross, it strengthens, purifies, and beautifies the real and noble. But the modern psychological drama seems content to deal only with diseased conditions, and but rarely suggests even a cure ; we must, if we are honest, confess sadly that much of our modern drama which occupies itself with serious things bears with it the sinister and morbid atmosphere of the dissecting-chamber.

Melodrama, at least, ignores these things, and, in so far, is truer to art because one of the most necessary qualities of all art is restraint, more particularly in the presence of ugliness and death. Art lends us dignity to live as well as courage to die.

To Dorothy and Owen Rutter

Until we reach that other land
I saw in dreams but yesterday.
MARGARET SACKVILLE.

IX

PILSUDSKI AND PETLURA

I

IT is difficult, indeed impossible, to obtain from the Press a view of recent events in Eastern Europe that is even approximately true. All the information supplied is either *pro* or *anti*, and therefore largely valueless. To the *Daily Herald* the Poles can do nothing right, and to the *Morning Post* nothing wrong. Even signed articles in the more responsible weekly press are tainted. A true and lasting settlement of the Polish and Ukrainian questions will never be reached by following the sodden tracks of partisan journalism.

Whatever the rights or wrongs of the Polish-Ukrainian advance against Russia in the spring of 1920, it proved that Pilsudski is one of the very few great leaders and soldiers thrown up by the War. Whether or not he is a great statesman also remains to be seen. His toughest task—the supreme test of his greatness—lies immediately before him. In Near Eastern Europe experiments are being made of which it is not too much to say

that their results will largely determine the stability or otherwise of the entire work of the Peace Conference. Some of the best friends of Poland fear that she has, to use the expressive American idiom, ' bitten off more than she can chew.'

Pilsudski's personality is, therefore, a matter of interest to the whole world. It is not surprising that he is of absorbing interest in Poland, where he has in such a short time reached the position of a great national hero. It is, however, extraordinary that in Poland, where, as in Ireland, everybody either knows personally or knows all about everybody else, Pilsudski's origin is generally unknown. Practically nothing was known about him before he became the leader of the Socialists in Russian Poland. At that time he was more a Socialist than a Nationalist, and was as bitter an enemy of the Polish capitalist as of the Russian bureaucrat, whilst it was generally understood that he had no particular love for the Church. In those days the strength of his party was in the towns, the peasants had little to do with it ; now the peasantry of Poland are behind him to a man. His rival political party, the National Democrats, together with a group known as the Realists, represent the great landowners and the *bourgeoisie* of the towns. Poland having become too hot for him, he crossed over the Austrian border into Galicia in 1907, and there he eventually set about the enrolment of the legions which have since made him the virtual ruler of Poland.

Socialist, agitator, and leader ; Brigadier-General in the Austrian Army ; Head of the Polish State : the changes are kaleidoscopic. He has now undoubtedly ranged behind him the great majority

of the Polish people, including some of his old enemies, the National Democrats ; and this success is one of the greatest tests of his ability, because present-day Poland contains at least a score of political parties !

An interesting side-light on his personality is his manner of moving about Warsaw. On all occasions he dresses as a private soldier and wears no insignia of rank. On foot he moves about the city like any ordinary soldier, and his presence often passes unnoticed. Well above the middle height, clean shaven, dark, the most remarkable feature is the eyes, which are magnetic, commanding. The one distinctive difference in his dress is that he always wears white gloves. Lately he appeared at a religious patriotic ceremony in Warsaw, where a large number of soldiers were present, and the white gloves were the only thing which distinguished him from the rest. It would be unwise to assume from this that Pilsudski desires to escape attention and comment ; in modern times no one who aspires to lead can afford to do that. Rather does it suggest the great artist who attains his aim with supreme economy of means. According to Mr. Keynes, a pair of grey gloves dominated the Supreme Council at Versailles, and shaped all its decisions ! Is a pair of white gloves going to shape the future of Eastern Europe ? At any rate, the man who by their use attains distinctiveness in all assemblies, understands not only the psychology of crowds, but also the meaning of efficiency and success, and is a force to be reckoned with. The twenty or more jarring and antagonistic Polish parties eating together out of hands wearing white gloves is so much of a miracle that their wearer might well live to

accomplish anything. In all her history Poles have ever been Poland's worst enemies, and in all her history she has never presented so united a front as she does at this moment. Poland was torn asunder and dismembered time and again not because she was one Poland, but because, in a long history holding more than its share of splendour and accomplishment, Poland has never yet been one ! Has she now learnt the lesson which to us in England is so stale that it is almost banal : ' United we stand, divided we fall.' It would seem that great nations learn it more easily than small ; the Saxon and Teuton races more easily than the Slavs, Celts, or Latins.

If Pilsudski moves about unobtrusively on foot, when he takes to his carriage it is quite another matter. At times a group of forty to fifty Polish Lancers, who are the beau-ideal of cavalry throughout the world, mounted on magnificent horses, dash rapidly through the city. Every one pauses and looks, saying, ' They are going to fetch Pilsudski.' Presently the carriage appears now moving slowly, as that of a Sovereign moves amongst subjects. On foot Pilsudski moves as a man, quietly, unobtrusively, like other men ; conveyed, he travels as a king. It is an odd fact that although Polish passports describe the State as a Republic, it has as yet no President. Some people wonder if it ever will have one.

II

To assess the personality and value of Petlura is a much more difficult question. Some say he is merely a brigand ; others that he is an agent sent by heaven to bring to birth again the ancient Ukrainian State. All Europe knows is that he

succeeded in surviving longer than any other Ukrainian leader who has appeared since the Russian revolution in 1917.

A recent description by a correspondent in the public Press suggests that he is to some extent, at all events, modelling himself on Pilsudski. Prior to the Polish-Ukrainian advance into Russia in April 1920 he had been in Warsaw for several months, and whether he was there as the chosen head of a State, the equal of Pilsudski, and with full powers to negotiate, or whether he was merely there as a prisoner bound to carry out Pilsudski's wishes, will not be known at any rate just yet. The preliminary discussions regarding the treaty he has made with Poland would prove interesting reading. So far even a full text is not available. From the information supplied the world must make what deductions it can. First of all, we do know that Petlura has purchased Polish co-operation at the price of Eastern Galicia, where fifty-nine per cent of the population are Ukrainian. His action seems at any rate to have been approved of by the Galician-Ukrainian troops, who have abandoned their position of independence and joined in the advance under Pilsudski.

It may be that at present, even in the Ukraine, Petlura is regarded as at worst a brigand and at best an adventurer. If he fails he will pay the price of going down to history as the former; whereas, if he succeeds he will take his place beside Mazzeppa and the national heroes of other countries, and by his achievement may consolidate and lay firm the foundation of an independent Ukrainian State.

In its way his career has been as kaleidoscopic

as Pilsudski's. Before the War he was a journalist of no particular eminence. Like Pilsudski he is an amateur soldier. Whether he has really achieved as large a measure of success in ranging the people of the Ukraine behind him as Pilsudski has in Poland is more than doubtful. At any rate he has survived; he has entered into an alliance with an independent State, once great and powerful; he has secured from it provisional recognition for his country, and in a very short time a considerable measure of military success. He has sent an embassy with a nobleman—Count Tyšzkievicz—at its head to the Pope, and we are informed it was well received by His Holiness and by Cardinal Gaspari. Anyhow, the Papal Curia has issued instructions to Catholics in Latin countries to support the Ukrainian cause, and so we find Catholic politicians in France and Italy advocating the recognition of the Ukraine in their Parliaments. Moreover, His Holiness despatched an envoy, Father Genocchi, as Apostolic Visitor to the Ukraine. What price has Petlura paid for the support of the Holy See? So far his greatest diplomatic disappointments have been in Western Europe. His missions have failed to accomplish anything concrete in Paris, London, or even Berlin, where they claimed without success the repayment of four hundred million marks which they say the Germans owe under the terms of the Brest-Litovsk Treaty.

Once the Poles occupied Kiev their bulletins became oddly silent about the whereabouts and achievements of Petlura and his Ukrainian Government and Army!

June 1921.

To Gordon Bottomley

No joy ever sank deep enough for singing ;
Trouble and all the sorrowful ways of men
Must stir the sad unrest that ends in song.

The Crier by Night.

X

ARMISTICE WEEK IN PARIS

HENEVER there were complaints or failures of a serious nature in the Army the practice was to appoint an inspecting officer of sorts for the sole purpose of dealing with the matters criticised. This shut up the fault-finders at home and enabled the Army Council to say, with some measure of veracity, that things were being remedied. Sometimes it even did a little good, and quite frequently it gave some poor soldier an interesting—if hopeless and thankless—task. Owing to this amiable practice I found myself an inspecting officer in France in 1918. It shows how seriously the Authorities took the matter that my little 'area' extended from Dunkerque in the north to Marseilles in the south, and contained some million and a half or two million troops ! As it included nearly the whole of France except the army zones it, of course, included Paris ! However, the visits of inspecting officers (beneath the rank of General) to Paris were not looked upon with favour, and there was a suspicion, not unfounded, that they were in many instances too frequent.

Be that as it may, I had determined that, although it was my duty to go, no one would be in a position to accuse me of flying off there on the slightest provocation. Consequently it was put in the programme of my tours at intervals and as regularly crossed out in favour of more urgent visits to less attractive places.

Very early in November (1918) the good angel in charge of my dutiful conscience said clearly that the Paris visit could no longer be postponed, so on Friday, November 8, finding myself in the neighbourhood of Dieppe, where there was an A.S.C. repair depot, I ordered my driver to take me to the Grand Hotel (where one could have a hot bath) and himself and the car to the depot, have it thoroughly overhauled, and report for duty—and Paris—on Monday morning at nine o'clock.

They say God takes care of fools. On Monday morning about eight o'clock I received the usual 'secret' morning communiqué dealing with the military situation. As I opened it I did not realise it was the last one I should ever read. The final paragraph read as follows :

> Hostilities will cease at 11.0 to-day, November 11.

On my desk there was also a closely printed four-page circular setting out:

> Terms of the Armistice concluded by the Allied Powers and the United States with Austria-Hungary.

A hasty glance at its onerous conditions made me joyfully think that the Huns would get their bellyful !

Alas ! I was wrong.

A few minutes before I started for Paris I wrote as follows to my mother :

9.45 A.M., *November* 11, 1918.

In an hour and a quarter from now hostilities will cease —and from that moment war shall add no more names to the casualty lists.

At nine my driver had reported, smiling from head to heel. ' I don't suppose you will go to Paris now, sir ? '

' Won't I ! We start at ten o'clock, and—see to it we are there in time for dinner.' And didn't he just ! Lord, how that French winter landscape flew past ! I had spent many many hours fowl-dodging on French roads with Drake at the wheel, but this journey was the most thrilling of all.

Dieppe showed signs of having already received the news, the most noticeable one being a single drunken British Tommy !

We stopped at the sort of *Bon Marché* of the town and bought large French and Belgian flags, which we fixed firmly to each of the side lamps. Also a tiny Union Jack for the bonnet. Drake, bless his heart, was furious because it was so small ! I mollified him by explaining that big countries didn't need big flags, and also that we were guests on French and Belgian soil, which had, moreover, been ravaged and ours had not, and that a Union Jack an inch square symbolised more power (God forgive me) than all the flags in the world put together !

It was most interesting to observe in the villages through which we rushed that they had obviously not yet received the great news ! Everything was going on in the usual dull, sluggish, depressing way

so characteristic of the winter aspect of the villages of northern France throughout the War.

Later, as we got nearer Rouen signs of popular rejoicing appeared. Every house in France, however small, has fixed over the doorway an iron ring arrangement in which to put the sacred *Tricolore* on festive occasions. Thus a whole French village or town can be decorated within half an hour. Would we had a similar patriotic practical rule in England. But, as I was to discover afresh next day in Paris, we are ashamed of our flag.

We lunched early at Rouen, and it was well that we did, else had we not lunched at all. We had the greatest difficulty in making our way out of the city. The streets were packed with cheering, shouting, singing people, mad with joy. Then began that orgy of being kissed which lasted—with very brief intervals for sleep—for four whole days. Rouen was a foretaste of what we were to experience in Paris.

I could not help recalling that evening in London on Tuesday, August 4, 1914, when we marched from the Houses of Parliament to and fro to Buckingham Palace waiting . . . waiting . . . waiting.

A few minutes before midnight I was in a dense crowd in Parliament Square watching the brightly-lit Palace of Westminster, and it was then that a Londoner with a cockney accent summed up the situation in the cockney's own inimitable way : ' What are they waiting for ? ' his companion, a young woman, asked. Like a flash came the answer, ' Waiting for the Germans to kick 'em ! '

The journey from Rouen to Paris was one long triumph while daylight lasted. Every town, village, hamlet, and individual we passed cheered us. I

felt as if I had won several general elections at once ; also as if I were delightfully drunk ; as if I were really French and had been masquerading as an Englishman all my life ; as if I personally had somehow won the War ; as if there had been no war, and as if it had all been a hideous nightmare ; as if I loved every ugly old Frenchwoman who grinned at me over one straggling tooth. I longed to hug them all because they were all mothers, almost every one of whom had given at least one son or grandson to the sacrifice.

All the villages through which we passed were now alive with excitement. Women, old and young, ugly and lovely, toothless or with shining teeth ; men, children, all rushed towards the car as it swiftly passed, shouted friendly greetings and blew us kisses. I was glad we were not on foot, else would our pilgrimage to Mecca not have been made that day.

The short winter day had closed in before we got to Saint-Germain where, while we were held up by the usual level-crossing, a party of *Poilus* surrounded the car clamouring for a lift to Paris. It was strictly forbidden to have any one in your car without sanction, but—was not the War over ! I did not care a bean !

Somehow or other I got seven or eight of them aboard promising to take them as far as the fortifications only, as they were not allowed to enter without a permit, which inquiry revealed they did not possess. They were extremely grateful, embarrassingly affectionate, and very very smelly.

The Forêt de Saint-Germain was wonderful in the bright moonlight—like a vast silver city of secret and eternal peace.

The barrier reached we said affectionate farewells, and presently I was travelling swiftly down the Avenue de la Grande Armée to the United States Aviation Headquarters in the Avenue Montaigne to dig out my cousin, John Chapman.

From the Arc de Triomphe de l'Étoile to the Place de l'Opéra was the most wonderful progress of my life. Talk about receptions given to conquering kings! Here was I, a humble British Staff Officer accompanied by a young American aviator, seated in a British motor car bearing French and Belgian flags. True, we were nobodies, but, for one intoxicating hour, the Parisian crowd received us as the representatives of two great and war-tried friendly nations.

I suppose I passed the barrier about seven o'clock, and it was ten o'clock before we had time to think of much-needed food. There are no teas in wayside France, and luncheon at Rouen had been early and hurried.

The Place de la Concorde and the Rue de la Paix were absolutely packed with people. From the Place to the Opera took fully an hour. The car crawled. Drake grinned. John and I smiled, bowed, shook hands, flung greetings and returned compliments in French that was much more friendly than correct. We were kissed and hugged. My only anxiety was that they would swarm into the car and smash it up. Then there would have been a nice row at Headquarters!

My chief sources of gratification were not exterior—I was so excited I didn't realise till afterwards how marvellous it all was—but interior. Had I not done the best bit of Staff work of the War by arranging to be in Paris for the Armistice,

and wasn't I wonderfully clever to remember to put on my new going-on-leave 'brass hat'? Alas for the littleness of human nature.

Eventually escaping from the crowded centres John and I rushed over Paris in all directions to see what it was really like. About ten o'clock, and on foot, we got from our hotel in the Rue de la Paix to the Café de l'Opéra, where we consumed much indifferent food and excellent wine. Evidently every one, including the chef and the waiters, was quite deliciously mad. A continuous living kinematograph reel passed before us in the shape of an endless procession of English, French, American, Australian, New Zealand, and Canadian soldiers, mixed largely with the Parisian population, who made a continuous procession in through one door of the café and out at the other, singing, dancing, and cheering all the while.

Then began three unforgettable days.

It must be remembered that for months Paris had been under long-range bombardment and frequent air raids. It had been a city of darkness and death—a city of deep and poignant mourning. The relief was terrible. It was as if they had passed in an hour from the night of hell to the daylight and sunshine of heaven. Their joy, their relief was exalted; it was almost solemn.

On that slow journey up the Rue de la Paix we were held up for a time near the Vendôme Column, when an incident occurred which was typical of the spirit in which the whole of Paris went through the Armistice celebrations.

The poles of the flags on our car rested on the step and were lashed firmly to the side lamps. A man seized the *Tricolore* rather hastily and the

slender pole snapped in two leaving the flag in his hands. The crowd immediately reprimanded him, took the flag from him, tied it again very securely in its place, and apologised to us with explanatory and smiling gestures. When the flag was fixed the man bent his head, raised its folds, and kissed them with fervent emotion, the crowd applauding. When there was any attempt to get on the steps of the car I had only to make the smallest gesture of dissent and the intention was immediately abandoned.

During those few days I saw a people let loose in joy; I saw, and for the first time in my life realised, what the Greeks meant by abandon. I appreciated its place in religious observances.

I saw happiness; release; singing; dancing (how we all sang and danced and kissed !); but I never saw one sign of roughness or violence.

After our meal we made for the Folies-Bergère, just outside which we had a wonderful adventure. We were pushing our way along and I put out my arm to make a passage past a young American aviator. He put his arm into mine, said happy, friendly words, and I had met Ted Haight,[1] who became my comrade from that moment. We never parted during our stay in Paris, and he and his bride are now amongst my very dearest American friends.

At the moment of our meeting he was disconsolate, having somehow mislaid his pet flying pal, the bloodthirsty Mormon ![2] (so called because he loved slaying Huns and came from Utah !).

After a very few hours in bed I was up early the next morning to pay my respects at the British

[1] Lieutenant Edward M. Haight, United States Air Service.
[2] Lieutenant Russel L. Maugham, United States Air Service.

Headquarters, on the way meeting Lord Pembroke and exchanging congratulations. He said that soon he hoped to be at home at Wilton. Nearly every one expected to get home at once. Drake, my driver, and indeed the bulk of the men in France, expected to be home for Christmas !

At Headquarters I saw Lieutenant-Colonel Maurice Brett, who was very civil. The great commotion was to get a Union Jack to hoist over Headquarters. At last, after scouring Paris, one was borrowed from Lord Lytton, but only on the condition that it was returned the next day, as he wanted it for some function. The British Headquarters in Paris without a Union Jack to hoist on Armistice Day or the day after !

Paris, of course, was smothered in flags, and everywhere we saw the Stars and Stripes. Before luncheon I visited Pépinière Barracks, accompanied by Lieutenant-Colonel Hutton Wilson, our A.A. and Q.M.G. in Paris, and there we saw French and English soldiers living side by side in perfect amity.

After luncheon we motored to Versailles to pay my respects to General Di Robilant, the Italian Military Representative on the Supreme War Council, to whom I had a letter of introduction from General Mola, the head of the Italian Military Mission in London, given to me at the request of my friend Edward Hutton, that great lover of Italy, who did so much valuable liaison work in Rome for our Foreign Office and whose efforts did so much to bring Italy into the war on our side.

General Robilant was charming, and promised to arrange for me to spend my next leave on the Italian front, but alas ! the visit never came off.

From Versailles I sent telegrams of congratula-

tion to Prince and Princess Napoleon, and to the Empress Eugénie the one quoted elsewhere.

I went into the Palace of Versailles to look for one moment on Vela's *Last Moments of Napoleon I.*, a brooding, tragic figure of desolate magnificence that has always fascinated me.

As I passed out of the great gates bearing still the lilies and royal crown of France, I could not escape from the thought of the strange vicissitudes through which that great nation has passed : I saw in unique procession its long line of statesmen, kings, and emperors, its great men of genius and of holiness. And I was happy to be on the soil of France at one of the greatest moments of its history —one of the greatest moments perhaps in the history of the world.

As we passed the Invalides, with its golden dome gleaming softly in the setting sun, I felt strangely near that great sleeper resting there, and wondered if he, who had never commanded more than a few hundred thousand men, opened his eyes to smile a greeting to France's seven million warriors. Did the sixty flags captured in battle by the conqueror stir with the great winds of this greatest victory ? Could the Emperor see the innumerable trophies in the Place de la Concorde captured from the Prussians who were ever his enemies and the enemies of France ?

Nor did I fail to think of the august and silent figure who, sitting at last in great joy at Farnborough Hill, had that very day sung a *Te Deum* by the side of the husband and son who had also been hounded to defeat and death by Prussian hate.

I thought of the little Prince who, had he lived, might, during the war, have done for France what

King Albert so splendidly did for Belgium. I wondered if in the grave he had this one regret, or, if there he knew it best to die young and go down to history as a hint, a promise of great possibilities. There are things that only the gods may know, but one has sometimes thought that his was the kindlier if not the kinglier fate.

A little later John, Ted, Russel, and I stood as we drank 'absent friends,' that old sacred toast we now never omit when friends meet together, and in which we pledge and call to our side for an hour to share in our happiness and our thoughts those splendid good comrades who have gone West before us.

For three nights we processed up and down the Boulevards, laughing, dancing, singing, and fraternising, kissing and being kissed. Old women and young, men and boys, sex and nationality for once becoming as naught, we were a great band of loving brothers. I confess I was quite what the Scot so aptly calls 'daft.' I wore a burberry with no signs of rank, Ted's American aviator's khaki forage cap with its green satin piping; he was disguised in my brass hat; the bloodthirsty Mormon was bareheaded, and John Chapman was mad. Ted was delicious. He being American and I Irish we loved and could share the magnificent abandon of the French. And I must say here that Ted was one of the most dashing Yankee flying men I ever met, and I had met many. He had enjoyed wonderful luck in getting to France comparatively early and was one of the few American aces. Did he not on one famous occasion make a forced landing within the German lines, put his engine himself to rights, and, before they could

get to him, fly off leaving them gaping, and was not the American Press full of his pictures and his praise? He appealed to me enormously, as flying men have ever done.

We behaved exactly like kids. The great game was capturing flags. The higher it was and the more difficult to reach the greater the glory. Of course, if you got the pole all the better, because then you could carry it in procession. To this day I have a red ensign captured for me by Ted who felt for my grief that the English flags were so few.

It is good to have merely existed for thirty odd years if only at the end of it one may live through one perfect day.

With France we marched and sang ; shouted and played ; embraced and kissed. We ceased to be mere individuals and became merged in the greatness of a great people. British officers, staid and old, young and giddy : Tommies, Australians, Americans, New Zealanders, South Africans, Indians, Canadians, Newfoundlanders, joined with Belgians, French, Algerians, Senegalese, and many others of all ranks, ages, and nations. For these golden miraculous hours the *entente* of the nations was an accomplished fact.

Paris was once again *la ville lumière*. Guarded by a million stars, smiled at by a golden moon, her streets and towers hung out clear against a sky of deepest amethyst. The procession of life was purposeful and united. The individual ceased to exist and became merged in the joyous, singing, dancing crowd. The emotion was intoxicating ; warming like wine ; uniting like a great melody ; moving like a great oblation. The soul of France which had sate apart in sorrow for four long years

arose now, casting aside her robes of sorrow, and shed laughter and happiness abroad because of a great deliverance.

Pan was alive and roaming, and to his piping all Paris danced.

The French police were wonderful. Orders had evidently been given that all lights possible were to be lit and that the people were not to be interfered with. The trophies of big German guns and aeroplanes in the Place de la Concorde were always crowded with climbers. The street standards and lamps bore, as often as not, a group consisting probably of a French soldier, a British soldier and sailor, an Australian or Canadian, and a few French boys ! Everywhere officers and men were equal.

We formed ourselves into groups, rushed at other groups, captured and kissed all the ladies, let them go, and off again.

I think it was on the second night after the Armistice a group of us were going up the Boulevard des Italiens when presently we came across a vociferous crowd outside a large jeweller's shop. They were eagerly watching and egging on two *Poilus* who were climbing up to a balcony on the first story in order to capture a large *Tricolore* which hung over the main entrance.

The stupid proprietor for some reason had opened one of the French windows and was vainly trying to prevent the soldiers seizing the flag. They simply laughed and paid no attention to him. The flag was securely lashed, and while they were trying to untie it a woman appeared at a window above and poured a jug of water over them !

Never have I seen such an instantaneous change.

The laughing jolly crowd was in an instant transformed into an infuriated mob. I was one of them. We snarled, shouted, shook our fists, made horrible faces—demanded the blood of the man in the balcony and the girl above! I understood completely, absolutely sympathised with and was prepared to partake in mob law. We were outraged. We saw red. We were filled with hate. I knew then how revolutions in France were made.

The creature—one cannot call him a man—in the balcony was now thoroughly frightened, futile, helpless. The woman creature had disappeared. It was her stupid action that set the crowd on fire, as in French history a woman's act has so often done.

That sea of upturned, fierce, grimacing faces, startlingly clear in the light of the street lamps and the illuminations; those hoarse primitive shouts and noises, that brute force in us all suddenly unloosed; unloosed by a pail of water. It was, I think, the indignity, the ingratitude, the utterly stupid failure to understand the spirit of the child-like act of those two representatives of all the heroes who had died for France, that infuriated us to the point of madness.

Presently fate, fear, or some other inspiring factor put it into the silly old man's head to help the *Poilus* to untie the flag. They succeeded, and with their success the ugly mood of the crowd passed away. It was the only incident I saw—and I saw thousands—that was not perfectly harmonious and happy.

I must confess that I was as bad, or worse than, any one in that crowd. So bad was I that while I was jumping up towards the balcony, shaking my fists and shouting ferociously, an elderly Frenchman

appealed to me, saying, 'Ah, monsieur, stop! It is bad—bad—most bad to do that!'

I only saw one drunk man during all that joyous time, and I am ashamed to have to write that he was a British Tommy. It was in the hall of my own hotel on the morning of the twelfth; he was absolutely drunk and a perfect nuisance. I asked the manager why he was there, and was informed that he was the batman of a British officer residing in the hotel. That morning, to celebrate the occasion, his master had given him a bottle of champagne to drink. The poor fellow was not to blame, but how I should have liked to kick his master. He and the drunken soldier at Dieppe were the shadows on my Armistice days in France.

If I saw no such thing as a drunken Frenchman neither did I see taking part in the victory celebrations any members of the *demi-monde*. It was significant and wonderful. No doubt they were to be found, but the rejoicing crowds would have none of them.

One night processing joyously down the Boulevard des Italiens a crowd of some sixty or seventy of us saw two girls in the shadow at the corner of a side street. We rushed towards them as the custom was, laughing and singing, intent on surrounding them for a moment, exacting kisses as a ransom and then letting them go, and on to the next group to repeat the adventure. In a moment the advancing crowd stopped dead; withdrew again silently to the middle of the road, and in a momentary silence passed on without giving any greeting. The two girls were of the *demi-monde* (the only two I saw during these vivid days) and France had no place for them on those high days when she was

at last drinking victory after four years of sorrow with her million dead.

At noon on a bright, sunny autumn day John, Ted, and the bloodthirsty Mormon stood by my car in the Place de la Concorde under the shadow of big German guns, aeroplanes, and captured engines of war of every sort and kind. As I clasped their dear friendly hands I there resolved that as long as I lived I would ever do my utmost to consolidate and uphold the great blood-friendship of America, France, Belgium, and Britain.

IV
REPRINTED PAPERS

XI

A CREEL OF PEAT

YOU will remember that in our peasant homes in Ireland you have often seen one of the large circular baskets made of green willow switches neatly interwoven, which we call creels. Now, a creel is a very simple, unpretentious, useful thing, and is for any old purpose. We have special creels made for carrying the fragrant peat home from the bogs to the cottage turf-yard ; and by almost any kitchen hearth you will find a small creel full of peat, which perfumes the atmosphere with its lovely earthy odour, quite oblivious of its imminent fate—the fire.

Do you also remember that we have two sorts of peat, the first sort being by a long way the most desirable ? It is called ' hard peat,' and can only be got at by digging deeply down into the bog. Bogs, like men, vary, and in some the peat is much harder than others ; but, generally speaking, you must dig several feet at least before you come to hard desirable peat. To be sure, it is said that there are (or were) bogs of such fine quality that hard turf was to be found almost at the surface. But, just as in life, such ideal conditions do not often obtain, and, just as in life, the general rule

holds good—the deeper you delve and the harder you work, the greater the quality and worth of your finding.

The soft cheap turf found near the surface is known colloquially as 'fum' turf. Hence you have it said of an unusually stupid, tiresome, or worthless person, 'He's a fum!' You have also the saying about a poorly educated person, 'Oh! his schooling cost a penny a week and a fum turf!' —in times gone by it being the custom in country districts for each child to bring one turf every Monday morning towards the school fires for the week. Need it be said that the harassed mother of a healthy numerous brood was seldom guilty of the extravagance of giving the children anything better than a 'fum' turf to take with them.

By the way, you will also remember that we are wise enough in Ireland to call it 'schooling'; the Irish peasant, with his quick instinct and extraordinary gift of right expression, thereby conveying clearly the intuitive knowledge that 'schooling' and 'education' are not necessarily synonymous terms.

I don't think I have ever been guilty of the practice myself, but I am told that at times, especially in the north (where it is thought Scottish influences can be traced), it is not altogether unusual for a farmer taking turf into the market town to sell, to pack the top and sides of the creel with good hard firm turf that takes a long time in burning and throws out much heat in the process, and fill the inside of the whole with the light, inflammable, worthless 'fum' variety. He thus deceives you into thinking that you are buying the best, that is, if you are inexperienced. Should you insist on delving to the bottom before purchasing, he will

treat you with the contempt which a genuine son of Erin always exhibits for any one who so wantonly displays avarice, and he will probably conclude (not without some reason) that you are merely English, and therefore by nature a shopkeeper !

Now, I take you into my confidence from the first and tell you (which anyhow you would soon discover for yourself) that my peat is frankly 'fummy.'

Still, even 'fum' turf have some of the real qualities of peat ; they have its sweet delicious fragrance, its freshness, its friendly clean feel. It is true, they make overmuch smoke (by the way, we always speak of peat as 'the' or 'they'), but when the rich blue smoke rises languidly against the ethereal pallid blue of the sky, it is just as beautiful as if that which made it was of the best.

Anyway you, with your love for all things Irish, will welcome my wee creel of 'fum' turf. You will be glad to have them because they were 'cut' in the dear Irish bogs. If they convey to you anything, however faint, of the delicious freshness and sweetness, the unforgettable fragrance, the dream-haunted memories of friendly hearths in winter time, the absolutely irresistible spell of our dear little unpretentious native peat, my creel will not have been gathered altogether in vain.

Nowhere can you see such dream-pictures, or learn so much of the past and the future, as in a glowing turf fire. There will come to you afresh the faces of long-lost friends, alive with tender looks of love or self-sacrifice. There you may see the face of the boy who dreamt of a manhood far nobler and more strenuous than that he has achieved.

There are buried ideals, lost illusions, phantom

hopes. There, also, is the far-off white house on the hilltop towards which we go (and where we shall all arrive one day) ; and there, too, is the face of the Far-Away-Princess, who will come near when many wanderings are done.

We look intently into the flames and thrill

> For old unhappy, far-off things,
> And battles long ago.

There we see the spears flash in many olden conflicts ; great, peerless, lovely queens lead their hosts to conquest ; heroes fight valiantly for the weak ; and, as in the long ago, Ireland is once again God's own dear land. Poets sing, and the greatest sit near and listen ; and to watch the woods in spring, or hark to the birds singing, men leave their bartering, and forget to count their gold.

Or once again we see the future. There men are brothers and lovers, leaping up to help each other. Truth is free yet priceless ; none can buy her. Beauty is honoured ; women are revered ; love is triumphant ; song is eagerly worshipped ; justice is alive, and warm—not cold and dead. Then the fire dies down to ashes, as life dies down to death. But the dreams seen in the peat-glow are immortal, and accompany us wherever we go. They sweeten, enrich, and beautify our lives. We are more Godlike for having dreamed them. We remember

> The chambers in the house of dreams
> Are fed with so divine an air,
> That Time's hoar wings grow young therein,
> And they who walk there are most fair.

Do you also remember the lovely lines that Thomas Mayne wrote as a prelude to his volume of prose sketches, *The Heart o' the Peat*? I am

not sure that it is not the most perfect poem he wrote. It is exquisitely beautiful, tender and true ; o'erwrought with magic and glamour, it perfectly and briefly describes all I am endeavouring to say in many words. As I have not quoted it before, I will write it here for your delight :

We sit beneath the dark old balk
When the heart of the peat is red,
My crony and I, we sit and we talk
Of the days that are long since dead :
We gossip together, I and he,
And he knows what I know and he sees what I see.

When days are dressed in gold and green,
And the birds are all gone asleep,
The shadows lie in the long boreen,
In the boreen lone and deep :
But other shades move to and fro,
And they see what I see and they know what I know.

The heart of the peat dies slowly down,
Till the ashes have all grown white ;
The summer leaves grow sere and brown,
The day grows into the night :
And the things that the fiery heart would teach
They wither and die in the breath of speech.

Nothing can waft us back to Ireland like the smell of the peat, and the delicious shiver that runs through us as we inhale the odour of its smoke. And those who have the good fortune to be born in the sad-happy isle ever long to return thereto. And what is this Celtic twilight atmosphere that so allures us ? It were hard, perhaps impossible, to say. It is something peculiar to Ireland, and is not to be met in any other part of the whole world. It is ' the little more.' It is that something which, being present, makes an ordinary friendship the

romance of a David and Jonathan. It is like that quality, those overtones in a human voice, that make the difference between a heaven-born singer and a hard-working, conscientious, careful artist. Take capacity, culture, earnestness, and hard work, and add 'the little more,' and you have genius. Take great natural beauties, trees, rivers, rocks, mountains, and seas ; take all the beauty of all the lovely countries of the world, and add 'the little more,' and you have Ireland. Take from a human personality everything that is gracious, brilliant, and alluring, leaving 'the little more,' and you still have genius. Deny to Ireland the possession of all beauty, romance, or loveliness, and she is still incomparably the fairest, most desired land this side heaven ; she still possesses 'the little more,'—the something that divides great talent from genius, great passion from love, great verse from poetry, great righteousness from sainthood, great creeds from religion, great actions from heroism, paradise from heaven, a house from a home, a dear acquaintance from a friend, a fine painting from great art, brains from intellect, the most perfect flower of human ingenuity and invention from the tender pallid petal of the common field daisy made so lavishly and freely by God.

And all our sweetest dreams and most lovely and enduring hopes of Ireland, of home, of heaven, are twined around our thoughts of some dear woman, or maybe two or three—or at the very most a few —but oftenest there will be just one, I think. Once, in the long ago, God made a garden full of the incomparable wonder, illimitable beauty, and dishevelled mystery of the world, and it was but a desert place until he placed a woman there !

Dearest, tender, grey-eyed, silver-framed face, with love-lit smile, this for you ; not because it has any great value or beauty, but because it, perhaps, contains more of me than anything I have written, or yet may write. And perhaps, more particularly, because it is not to be given to the world, but is to be a little secret word between us and those we greatly love.[1] Just as in the dead days when you, the Lye, Dholl, and I sat together in the shadowy woods, or the scented clover-meadows fringed with your favourite meadow-sweet, and had many strange, odd, little ' mother-words ' that only we knew ; they were perhaps ugly in a way, but contained all the secret beauty and mystery of life and love for us because we had invented them ourselves, and with them we could exchange our most secret thoughts, even before strangers—thoughts so intimate and personal that they refused to shape themselves in any accepted language we knew. Thus you were the ' Munchump ' ; your favourite chair was ' Methuselah ' ; a kitten was a ' wudge ' ; nice people were ' wugs ' ; ' fuff ' was the antithesis of *gauche*, and so on. Take these ordinary words and (as I know you will) read into them all that you know I would fain, if I could, put there. May God ever keep you in his queer, secret ways of peace, and, at the last, give you his own priceless reward for all that you have done for us. While with you we are never far from him, because you are love itself, and where love is there God is also.

[1] The original volume was at first intended for private circulation only.

To the Right Honourable
Sir Henry Mortimer Durand,
G.C.M.G., K.C.S.I., P.C., etc.

IN MEMORIAM

FREDERICK, FIRST MARQUESS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA, K.P., ETC., ETC.

1826–1902

The years so quickly passing by,
Dim not thy fame ;
Thy country never will let die
Thy gracious name :
In future years men for thy life
A richer life shall live :
From thee posterity shall ever take,
And thou shalt ever give.

June 21, 1903.

XII

HELEN'S TOWER

IT is a commonplace that there is apt to be some element of disappointment in the character of most great men : yet I think it was not so with Frederick, Lord Dufferin. Essentially a poet, he made his life a complete, rounded, balanced, perfect thing. Indeed, his days were one long, splendid, and brilliant poem eulogising honour, nobility, and truth.

It is at first sight perhaps somewhat difficult to understand why he had such hold of our imaginations in Ireland, for during the fifty years of his extraordinary public career he lived little amongst us, and most of its splendid and magnificent scenes took place on the other side of distant seas.

There hangs in the gallery at Clandeboye Benjamin Constant's fine portrait of him, painted while he was our Ambassador in Paris, painted in the last crowning days of his long and illustrious public life while he represented us in the most critical, cultured, and artistic capital in the world. In this striking portrait he wears his peer's robes and the chains and badges of several of the great Orders to which he was entitled ; the face fine,

sensitive, beautiful, the face of a ruler of men and one born to a great destiny ; the whole crowned by ample waves of hair of purest silver, and finished by the slender-pointed beard and moustache which were so characteristic of him. It shows us the man at the apex of a great career, a career that was almost regal and princely. It is no doubt the aspect in which he will go down to history, and it inevitably recalls to us the fine lines addressed to him by Tennyson :

> Not swift or rash, when late she lent
> The sceptres of her West, her East,
> To one, that ruling has increased
> Her greatness and her self-content.
>
> Your rule has made the people love
> Their ruler. Your viceregal days
> Have added fulness to the phrase
> Of ' Gauntlet in the velvet glove.'

Watts' low-toned portrait in the National Gallery arouses mixed feelings. It is perhaps finer than Constant's in some ways, the French painter was inclined to be a little theatrical at times : that was the feeling many people had respecting his portrait of Queen Victoria. Watts, as usual, is here rather austere. He brings out very clearly the poetry, the dignity, the fine sensitiveness of Lord Dufferin's character, and he emphasises the great intellect. As a whole the portrait does not satisfy. Like Constant he too misses the sweetness, the grace, the great winsomeness of his subject's personality.

Far finer than either of these is the portrait by Frank Hall painted before Lord Dufferin went to India in 1884. Henrietta Rae's portrait painted at Clandeboye a short time before his death is

undoubtedly one of the most satisfying and successful. Besides being a good portrait it is a beautiful picture ; serene and balanced ; suave, yet strong. There remains, more imperishable than anything painted by Watts or Constant, yet another portrait of him—painted for ever on the heart of Ireland. Not as the greatest pro-consul of his time did we best know and love him in Erin ; it was the soul of the poet and the heart of the eternal child in him that compelled our adoration. To us, he went to far lands to show to strangers how simple and easy it is for the truly great to be greatly good. He carried the mystery and poetry of his land and ours to stranger shores ; and when he came back to us, having left aside his viceregal attributes, he dwelt amongst us as one of ourselves—a gentle, loving, great-hearted, great-souled Irishman. Like all truly great men he was extraordinarily simple, with the divine simplicity that belongs only to childhood and genius. We knew him living there in peace, caring for all that concerned us ; and busied, as a poet and an artist should be, in beautifying the home of his fathers. As a home ought to do, it perfectly expressed his own personality. Outside simple, dignified, unostentatious ; inside all colour, harmony, variety, and great beauty ; nothing for show, but all for inspiration, peace, and high usefulness.

Could any less than a great poet have conceived the idea of building Helen's Tower—a tower of love ! Not erected as has been done by others to some fair mistress verging on his horizon from an unknown stranger-world all fraught with wonder and mystery of the unknown like Aphrodite arising from the sea—but built to honour one whose every

thought and day and hour were his to fathom, ponder, and clearly to understand. Here was no mere poetic illusion of ideal qualities guessed at and unweighed ; but the serene, certain, resistless, all-encompassing, all-knowing, all-forgiving love of a mother for a son, and of him for her: is it not greater than the love of a thousand men for a thousand maids : than any Dante for a Beatrice ; than any Elaine for a Lancelot ; than any poet of any time for any ideal, however sweetly sung ! It was left to him to do this fine, romantic, right, and splendid thing, and nobly did he do it. There it stands on a high hilltop flinging far its question and its promise in the air ; a place of challenge and of lure for the human eye for miles around, it casts its poetic shadow far across the sea and it reminds the human soul for all time how pure, how radiant, how alluringly divine a thing it may become.[1]

He has told us in his own inimitable sketch of her which he prefixed to the collected volume of her *Songs, Poems, and Verses*, what manner of woman she was ; therefore I will not vainly try here to peruse afresh the wonder of her ; my efforts would be unavailing, and, indeed, superfluous ; it has been finally done, in an imperishable manner, by her son ; and the record he has made of her will live for ever to do them equal honour.

[1] Helen's Tower has now a wider and more sombre fame. A replica of it has been erected at Thiepval as a memorial to the glorious Ulster Division which there broke the German line in July 1916 at the cost of 228 officers and 5000 men. The mother-love that built Helen's Tower is essentially the same as the love of the motherland immortally expressed at Thiepval by the sons of Ulster, and the two towers are an imperishable link binding in one brotherhood Ireland and France—the two countries of Lord Dufferin's love and admiration.

One is only sorry that it is not to be had in a cheaper and more accessible form, so that every mother and every son in our land might read and possess it to their greater joy and comfort. Perhaps one day Mr. Murray, to whom English literature already owes so much, will make us further his debtors by issuing a popular edition.

While it would be something in the nature of an impertinence to try to paint a portrait, however rough, of this adorable woman, perhaps it may not be inappropriate if I here transcribe a few sentences from almost the last words which she wrote for her son ; words which only reached him after the writer had passed to the beyond. They refer to her last leaving of Clandeboye :

> That last day at Clandeboye was full of sweet and bitter thoughts to me. I walked round the lake, and took leave of all the old (and new) places ! I sat upon the fallen tree at 'the mother's seat,' and looked long at the Tower, the monument of your love. May all those objects be pleasant memories to you. I had a poignant thought of regret in thinking I should see them no more (at least with my earthly eyes), for I have occasional happy fancies of some sort of spiritual presence with those we love that may be permitted after death, and, if so, how continually I shall be with my darling—alone, or in company—in your walks, or by your fireside—the fervour of my love, my blessing, my whole soul, will surely encompass you !

How few of us can hope to leave such a tender, fragrant, heavenly memory behind us. What grace, mother-love, exceeding wistfulness and sweetness ! And yet the most manly might be proud to take their journey hence in such quiet strength and hope.

Their entire relationships were indeed ideal ;

more like those of a lover for his perfect sovereign lady than like what we know ordinarily to exist between a mother and a son. It proves how exceptionally royal-natured they both were.

I would like to couple those touching words of hers with the fine passage in which, later, her son summed up his own tribute to her memory. I hope that the short quotation I make may lead many who are unacquainted with the context speedily to seek that pleasure :

> Thus there went out of the world one of the sweetest, most beautiful, most accomplished, wittiest, most loving, and lovable human beings that ever walked upon the earth. There was no quality wanting to her perfection ; and I say this, not prompted by the partiality of a son, but as one well acquainted with the world, and with both men and women. There have been many ladies who have been beautiful, charming, witty, and good, but I doubt whether there have been any who have combined with so high a spirit, and with so natural a gaiety and bright an imagination as my mother's, such strong unerring good sense, tact, and womanly discretion ; for these last characteristics, coupled with the intensity of her affections to which I have already referred, were the real essence and deep foundations of my mother's nature. Her wit, or rather her humour, her gaiety, her good taste, she may have owed to her Sheridan forefathers ; but her firm character and abiding sense of duty she derived from her mother, and her charm, grace, amiability, and lovableness, from her angelic ancestress, Miss Linley.

When we remember how many remarkable men have paid their tributes of admiration and homage to Helen, Lady Dufferin, and to her equally beautiful and well-known sisters, the Honourable Mrs. Norton, and the famous Duchess of Somerset (the Queen of Beauty), we cannot for a moment think

of Lord Dufferin's mature judgement of his mother as anything too high.

Notable as are the poetic tributes contributed to the enhancement of Helen's Tower at its dedication, by Browning, Tennyson, and Lord Houghton, the express purpose for which it was erected was perpetually to enshrine the following tender and loving words which the mother addressed to her son on his twenty-first birthday ; the poem was accompanied by a silver lamp on which was engraved *Fiat Lux* :

How shall I bless thee ? Human love
Is all too poor in passionate words ;
The heart aches with a sense above
All language that the lip affords :
Therefore a symbol shall express
My love,—a thing not rare or strange,
And yet—eternal—measureless—
Knowing no shadow and no change.
Light ! which, of all the lovely shows
To our poor world of shadows given,
The fervent Prophet-voices chose
Alone as attribute of heaven !

At a most solemn pause we stand,
From this day forth, for evermore,
The weak but loving human hand
Must cease to guide thee as of yore.
Then, as thro' life thy footsteps stray,
And earthly beacons dimly shine,
' Let there be light ' upon thy way,
And holier guidance far than mine !
' Let there be light ' in thy clear soul,
When passion tempts and doubts assail ;
When grief's dark tempests o'er thee roll,
' Let there be light ' that shall not fail !
So, Angel guarded, may'st thou tread
The narrow path which few may find,
And at the end look back, nor dread
To count the vanished years behind !

And pray that she, whose hand doth trace
This heart-warm prayer,—when life is past—
May see and know thy blessed face,
In God's own glorious light at last !

She lived to see the Tower of Love erected in her honour, and was present at the dedication ceremony. The ground-floor is inhabited by a caretaker ; the room above is furnished as a sitting-room, but is, in reality, a museum of the Blackwood family. On its walls are emblazoned in letters of gold the lines just quoted, together with the well-known poem written for its enrichment by Tennyson, and the following beautiful lines of Browning :

Who hears of Helen's Tower, may dream perchance
How the Greek beauty from the Scæan Gate
Gazed on old friends unanimous in hate,
Death-doom'd because of her fair countenance.

Hearts would leap otherwise at thy advance,
Lady to whom this Tower is consecrate !
Like hers, thy face once made all eyes elate,
Yet, unlike hers, was blessed by every glance.

The Tower of Hate is outworn, far and strange :
A transitory shame of long ago,
It dies into the sand from which it sprang ;
But thine, Love's rock-built Tower, shall fear no change ;
God's Self laid stable earth's foundations so,
When all the morning stars together sang.

The room contains some of the old furniture actually used by her, some family MSS., including the original MS. of the beautiful verses written years later by Kipling in honour of her son's wife, Hariot, Lady Dufferin, and in recognition of the magnificent work accomplished by her for the women of India while her husband was Viceroy ; one of the most lasting and splendid works ever initiated

and carried through by a great-hearted Irishwoman for her dusky and less fortunate sisters.

The room above this also contains many interesting souvenirs and books. From the battlemented roof a magnificent view of the County Down and its surroundings is obtainable; and some six miles away is a wide stretch of silver sea fading into the dim mysterious depths of the far horizon. On a clear day you can see the coast of Scotland, the country from which the Blackwoods sprang.

When Helen, Lady Dufferin, died in June 1867, her son, then forty-one years old, had been successively Lord-in-Waiting to Queen Victoria, Commissioner to Syria, Under-Secretary of State for India, and Under-Secretary of State for War, in addition to having achieved fame as a traveller and author.

Ten years previously (in 1857) he had published his *Letters from High Latitudes*, an account of his famous voyage in the *Foam*, when he succeeded in reaching a more northerly point than any previous Arctic explorer. It was first issued at a guinea; ran into three editions, and had such a great success that a year later a fourth edition was published at nine shillings. It has been in steady demand ever since, eleven editions in all being published by Mr. Murray; that it has become a classic is proved by the fact that a cheap popular edition was issued recently.

In 1866, 1867, and 1868 respectively, we find Lord Dufferin publishing a *Contribution to an Enquiry into the State of Ireland*; *Irish Emigration and Tenure of Land*; and *Mr. Mill's Plan for Pacification of Ireland Examined*; thus beginning the splendid work on behalf of the best interests

of Ireland which he never for a moment discontinued or neglected during his subsequent career.

Throughout his life he was keenly interested in all that concerned literature. One can scarcely doubt that had he decided to give his whole time to writing he would have achieved a position of the highest distinction. His speeches are masterpieces of clearness and literary style.

In 1854, two years before his famous voyage in the *Foam*, he wrote to his mother :

> I cannot conquer my desire to write while I am still young, and the world indulgent ; not a great poem, which I know I could never do, but one little volume of good poetry, and this I feel as if I could do.

He shared the feeling common to many young men of parts that he would like to contribute something to poetry. Apparently his mother, no mean judge, did not share his view, at any rate he abandoned the idea, somewhat reluctantly one imagines ; and in after years he used to laugh when he spoke of the subject.

That his desire to take an active part in literature was anything but a passing one is proved by the following letter written to Mr. Gladstone in 1871, seventeen years later :

> I am rather inclined to think that whatever ability I possess would be more usefully employed in literary than in political labours.

And as proving the strength and sincerity of Lord Dufferin's idea, we must remember that at the time of writing he was already a well-known public man, who had filled several important public posts with credit and distinction ; and was, in

consequence of his services, just about to be advanced to an earldom.

Other things claimed him, yet he never lost his interest in, and love for, literature and the arts. In addition to publishing much worthy of praise and emulation, he exercised a great, if indirect, influence on the literary life of his time.

It would be impossible to enumerate the young writers in all parts of the world to whom he freely gave help, encouragement, and guidance ; I myself know of many ; if the aspiring author happened to belong to Ireland, the help so freely accorded was, if possible, warmer and more friendly. Thomas Ekenhead Mayne was one of the many timid young poets encouraged into active energy in this way. Nowadays all sorts of third-rate people tell you they have not even time to answer their letters ! Yet this great man, with the heavy weight of Empires on his shoulders, could sit down, and with his own hand write the following long letter to an absolutely unknown and comparatively humble youth :

I have read your poem with interest, and I believe that it fairly describes the transaction referred to. I had always understood, however, that in his descent upon Belfast Con O'Neil got more completely the better of Elizabeth's garrison than you seem to imply.

It appears to me that towards the end of the poem the metre changes in some of the lines, which would be regarded as incongruous. I would also recommend you to omit the last verse altogether. It is not very good poetry ; the rhythm is certainly faulty, and the statement prosaic ; whereas the last verse of a poem ought to be just the contrary. It should be terse, and rapid in its final incident. It would be far better if the last verse ended with the marriage of Montgomery to the gaoler's daughter, though I do not

know whether this is an historical fact or not—and the announcement of the Queen's pardon in general terms. These two facts could easily be got in, in the four concluding lines.

I shall not easily forget the encouragement and hope it gave to Thomas Mayne to receive it. Not only was 'some one' interested in his efforts, but that 'some one' was the greatest Irishman of his time, and he could stop ruling dusky millions to help along an obscure young countryman. One feels that it is hidden deeds like these that make manhood truly great ; many can rise to an occasion to accomplish great public duties ; but how few can combine therewith a never-failing response to the small, apparently inglorious, claims of life !

There can be little doubt that Lord Dufferin owed much of his great charm, wit, and tact, as well as his literary abilities and proclivities, to his Sheridan descent ; and one is glad to remember that he was prouder of his descent from a playwright than of anything else in a not inglorious family history. He had the deepest admiration for Sheridan, and the most unfailing interest in all that concerned the Sheridan family. I imagine that he would have liked to have been Sheridan's biographer, because he held very strong views on certain aspects of the playwright's character, which, he said, were never properly understood. Certainly, his introduction to the important *Life of Sheridan* by Mr. Fraser Rae is altogether delightful, and makes one wish that the writer had enjoyed a further opportunity of developing and amplifying a new and interesting point of view.

I am attracted by the opinion tenaciously held by so many Irishmen of all classes, that Ireland's

future is to be almost entirely a literary and artistic one. Poets are, almost without exception, prophets also ; and practically every living Irish poet looks for and foretells a *renaissance* in Ireland when she will baptize the world anew with beauty ; even as Italy in the fifteenth century lit a torch that cleanses to life again, and burned stagnation from the heart of the Europe of her day. Lord Dufferin believed strongly in this Celtic *renaissance*. I have heard him say that what Ireland wanted most of all was for some Walter Scott to arise and do for her what the Wizard of the North had done for his own loved land. He longed for a great writer who would have the genius and power to visualise Ireland for the world as the greatest land of beauty, chivalry, and romance on the earth. Curiously enough, the very thing he so fervently longed for is being accomplished from day to day ; not, it is true, by one great writer, but by many, who burn with a passion of worship for the secret rose, and are, as one man, vowed to restore to Erin her literary and artistic pre-eminence of the past.

In this connection it is interesting to remember that one of Lord Dufferin's happiest orations was that delivered on Sir Walter Scott in 1871 in the Ulster Hall, Belfast. In it he pays a fine tribute to one of the gods of his literary idolatry.

In his early manhood he was privileged to meet at his famous mother's house the most distinguished men of the time. There he often saw and communed with such men as Dickens, Thackeray, Carlyle, Macaulay, Disraeli, Kingsley, and the old Emperor William the First of Germany, to name only a few.

A young man must have derived the greatest

advantage from meeting such men as these. All through his life he was keen to meet and know the really illustrious. His official life necessarily made him closely acquainted with the emperors, kings, and rulers of the world ; but, wherever he went, it was his ambition to be intimate with the poets, writers, and artists. It is hardly too much to say that he was acquainted with the greatest men of his period throughout the world ! Here in England Queen Victoria was a kind friend to him from the days when he was her Lord-in-Waiting ; and he enjoyed the intimacy and friendship of men like the ninth Duke of Argyll, Watts, and Browning ; while his friendship with Tennyson and his family was something of the nature of a romance. He has himself said that the poet's friendship did him more honour than anything in his career ; and that it would serve to keep his name green long after posterity had forgotten his public life and action : a conclusion as generous as it is modest. Young Lionel Tennyson was on a visit to Lord and Lady Dufferin in India, accompanied by his wife, when he fell ill. He left for home and died on board a passenger steamer during the voyage. It was a great blow to the ageing Laureate, and the kindness of Lord and Lady Dufferin on this occasion inspired him to write :

> But since your name will grow with Time,
> Not all, as honouring your fair fame
> Of Statesman, have I made the name
> A golden portal to my rhyme :
>
> But more, that you and yours may know
> From me and mine, how dear a debt
> We owed you, and are owing yet
> To you and yours, and still would owe.

For he—your India was his Fate,
And drew him over sea to you—
He fain had ranged her thro' and thro',
To serve her myriads and the State,—

But ere he left your fatal shore,
And lay on that funereal boat,
Dying, 'Unspeakable,' he wrote,
'Their kindness,' and he wrote no more;

But while my life's late eve endures,
Nor settles into hueless gray,
My memories of his briefer day
Will mix with love for you and yours.

If we remember the adverse circumstances under which it was prepared and delivered, not the least effort of Lord Dufferin's intellectual life was the last great speech he ever made. It was the customary address delivered as Lord Rector of Edinburgh University in November 1901. The oration took over two hours to deliver, and was a marvellous effort of brain and intellect for so old a man. It was acknowledged to be one of the great speeches of our time. It was practically a concise yet ample review of the entire activities of the nineteenth century, political, scientific, moral, and religious. It touched such widely diverse ideals as a perfected House of Lords, and proper housing accommodation for the working classes. It foreshadowed the difficulties his young hearers would have to meet and solve in the new century, difficulties of Empire, of race, of politics, of social reform, scientific research, of poetic and literary developments. He concluded with words of truth and wisdom which I must quote, because every young man should know and ponder them:

And now, gentlemen, it only remains for me to thank you for the patience with which you have listened to my very imperfect observations. I had, indeed, hoped to have prepared something more worthy of your attention, but unfortunately I was prostrated by a severe illness during the period I had set apart for the execution of my task. At all events, I am sure, you will admit that I have not attempted to address you from a higher plane than that occupied by the youngest student amongst you. Nor have I attempted to exhort you to the performance of any higher duties than those which will be obviously incumbent upon you during the ordinary routine of your several lives. And yet there is one consideration with which I am tempted to close my discourse, a consideration which has never been absent from my mind during the whole course of my life, and which, if kept in view, you will find a powerful help in directing you on your way, in guarding you from temptation, and in impressing you with your responsibilities in regard to your daily and hourly conduct. It is a principle enunciated with equal clearness both by science and by revealed religion, namely, the infinite continuity of the chain of consequences. Our Saviour himself has told us that for every idle word we shall be called upon to give an account, for in the same way as when you throw a stone into the centre of a pool, the waves generated by its fall continue to propagate themselves until they reach the shore, so the consequences of every imprudent speech, of every wicked action of which you may be guilty, whether represented by a wrong to man or woman, can never be recalled, neutralised, or arrested, but are bound to hurry on their remorseless way until, perhaps unobserved and unknown to the evil-doer, they may have produced results of the most tragic import, in which the fate of many innocent persons may be involved. Nineteen hundred years ago, in a spirit probably of light-hearted mockery and indifference, a second-rate Roman official washed his hands in a basin of water ; yet neither time nor eternity will ever set bounds to the consequences of this apparently trivial act. Let us then take warning by this example and keep constantly before our minds the dread and universal truth to which I have called your serious attention.

The speech was delivered under great difficulties, as Lord Dufferin had risen from a sick-bed for the purpose. It was his last public message, and any man might be proud and glad to crown his career with the expression of such simple stimulating truth.

From Lord Dufferin's retirement till near the time of his death in 1902 he lived a quiet life at Clandeboye. He busied himself with improving his estate, altering and enlarging the lake which years before he had caused to be made, and building a small domestic chapel.

By nature an artist, and a landscape gardener of no mean order, it was his care and thought that made Clandeboye the beautiful spot it now is. I understand that when he came of age it was but a bare, flat, uninteresting place. He planted trees, had the lake made, laid out terraces, and altered and improved the house.

His last labour of love was to turn an old red-tiled barn into a simple and beautiful little private chapel. Instead of a new garish building you have the old walls and roof growing naturally and inevitably out of the whole ; the doorway is copied from an old Irish monastery and is a beautiful example of ancient Celtic architecture ; inside are various bits of old crosses discovered in the neighbourhood, together with some family memorials and a few pictures. He designed practically the whole thing himself, and had it carried out under his constant supervision by a few local workmen. Over the doorway he placed three little old figures of saints, which he had brought from Italy years before. There he slept during his last rest above his loved mother-earth ; and there you may now

see the beautiful east window erected to his memory by her who was his loved wife and friend for forty love-filled years.

Few lives could be happier or more fortunate throughout than was Lord Dufferin's. He himself gratefully acknowledged that, with the exception of his mother's death, no great sorrow had ever touched him. In every public post he held during the fifty years he served his Queen and country he not only acquitted himself brilliantly, but added brilliance to and enhanced each office by his tenure of it.

He retired amidst something like a European pæan of praise ; retired to enjoy a well-won peace and quietness, hoping to die as he had lived, surrounded by peace and love. But destiny, who spares none, had ordained otherwise.

I remember a conversation with him about the time of his retirement, while the Press of the world were still vying with each other in paying tribute to his magnificent career. I said, 'Surely you must be gratified and thankful that all your hopes have been so richly fulfilled, your ideals so fully accomplished : every one unites in saying that you have never failed !' He demurred at this, and then said quietly, 'No one can ever truly say if another man has been successful or not, because no one ever knows how far he may have fallen short of his own ideals.'

His life at this time was very full and very happy. Busied, as I have said, with homely things, he was surrounded with love, appreciation, and devotion. Part of his time was congenially occupied in seeing through the Press a little collection of poems dealing with one or another member of the

Blackwood family—tributes from poets, living or dead, to Lady Dufferin and himself.

When he celebrated his seventy-fourth birthday in June 1900, I, as was my custom, sent him a little gift. It was acknowledged in the following letter :

It is indeed most kind of you to have thought of sending me such a delightful present. There is no gift I so value as a book, and the collection of poems [1] you have sent me contain some lovely verses ; moreover, as a bibliophile and a binding expert I am able all the better to appreciate the uniform with which you have equipped the volume.

I must also thank you for your kind congratulations on my birthday. Seventy-four are appalling numbers, but I ought to be very grateful for being so strong and well, and feeling so little the passage of the years.—Yours ever sincerely, DUFFERIN AND AVA.

P.S.—You must forgive a typewritten letter, but I have a rheumatic wrist which prevents me holding a pen.

It is full of quiet thankfulness and happiness. The postscript is interesting, inasmuch as it was the first typewritten letter I ever received from him. Indeed, it was his custom all through life to write even long letters to his friends with his own hand.

But fate had left him alone too long ; the clouds were gathering and about to burst in the storm that eventually killed him.

Early in 1900 his eldest son, Lord Ava, was wounded by the Boers when they attacked the British position on Waggon Hill. He passed away a few days afterwards, thus dying, as he had lived, in the service of his country. His ' conspicuous gallantry ' was officially recognised, and many mourned him sincerely, his personal charm, kind

[1] *Blackthorn Blossoms*, by Thomas E. Mayne.

heart, and genial ways having earned him innumerable friends.

Lord Dufferin bore misfortune, as he had borne great happiness and success, with sweetness and dignity.

He never flinched, but fulfilled his duties, public and private, to the last. We have seen how, impelled by a sense of duty, he went to Edinburgh, while anything but equal to the task, to deliver his Rectorial address. He never really recovered from this illness, and passed quietly away at Clandeboye in the early part of the following year.[1]

The real tragedy was that misfortune came to him not from enemies, or any outward source, but from the very sweetness, trustfulness, and generous belief in the inherent goodness of human nature of his great warm heart.

After resting for a time in his own little chapel, covered only by the Union Jack, he was carried simply and unostentatiously through the snow to his last rest in the open-air grave, but a short mile or so from his beloved home : carried at his express wish by his own people who had served him and been his friends for years. It was his greatest gift that he impelled all who served him to love him. A great poet has paid him tribute in lines already quoted. Very few men have had so much written in their praise. There is his *Life* by Sir Alfred Lyall ; and appended to it are vivid tributes from distinguished colleagues like Sir Henry Mortimer Durand and Sir Charles Hardinge ;[2] yet I doubt if any or all of these would really touch him more than the love, esteem, and affectionate regard of the

[1] Lord Dufferin died in February 1902.
[2] Now Lord Hardinge of Penshurst.

simple peasant friends, who bore him to his rest on the little hilltop from which you can so clearly see Helen's Tower—his Tower of Love.

The family burying-place is a circular plot situated just above the lake he loved. It is now dominated by the beautiful Celtic cross, fifteen feet high, which Lady Dufferin erected to his memory, and to the memory of Lord Ava. It is a graceful lovely thing, and its simple dignity is well in keeping with the character of those whose names it bears.

While I still resided in Ireland it was my custom on his birthday to visit Clandeboye for the purpose of placing some flowers on his grave. On the last occasion on which I did this, some years ago, I was returning towards the house when I met his mother-in-law, Mrs. Rowan-Hamilton (of Shanganagh Castle). She asked me to give her my arm, as she wanted to go and see the lake. We fell to talking of him, and this wonderful and charming old lady, who is still alive and active at the age of nearly ninety,[1] said to me, 'I knew him intimately for almost fifty years, and I never saw a hint of one mean, ignoble, ungenerous, un-Christlike thought; his heart was full of the milk of human kindness.' Could any epitaph be finer—and coming from such a source?

Just as his mother-in-law, and every one who ever came near him, believed in him absolutely, so do we believe. Nothing could have been finer than his life, unless it were his death.

Great and varied as have been the tributes paid to him, high as will be his place in history, his best tribute is that his name, which was a synonym for

[1] Mrs. Rowan-Hamilton died at Shanganagh Castle, County Dublin, on January 25, 1919, in her ninety-ninth year.

honour, courtesy, and high manhood, will ever warm Irish hearts to an eager, if far-off emulation.

He lies safely in the bosom of dear mother-earth herself underneath a simple slab on which is the carven symbol of our salvation. The tribute of his widow's unchanging devotion o'ershadows his grave, as if, even in death, the dear benediction of her love would never leave him ; and on the distant hilltop the battlements of Helen's Tower show clear against the sky-line, flinging far their challenge and their promise on the air.

So, even now, are he and those he greatly loved bound in love's mystic union : so his own Tower of Love doth symbolise the love eternal.

It has always seemed to me that Lord Dufferin was one of the great figures of high romance who seem, for a time at least, to have deserted us ; figures who have ceased to lighten the horizon of our own immediate times. He was of the period ushered in by the perhaps somewhat meretricious magnificence of Disraeli, and which gathered volume and real splendour from Carlyle, Thackeray, Dickens, Browning, Tennyson, Meredith, Swinburne, and Hardy. These great luminaries having set, we are, as yet, unable to discern if new planets of equal greatness have arisen or are likely to arise !

Splendid as are the associations of his life, in the far future he will be best remembered by his erection of Helen's Tower—a tower of love : her name and his are indissolubly joined to their common glory.

So long as Erin continues to produce such mothers and such sons she will never cease to be *the land of Saints and Heroes.*

To Thic' John
(who sings)

XIII

THE LAKE AT THE END

have just come from the lake : it was very quiet and very restful : there are big beds of white water-lilies, and in the dusk they looked so calm and pure.

In a few days, perhaps, indeed, to-morrow, I may be beneath them ; then I too shall be calm, and perhaps, who knows, I also may be pure. . . .

We have a few, a very few, friends whom we most dearly love ; they love us, and they are our world, but one day a new friend comes who is instantly dearer than all the others. Each has their own particular kingdom in our heart, but this last—and first—is, as it were, absolute sovereign. This crown of love is mine.

It is because of that friend that to-morrow I may have to go and lie among the water-lilies. I went out purposely to-night to see the place : it is curiously fascinating : I always felt that one day the water would claim me ! I would have chosen no other place. The lake is large, and very irregular. You approach it through long pine-woods, the pine-woods I so love. (Ah ! dear, do you

remember how, when this year was young, we spent happy gracious hours in the pine-woods together ?) From my earliest days I have loved the idea of a lake in a long quiet wood of pines : a lake with sloping sedgy banks, and here and there a tiny island. That lake has haunted my dreams, and has cast its shadow continuously over all my life ; now I have at last come to it, and it is like to be my last resting-place. To-morrow night, if I am beneath it, a thin new-born moon will smile down on me. I have ever loved the moon ; with the deathless poet who so early died I too have always cried :

> What is there in thee, moon, that thou should'st move my heart so potently ?

I am glad that the moon will watch me ; if I do not go to-morrow night, but wait till the night after, the moon will be two days older, and her kind smile will not be quite so wan.

When one has finally decided to die it is curious how the world and all its affairs recede. Everything in life, and connected therewith, seems like an old shadowgraph show, and you wonder why such unsubstantial things ever moved you. As I came home I met two lovers arm-in-arm ; he was bow-legged, and she was common, but a divine light illumined their faces as they looked in each other's eyes. I wondered if she would ever do anything that would compel him to hide his bow-legs and commonplace form under the dear shadow-filled waters of a beautiful lake !

As I write, the long window is open to the garden, and one can almost hear the stillness. There is a faint stealing odour of sleeping flowers. To-

morrow night, or the next, I too may be part of the eternal stillness.

Some one went to my beloved—the one who is sovereign—and said that I was unworthy, and I think my friend believed. It must have been so or my loved one would have come direct to me for an explanation instead of going to another. I love my friend unutterably, so I wrote, and confessing frailty and weakness, aye, confessing even great unworthiness (as I have ever done) I disclaimed to the utmost any sin against love.

If my friend believed then all will be well, but lest it should not be so I went down to-night to the lake to find a place : it is good to know that if your friend fails you there is a way out, and a quiet rest. The anxiety, the pain were intolerable : they departed when I had chosen the spot. If it has to happen, I wonder if my friend will be sorry and come to see the place ? I wonder will those dear eyes, with the curly lashes, the longest I have ever seen, look down at the place of my sleep ? Should it be so, though my eyes are closed, and though the worms may have already found a resting-place amongst the thick black hair that my beloved has so often caressed, I am sure my eyes will open, and, as they have ever done, look back filled with love.

Dearest (there is no fuller word), dearest, this is perhaps my last message of love to you. When I am at rest beneath the lake you will receive it. First of all, my dear dear heart, you must not be sorry or grieve ; you must understand that it is best so. . . . When one has decided quietly to die if necessary, you would be surprised to know

what a great rest and feeling of peace and satisfaction it brings. Before I go I have some things to tell you ; I love you before and above all others, and I must try to make you understand. . . .

I wait on the outermost shore of life, and at my feet I can feel the black waters of the river of death. Before I cross into the silence where is rest and peace, I want to do what I have never done before. I want to speak of the things that count. I have never talked, and I have never explained ; partly because it is contrary to my nature ; partly because it always seemed to me that only fools shout on the housetops ! But now, for your sake, and because you have loved me with a great love, I have decided to write down something of my story truly, that when you read it your heart may pity even as it has always loved. I want you to know that I was not bad : I was only a little puny leaf whirled about by destiny : my fate was writ in the stars long before I was born : I came into life wearing chains which were riveted around me by environment and circumstances—riveted stronger and stronger with each passing year.

I am writing with absolute freedom, and as far as I can with absolute impartiality. I have now nothing to do with those conventions that keep one silent about the only things in life that matter : I am writing for you and you only : if you understand all is well : I want you to know that at the end all my thoughts were yours.

I sit peering into the darkness ; I see no meaning in the future ; and I have groped through life without knowing why. I don't know if I am alone in this, or only one of many ; people so seldom

talk about things as they really are, and even if they do they only touch the surface. I think we all suffer from these clouds of darkness and loneliness. At the last moment the greatest of all was compelled to cry : *My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me ?*

That cry has often been repeated since !

I cannot tell if I forsook God, or if he forsook me. I will write truly and perhaps you will know. There are gaps and many moments of pause. As I have said, I write for you only, and inevitably I dwell more on the things that seem to help me to make you understand.

Beloved, I know not if I shall live to finish this letter. Death is very near, simplifying and explaining some things, increasing the darkness of much that was always obscure, and making two things stand out clearly : first, I know that now at last I shall have peace : I want it greatly : I long for the narrow resting-place beneath the fragrant water-lilies on the lake ! I want the rest, the safety, and above all the dignity of death. Whatever my life has been, however fearful, trivial, or insincere, I contemplate peace, rest, and truth at last. And then, sweet friend, death is the only thing that can make me worthy of you. It will take from me all meanness of spirit and all littleness of soul. It will sweep away all misunderstandings for ever. I know not if there is a life hereafter, or if you will come one day wearing a sovereign's robes, and holding out to me the crown of your eternal love. I know not if in a dark corner of the lowest heaven I will one day sit beside you, and, holding your hand, find God and

eternity in the light of your eyes. But I do know that death will destroy the sinful body which seems to have parted us in this life. It will remove me from the ways of temptation and set my feet on a safe resting-place.

And thus you will always be able to think of me in rest and peace. Your soul will fly to mine untrammelled by the things that are unworthy in me. I shall have paid my debt to life by the death of my body, and my soul is yours eternally.

It may be the things they said of me were true. I don't know, I don't care ; with the dignity and safety of death so near it doesn't seem to me to matter. . . .

Sometimes through the falling darkness the flickering flame of hope shines forth a moment, like the light of a fire-fly in the pine-woods. I remember that you have the gift of the understanding heart. Perhaps all will be well yet, and you will forgive me. Perhaps you will say I love my friend, and love pardons all things in the beloved save faithlessness in love. Perhaps tomorrow the letter will come ; I will open it quietly, carelessly before others, then I will know. . . . I will know whether I am to live on crowned always with the halo and glory of your love, or whether I am to go to rest beneath the waters and stare upwards while the new moon grows old. If it is to be the latter I shall smile quietly, say some commonplace thing, and crush the letter carelessly into my pocket ; afterwards when I have read it again, I will burn it. . . .

Dearest, best beloved, I have never been faithless ; I have never committed the unpardonable sin

against love. Never for one briefest moment has any shadow fallen across your portrait in my heart.

I have been selfish, trivial, unworthy, at times even apparently unappreciative and unkind, but never once, no not once, have I entertained one disloyal, unloving, unfriendly thought of you. I have always loved you more than any deeds or words could tell. My great love for you, and the insatiable hunger of desire for you obsessed me ; it tired me so much that I was ofttimes, I fear, impatient with the adored object.

Do many know this anguish of love ? This turbulent, resistless, imperative passion that at times dies worn out with the ecstasy of itself ! It is a terrible gift !

One night when you were asleep, I was wearied for the touch of you : my soul ached to be near you : I was hungry for the perfume of your hair. I stole into your room ; your head rested on your arm in the fashion I know so well ; your long long lashes cast a shadow far down your face : your firm, curved lips smiled a little. I stood looking at you in rapture. I wanted to take you in my arms and protect you from all ill for ever. You were so peaceful, so beautiful, so good. I stood quietly and with all my strength I prayed for you ; I bent, and reverently, yet passionately, kissed one of your dear, intimate garments, then quietly I left you. That was one of the happiest nights of my life.

Friend, I have been unworthy of you ; I have even appeared ungrateful ; they are doing their best to part us ; and, because I am unworthy, I must not cry out or protest. I accept your decision, I make no claim. I am unworthy. . . . But

always, beloved, I loved you past all power of words to tell, and I will do so eternally.

I would stand before God himself and refuse to give you up. Nothing can kill or conquer my love. I will go to God proud of it as my one great glory. . . .

The day has gone ; the sun has set ; and no letter from you, so I write these last words. Soon I will pass along the narrow, fragrant, spongy path through the pine-wood. The young eager moon will shine down through the tree tops, and here and there make patches of silver light. Then the waters of the lake all argent in the moonlight, and not a ripple on the surface : the banks gloomily fringed with the tall pines. The sky a dead, mysterious purple-blue ; the welcoming smile of the young moon ; a momentary break in the silvery waters of the lake, and then . . . rest.

I forgive all my enemies. May they be happy and meet love ; that will make them generous, forgiving, and kind.

Good-night, beloved ; good-night.

My prayer from now till the moment when I am at rest beneath the waters looking up to the young moon will be, *may it be good-night and not good-bye.*

THE END

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